

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVI.

JULY, 1888.

No. 3.

## SINAI AND THE WILDERNESS.



SINCE more or less peril attends the long journey over the traditional route of the Israelites from the "Land of Goshen" to the "Mount of God," the first care should be to secure an honest and brave dragoman.

My trust was placed in Mohammed Ahmed Effendi Hedayah of Alexandria. We left Cairo one morning in February and rode through the land of Goshen by rail. We arrived at Suez before dark, and took up our quarters in a street as curious as the Mouskee in Cairo. Our coming had been heralded by our body-servant Abdullah, who preceded us to take care of our camp equipage and to secure a boat for our passage across the Red Sea.

The sail was a lovely one of about two hours, including a halt at quarantine. Our camels awaited us at the Asiatic quay, and in an hour they had carried us to the "Wells of Moses." Only a small spring of brackish water was found at the foot of a palm, but, said our devout dragoman, "it is the very place where the Israelites first encamped." Moses here sang the song of deliverance, and here Miriam's sweet tones led the hearts of the Israelites away from their tribulations.

What an event in my life it was, that first night in the desert! Everything looked larger and farther off than usual, except the stars, which seemed to come down into the clear atmosphere like incandescent lights inside their globes. The pages of a new, great volume were turned over before me, presenting all the strange, vague images of the Arabian Nights' Entertainment with lifelike realism.

Copyright, 1888, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

The Bedouin attendants had arranged their camels on the ground in semicircular groups. Against the inward-turned haunches of the beasts our camp luggage was placed for protection from marauders. In the center of each semicircle a fire of brush and twigs had been kindled. Around these fires the more idle of the swarthy fellows squatted, and toasted their bare shins while they spun their wondrous tales and waited for their evening meal of barley cakes to bake in the hot ashes. A few of the more industrious pounded beans in stone mortars for camel fodder. This weird night-scene was made to look all the more picturesque by the red glare caught upon the faces of the Arabs, and by the twinkling high-lights which played from one awkward, protruding camel-joint to another.

We dined at 6 o'clock p. m. Our first meal in the desert was like that which followed at the end of each day—soup, boiled chicken, mutton, beans, potatoes, lettuce, bread and butter, rice pudding, oranges, nuts, figs, mandarins, and Mocha coffee. Of course as the days went on the supply of delicacies became exhausted, but we always had food enough to satisfy our enormous appetites. Breakfast consisted of meat, potatoes, oatmeal, fruit, and coffee. At noon a halt was always made, a small tent pitched, and a cold lunch partaken of chicken, eggs, fruit, and tea sufficient to sustain life until a new camp was reached at the close of the day.

Our tents were supplied with Persian rugs, an iron bedstead, a small table, and a metal pitcher and basin.

Our first sleep under cover of the tent was undisturbed until daybreak, when the growling of the camels caused us to abandon all hope of further rest. An early start was made. When our caravan rose from the desert I could see the net result of Hedayah's care and tact

and enterprise. There were seventeen camels and twenty-one attendants.

When I first saw the camels, one foreleg of each was bent up and a strong cord tied around the joint, so that the beasts, thus hobbled, could not stray out of sight. When all was made ready for the march, these bands were loosened. Upon the camels' humps were tied our tents and tent poles; casks of water, padlocked to prevent the camel drivers from stealing the scanty fluid; great boxes of provisions; sacks of charcoal and a sheet-iron stove; crates of oranges and hampers with eggs and cooking-utensils; coops of live chickens, pigeons, and turkeys; beds and bedding; and twenty solid leather trunks of photographic plates. In the caravan went two live sheep to provide fresh mutton when wanted. Six riding-camels brought up the rear. These last were saddled for the four "howadji," Hedayah, and Abdullah, whenever, tired of walking, we chose to mount them. Each camel was attended by its driver, who was usually its owner also, and took good care that it was not overtaxed.

Every night all this "outfit" had to be taken apart, assorted, and shaped into the conveniences of camp. Every morning it had to be loaded for the day's travel amidst the growls of the camels, the screeches of the

Bedouins, and the earnest commands of our dragoman. I never could decide which was the best camel or who the least profane of the Arabs. If I fixed upon one as my good camel, the next morning I would find him protesting against every pound placed upon his ugly hump. If I ventured to call Ali or Yusef my good boy, the next time we broke up camp I would find them trying to sneak off with a light load. Moreover, it cost me fifteen days of anxious watching to find the rooster whose crowing awakened me before light every morning. Each morning on hearing him outside my tent I quickly peered through the door and detected him. Abdullah was thereupon ordered to "off with his head" for the coming lunch. The next morning a cheerful voice greeted me as usual. Not until fifteen premature and unjust executions had been perpetrated was the correct chanticleer caught. He was the last of his company, and died because he could not take a hint.

The first day of travel was one of rare pleasures and surprises. Instead of having to plow knee-deep through desert sand, as I had anticipated, there was a gravelly bottom to travel upon. The air was clear and fresh, but the sun was merciless and the heat reflected from below was intense. Nearly all day the blue sea was in sight. The mirage lifted long groves of tall palm-trees, which seemed to beckon us to a welcome shade; but when we diverged a little from the track to see if they were real, the delusion disappeared and only the mountains of Tih, far over on the Egyptian side, were seen.

The second night we encamped at Wady Sürdür, where the bitter wells of Marah were visited. Only by digging in the sand could we find even salt water. But at Elim, "where were twelve wells of water and three-score and ten palm-trees," we found abundance of fresh water and a lovely spot upon which to pitch our tents for the third night. During the day we met a caravan of fifty Russian pilgrims returning to Suez from Mount Sinai. All but three were women, and all were mounted upon camels. They came from St. Petersburg. Halting,



THE WELLS OF MOSES.

they saluted us and commended us for our "holy zeal in undertaking the dangerous and difficult pilgrimage to the Mount of God."

They were in charge of a number of Bedouins, headed by Sheik Mousa, the king of all the Bedouins in the Sinai peninsula. He had been engaged as our escort and now joined us. How noble and patriarchal he looked seated upon his fleet dromedary! He was my ideal of a Bedouin chief. For forty-five days we were together, and I found him as kind and true as he had been represented to me. He came to our lunch tent at noon to plan for the journey, and after the usual time-absorbing salute had been made a presentation ceremony followed.

A rich scarlet robe of silk, lined with green, had been brought from Cairo as a gift to the Arab king, and it fell to my lot to make the presentation speech. At the close I was requested by the king first to try on the royal robe that he might for himself see how it looked. I was a little taller than he, and if the robe fitted me nicely, it would do for him. I assented, whereupon he promised me a brother's protection through the tribes of his kingdom, and agreed to intercede with the sheik at Akabah for our safe conduct to Petra.

This ceremony ended, a still more picturesque scene followed—the discussion of the journey to be taken. With his fingers Mousa drew upon the sand a map of the pear-shaped Sinai peninsula. A depression at the right was the Red Sea. A similar one on the left served for the Gulf of Akabah. An English walnut served to mark the locality of Mount Sinai, and the oases were indicated by chicken-bones. An egg-shell served for Akabah and an orange-peel stood for Petra, while bits of stones served to show where tribes of Bedouins were probably encamped. Winding lines were drawn in the sand to represent the

wadies which led from one place to the other, the sand which rose at each side of the royal finger serving to mark the chains of mountains over which we must travel. Then the whole map, thus laid out, was discussed, and the chances of escape from unfriendly tribes were considered. The map I could readily



THE WELLS OF ELIM.

understand, and the eloquent gestures of my two companions—for such they became—were not hard to interpret. It was finally decided to follow the coast where practicable, and at other times to keep to the wadies nearest to the sea.

After the consultation closed we moved on through Wady Gharandel to Elim. Each hour the country about us grew more and more picturesque. The red light of the setting sun shone upon some rocky cliffs in the distance near the sea, until, the sun gone, the Arabian moon changed them into silvery profiles. At about 8 P. M. we found our tents at Elim, with those of another American party pitched near them.

The hills about Elim are several hundred feet high. The oasis seems charming to one after having traveled over the dead desert for

several days. Groves of palm, acacia, juniper, tamarisk, and colocynth abound; and among the wells is one living, bubbling spring, from which we drank and took a fresh supply of "sweet water."

Here and there tiny wild-flowers were found. At every turn in the wady the hills grew more shapely, and lovelier in color. Elim is a lovely spot, the clear waters and shade-giving palms of which delight the desert traveler. On the

like an immense wall, a great mountain range arose, and cast a grateful shadow over our pathway. It led us directly to the gorgeous colored side of Jebel Taiyibeh, whose cones and cliffs were built up of strata running diagonally from the sea, of brown, amber, orange, red, purple, white, gray, marl green, and black.

How glorious was the sight of so much water once more! We could not drink it, but it was cool and clean, and we could enjoy a



BY THE RED SEA.

way to the sea, south and east, two rivals to "the true Elim" were found. The first is but a flat, damp spot, scarcely worth mentioning; the second is a somewhat extensive oasis, and has a tiny stream running through it out into the wady and thence to the sea. But our unanimous vote accorded with tradition in believing that all the honors of Elim belong to the first oasis.

Now came a series of surprises. As we broke through the grove of palms, suddenly,

bath in it. It united its hoarse bass notes with the plaintive treble of the tiny stream which near by gave up its individuality to the waves. Here the mountains seemed to halt and draw back. Passing them, we turned to the left and followed down the coast. Beyond a long line of naked peaks we caught the first glimpse of Mount Serbal. Over the sea, we could once more make out the Egyptian hills, just as the murmuring Israelites saw them when moving along this very shore.



BEDOUE TYPES.

That night we also "encamped by the Red Sea," in "the very place," we were assured, "where the children of Israel encamped after leaving Elim." An extensive plateau is here, bounded on three sides by picturesque hills and on the west by the Red Sea. It is an enchanting spot. The colored hills resemble long rows of towers with pointed roofs, one tier reaching above another, while the peaks on the Egyptian side seemed then like faint gray clouds. It is truly a desert place compared with Elim. It proved much less friendly in its treatment of the stranger, for twice during the night it sent airy emissaries ashore to pull out my tent-pins from the conniving sand and to tumble my tent down upon my head.

Next morning the camera caught the choicest of the curious rock-pictures. Nature had been in a freakish mood—it was one of those efforts of hers which defy pen, palette, and photography. Sometimes the elevations seemed like the heaped-up refuse of a foundry; at other times as if the entire circuit had been undermined and thrown back by the searcher for gems as he delved into the mysteries of the mountain. The spaces between gave the shadows a chance to help bring out the admirable forms into bold relief. Sometimes the mountains fairly stepped into the sea, or had tumbled down great masses from their steep inclines to make it rougher for the pilgrim. The sea, too, presented some fine studies in iridescence. One moment the glistening water lies as calm and placid as a lake of ice; suddenly it is all in a quiver, and its broad expanse becomes broken up into belts of the most striking colors.

Towards midday we began to move in an easterly direction and our path ascended. Frequently we climbed to what resembled the crater of a volcano. Grouped together below was usually found a varied collection of forms



Bedouin Rock house.



PEDDLING IBEX HEADS.

like spires, pinnacles, domes, and stalagmites of color reminding one of the scene within the awful throat of Mount Vesuvius.

Towards night the old-time Egyptian copper mines of Mäghära, in Wady Keneh, were reached. The ruins of an old temple near by bear the cartouches of Rameses II.

We encamped that night in a deep valley the surroundings of which reminded me of those of Crawford Notch, only the mountains were bare of all foliage, and there was no lake nor any tumbling cascade.

During the next day we passed through the "Written Valley," where Sinaitic inscriptions are found plentifully upon the rocks. In other respects the surrounding mountains are less interesting than those already passed on the way.

A small land-slide came tumbling down on the left. It was started by a line of sheep and goats which stood, with an amused sort of look, watching our caravan. Their shepherdess attempted to hide from our sight, but persuasive backsheesh induced her to submit to the ordeal of the camera. She refused to remove her face-veil, but permitted a full view of her trinkets. While posing her I made the following inventory of her neck and head gear. On the top of her head four trousers-buttons were united by cords in the form of a Greek cross. Near each temple was an iron harness ring, one and one-quarter inch in diameter and one-eighth inch thick, tied to the lower combination. From these rings down to the edges of the face-veil ran two pieces of iron and brass jack-chain. From the rear button, over the part in the hair, a cord ran backwards. Bunches of beads hung from the cords at her temples, and a lot of beads with a silver disk as large as a Bland dollar hung from each ear. Three bracelets of turquoise and amber graced each arm, and from one of them dangled a brass navy button. There were rings on her fingers and thumbs. Nineteen dazzling necklaces hung around her neck — some of turquoise, some of amber, while some were of silver, and one was made up of the iron ferrules from the sticks of tourists' umbrellas.

Mount Serbal was often seen during this afternoon. Before night we came to "the rock struck by Moses," as recorded in Exodus xvii. 6, and referred to so graphically in Numbers xx. 7-11. The rock is isolated. It is 20 feet wide by 12 feet high. A deep cut runs down its side—"the mark of Moses' rod"—whence flowed the waters of Meribah and Massah. The mountains on all sides appeared more and more impressive as we climbed the steep pass which led us to the oasis of Pharan, or Wady Feiran. Above all others we saw the jagged peaks of the giant

Jebel Serbal — different in form and in color from its neighbors.

Here we came to a steep, narrow defile, and our carefully stepping camels were made more careful by the quick, sharp cries of their drivers—"Ooah! edock! hutta!" ("Look out! step carefully!") which admonition seemed to be repeated to us by the echoing peaks as though warning us not to approach. But the odor of apricot, orange, peach, and cherry persuaded us upward and onward. Soon we arrived at the oasis and heard the song of a tiny brook, and soon saw small gardens and rude stone houses. A lad met us and gave us some cherries which tasted like apples. The lovely bulbuls were flitting among the trees, and regaled us with their sweet, wild notes, and for the first time we heard the plaintive bleat of a baby camel. Our baggage camels had arrived before us and our tents had been pitched near the stream. My own tent door opened upon the wide, steep Wady Aleyát, which is lined by lofty peaks of gneiss, the varied colors and eccentric shapes of which reminded me of the fantastic trickery of the kaleidoscope.

We were among the relics of the ancient city of Pharan, or Paran, and could see monastic ruins on nearly every mountain incline. Carefully irrigated palm groves, rice fields, and fruit orchards abounded, and all were in their spring-time glory. We saw a Bedouin gathering manna. We could see the very crags upon which the sentinels stood, whence, in olden times, when danger approached, they gave the alarm to their fellow-townsmen below. It was here that Mr. George Ebers placed the scene of his charming romance "*Homo Sum.*"

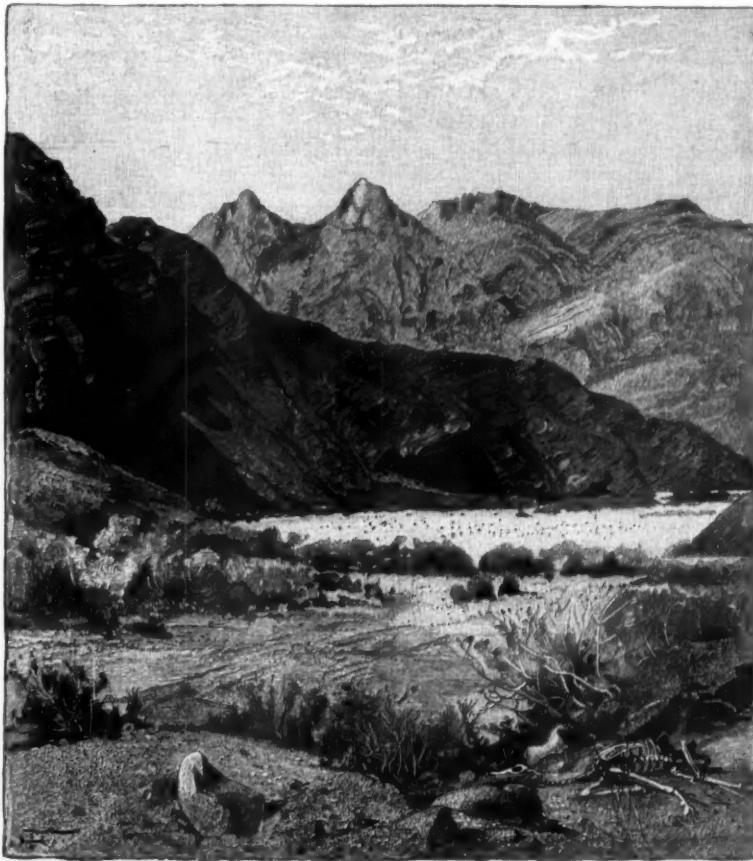
In front of my tent, at the right, I could see the battle-field where Israel contested with Amalek for possession of the very stream which was singing to me at that moment. In the distance the five points of majestic Serbal rose far above the intervening mountains. I was "pitched in Rephidim," and remained four days. The points of interest there are almost as numerous as they are at Mount Sinai.

The ruined houses of ancient Pharan are all built closely together, and are of unquarried stone, except the doorways. Here dwelt the persecuted Christians and those who came here to shun the temptations of the world by hiding from them.

Near by, in the face of a neighboring jebel, or mountain, are the caves of the anchorites. In each of these numerous narrow excavations, sheltered only by the low stone roof, once dwelt, year after year, a man whose only bed was of dried herbs, and whose only garment was a sheepskin. Men who had grown tired of

the world came here to carry out their own independence and particular mode of penance without subjection to any other authority than their own conscience. Almost every rock has been an altar or has echoed the amens of an anchorite. From the fertile plateau an

summit of the mountain affords a magnificent view of the surrounding country. The wadies which encircle it are as level as a race-course. Joshua and Amalek could have pursued one another endlessly there but for the uplifted hands of Moses.



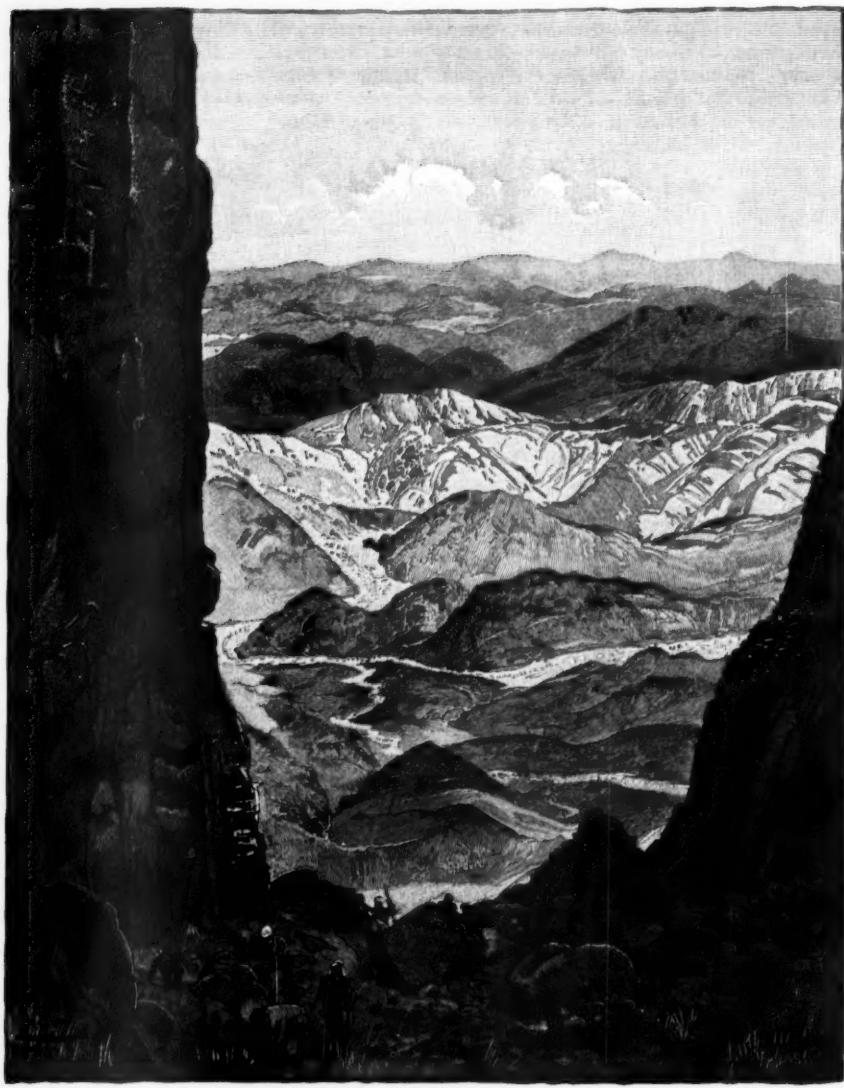
WADY FEIRAN, SITE OF THE BATTLE BETWEEN ISRAEL AND AMALEK.

isolated hillock rises which, seen from a height, looks like an island in the oasis. On its top are the ruins of a church and of the "Oratorium." Lining the pathway leading to the church are several ruined chapels. This island, so to speak, is Jebel El Meharret—the "Mountain of Moses."

Here Moses was stationed during the battle of Rephidim, and prayed for the success of Joshua against Amalek, while Aaron and Hur held up his hands. On all sides are remains of the walls constructed by the citizens of Pharan to fortify themselves against the attacks of the marauding Saracens. The

The whole battle could be witnessed by the great commander, no matter at which side of the mountain the skirmishes took place. The largest space, and therefore the most probable place, is on the side towards Mount Serbal. Close by, still full of life and health and good cheer, is "the innocent cause of the war," the lovely brook which waters the palm groves and gardens of Wady Feiran.

The climb to the highest peak of Mount Serbal is avoided by many tourists because they do not believe it is the true Sinai, or because it is too laborious. We started up the wady on camels, at 5:40 A. M. The nearly



THE ASCENT OF MOUNT SERBAL.

full moon was still shining, and bathed with a tender radiance the rugged cliffs. Two hours of slow winding and climbing over the porphyry-strewn path brought us to a deep ravine between two of the five peaks of the noble mountain. There we dismounted and continued the ascent on foot.

The ascent grew more and more difficult — sometimes almost perpendicular. After much hard work a crag was mastered that looked from below as though it reached the clouds; but

beyond it was disclosed another height more difficult to gain and more dangerous than the first. Finally a narrowing of the gorge was reached, and we turned about to obtain a backward view. We could then overlook many of the points referred to, and see the whole line of the Wady Aleyát, up which we came on our camels. Beyond are hundreds of peaks, over whose granite shapes narrow lines of red porphyry creep like enormous serpents. At the left was a bare perpendicular cliff, fully

three thousand feet high, with not an inch friendly enough to offer a foothold. The sight was appalling. We now turned to our work again and clambered on, sometimes on all fours, resting wherever a hospitable rock offered us shade. Frequently we found small quantities of ice and snow, and made some iced tea.

At last the summit of the highest peak was gained. So clear was the atmosphere that we could overlook almost the whole of the Sinai peninsula. On the one side was the sea where Pharaoh's host wrestled with the returning waves. On the other, Solomon had sailed his fleets. On the south side the "Mountain of the Law" stood forth, and I know not how far one could see through the clear atmosphere beyond. There seemed to be hundreds of mountains in view sleeping at our feet. Among them crept the light serpentine wadies innumerable, including those we had traveled during our journey from Suez and the ones we must follow to reach Mount Sinai and Akabah. It was down towards the south where Moses lost his way.

To me the most expansive view seemed to be towards the west, where the line of the Red Sea glistened like a silver cord bordered by the mountains beyond, and fringed more roughly by a line on this side. We saw the two caravan routes which led through deep and stony gorges to the sea, and through which pilgrims for thousands of years had come to worship God; they were sometimes followed by natives of the peninsula who came to sacrifice to their gods—the sun, moon, and stars—upon the very peak where my camera was placed. Upon the same height great beacon-fires were often kindled to guide and warn the mariners of both seas. It is still called "El Madhawwa" (light-house) by the Arabs. Sinaitic inscriptions are plentiful upon the rocks.

Grand as the views are, they did not impress me as much as those obtained at the base of the perpendicular cliff during the ascent. Several hours were occupied with resting, work, and observation, and then, reluctantly, the perilous descent was undertaken. Sometimes a rock was started that would crash and split into a thousand pieces as it rolled. Hedayah called it "a good Roman road," but our attendants were nearer right when they named it "the road of the sweater." Just as we reached our waiting camels at the base, the sun was again playing upon the five points of Serbal. Then the light went out; the wady grew cool. With delight we hailed the rising moon, for then our sure-footed camels stepped with more confidence and we felt safer.

Next day, at 7:30 A. M., we broke camp at Wady Feiran. The gardens and groves of

the oasis continued for over a mile. A fellah was seen irrigating the land with an Egyptian shadoof. Flocks of sheep and goats were numerous. Frequently the Sinai group could be seen for a moment, though far to the south. The day was so hot that we did not venture to pitch our lunch tent at noon. We ate and rested beneath the shadow of a great rock, much to the amazement of a Bedouin shepherdess who watched us on the sly.

Early in the afternoon we reached two perpendicular cliffs about sixty feet high and only a few feet apart. They form the "Gate of Sinai." About 6 P. M. we arrived at a point in Wady Hawá where we expected to find our tents ready for the night, but no tents were to be seen. Abdullah had misunderstood his master, and had camped in a more distant wady with a similar name. We were not lost, but our tents were, and it took three hours of tired riding to discover our camp.

We reached Nagb Hawá the next afternoon. (A nagb is a rough mountain pass, filled with rocky débris driven down by the torrents from the steep inclines on either side.) No one who has climbed it will ever complain that "Jordan is a hard road to travel." Moreover, he will acknowledge that one of the greatest blessings accorded the murmuring children of Israel was that "their shoes waxed not old upon their feet." Frequently, while ascending this nagb, it was more comfortable for us to dismount and walk. It was more merciful to the camels too. The ascent of Mount Serbal was scarcely more difficult. At times the way seemed almost past finding out, and a "dead-lock" occurred. Trees had grown up among the rocks so as to form an impregnable wall in places. To flank these was the only way to advance.

At one point we found a tiny spring among the juniper bushes. There we quenched our thirst, lunched, and photographed the welcome little "fountain." Then the camels came, and drank the spring dry. Some of the camel drivers were indignant that we did not allow the camels to have all the water. Long before emerging from the nagb, while climbing its last ascent, the isolated group of mountains called the "true Sinai" loomed up in the distance.

It does not seem high, because it was yet half hidden from our view by the intervening hill. As soon as this hill was mastered the plain of El Raha, or "Plain of Assemblage," came into full view, with the Sinai range at its southern extreme. The combination was satisfying—convincing. Here was the one great feature the want of which prevented Mount Serbal from contesting for the honors of Sinai. There is no plain in the vicinity of

## SINAI AND THE WILDERNESS.



Serbal extensive enough to accommodate an assemblage as large as Moses led. But here is a vast plateau of sufficient extent, and, as we shall presently see when we view it from Mount Sinai summit, so lo-

driver, sat down beside me. He hardly seemed to understand my actions, and at last interrupted my reverie by exclaiming, as he pointed to the lofty group, "Jebel Mousa—Tayeeb!" ("Mountain of Moses—good!") He also revered it, for he was a Mohammedan.

What impresses the American traveler most sensibly here is the fact that although mountains abound, and stream-beds are more plenty than in our own White Hills, a cascade or a waterfall is never heard. When the rains fall, the water rolls down these bare, rough diagonals uninterrupted, and empties into the wadies,



WORKING THE ELEVATOR.



THE WAY INTO THE CONVENT IN TIME OF TROUBLE.

cated that Moses could overlook it all when he read the Law. This must be the "true Sinai,"—the very mountain upon which the glory of the Lord rested in the sight of the people. When facing its awful, stately grandeur, I felt as if I had come to the end of the world. How many pilgrims had come from all parts of the earth to this very spot to reverence, to sacrifice, and to worship!

I dismounted to contemplate the sublime panorama, and Elihuvel, my camel

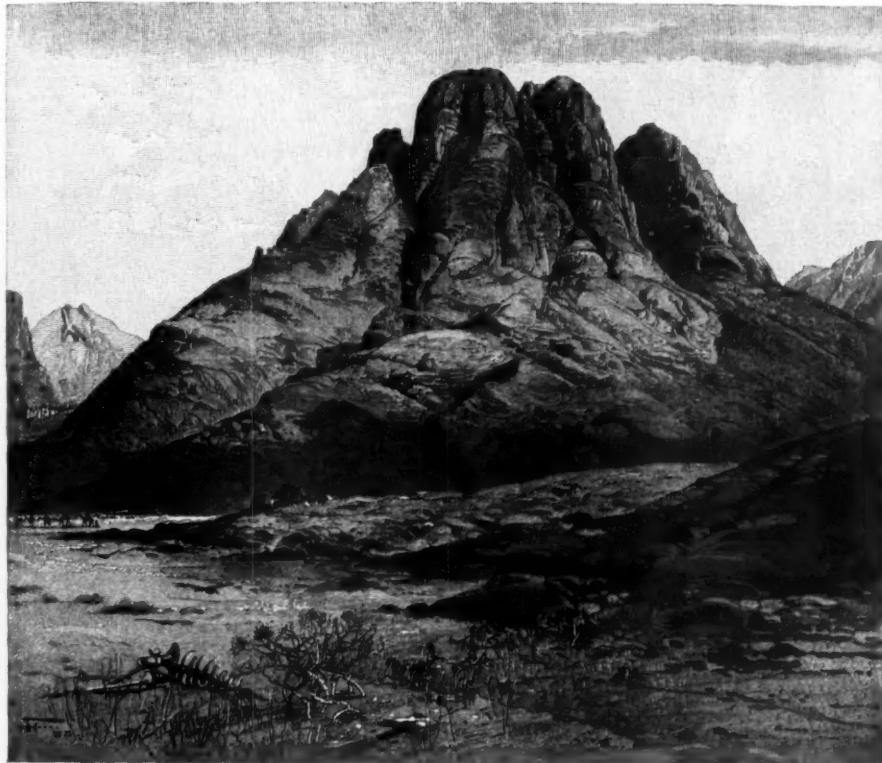
which in turn impetuously roll the torrents into the sea with great speed, before the parched earth has time to absorb more than a mere surface supply.

What a surprise, then, when, arrived at the highest ridge of the vast plateau of Er Raha, to see a bright oasis full of trees laden with the rich blossoms of spring, backed by the strange, contrasting, gloomy walls of the Convent of Saint Catherine. No location could be more charming—in the narrowing valley, nestled at the feet of the closely protecting mountains. Upon the highest ramparts are set both the cannon and the cross. It was both castle and convent we were approaching. More than once the inmates have been obliged to defend themselves against the marauder. At one time every monk was massacred. Since then more care has been exercised. We were obliged to prove our friendship before we could gain admittance. We could not even encamp in the neighborhood until our credentials were examined and approved.

Arriving at the convent wall we sent up a shout to the top. In the course of time the voice of a monk sent down a squeaky response. To a point near the top of the wall a tiny structure shaped like a dog-kennel is attached. From this a small rope was let down, to which

we attached our firman, or letter of introduction, obtained at the branch institution at Suez. This was hauled up slowly and soon answered by a great noise in the aerial kennel. Then a thick cable was lowered to us and we and pounded upon by mallets to call the devout monks to prayer.

At the left of the campanile is a Mohammedan mosque, suffered here to pacify the Bedouins, but not used. Under the curious roofs



RAS-SUFSAFEH, FROM THE PLAIN OF ASSEMBLAGE.

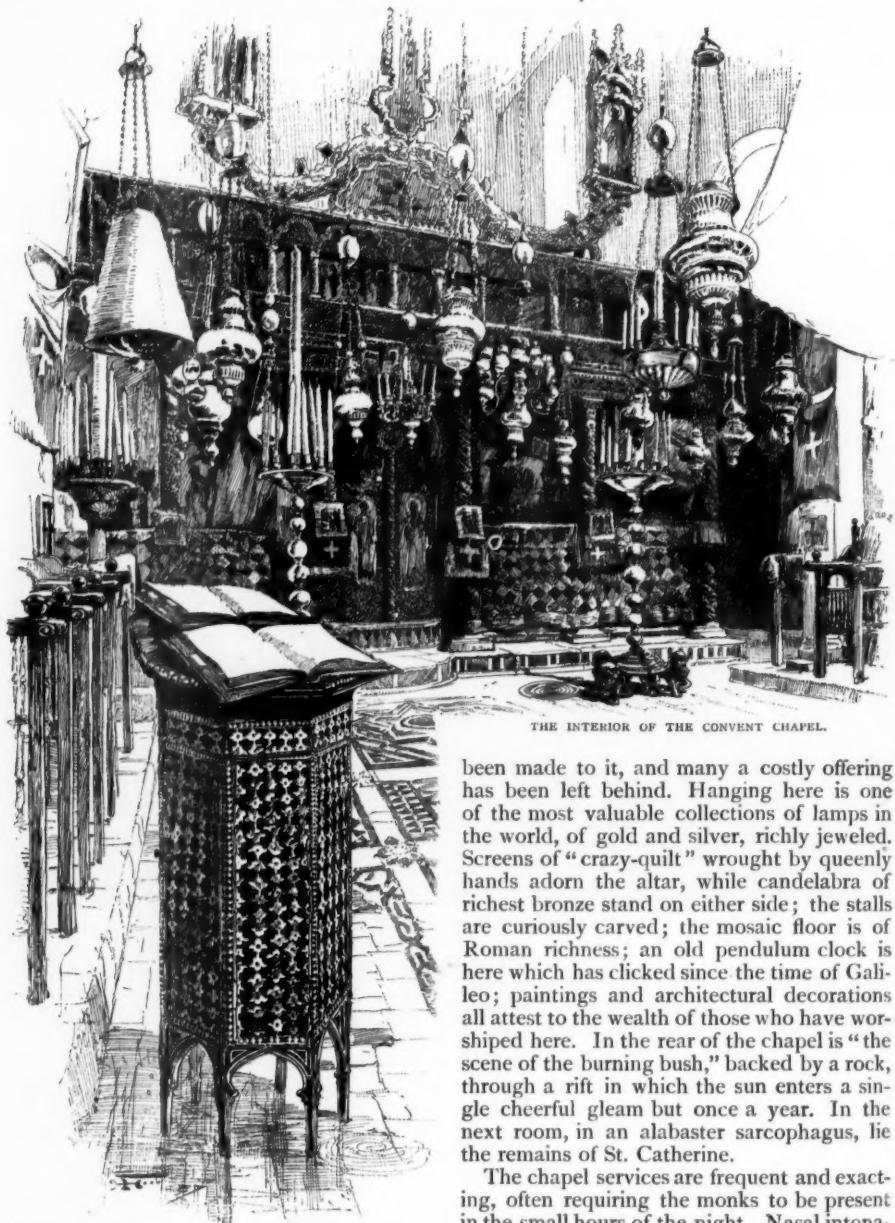
were asked to "Get in and come up." But the low gate in the wall was swung open at that moment, and we chose to enter the convent by it rather than to go up by cable.

When we arrived at the quarters of the superior we saw that the cable was not let down hand over hand, but that a clumsy windlass, worked and turned by Bedouin serfs, was the power behind the throne. The combination is believed to be the first passenger elevator in the world.

From the veranda near the "lift" a fine view of the convent buildings outside the walls was had. On the right is the chapel, with its lead roof, built more than 1300 years ago. Near it is a modern campanile, reminding one of Venice. Several bells hang in it, but their ringing irritates the Bedouins, so beams of hard, sonorous wood are swung from ropes

of other buildings are the living-rooms of the monks. From the several verandas open the dormitories. A waggish sort of uncertainty prevails in the architecture.

The plain of Er Raha lies on the north in full view from the superior's piazza. On the left, or west, is the "Mount of God and of Moses." It seems as though no semblance of humanity should remain in a place made sacred by so many holy associations, but the convent is inhabited by about sixty monks varying in grades of sanctity. Nine of them yielded to our camera. A beardless youth afforded us considerable amusement. Repeatedly he came to me, with tears in his eyes, and begged for some recipe to make his beard grow. He said that he would not be allowed to read chapel service until he had a beard; that nearly all the monks but him had beards,



THE INTERIOR OF THE CONVENT CHAPEL.

been made to it, and many a costly offering has been left behind. Hanging here is one of the most valuable collections of lamps in the world, of gold and silver, richly jeweled. Screens of "crazy-quilt" wrought by queenly hands adorn the altar, while candelabra of richest bronze stand on either side; the stalls are curiously carved; the mosaic floor is of Roman richness; an old pendulum clock is here which has clicked since the time of Galileo; paintings and architectural decorations all attest to the wealth of those who have worshiped here. In the rear of the chapel is "the scene of the burning bush," backed by a rock, through a rift in which the sun enters a single cheerful gleam but once a year. In the next room, in an alabaster sarcophagus, lie the remains of St. Catherine.

The chapel services are frequent and exacting, often requiring the monks to be present in the small hours of the night. Nasal intonations, uneasy undulations, and incense-swinging make up the cheerless performance.

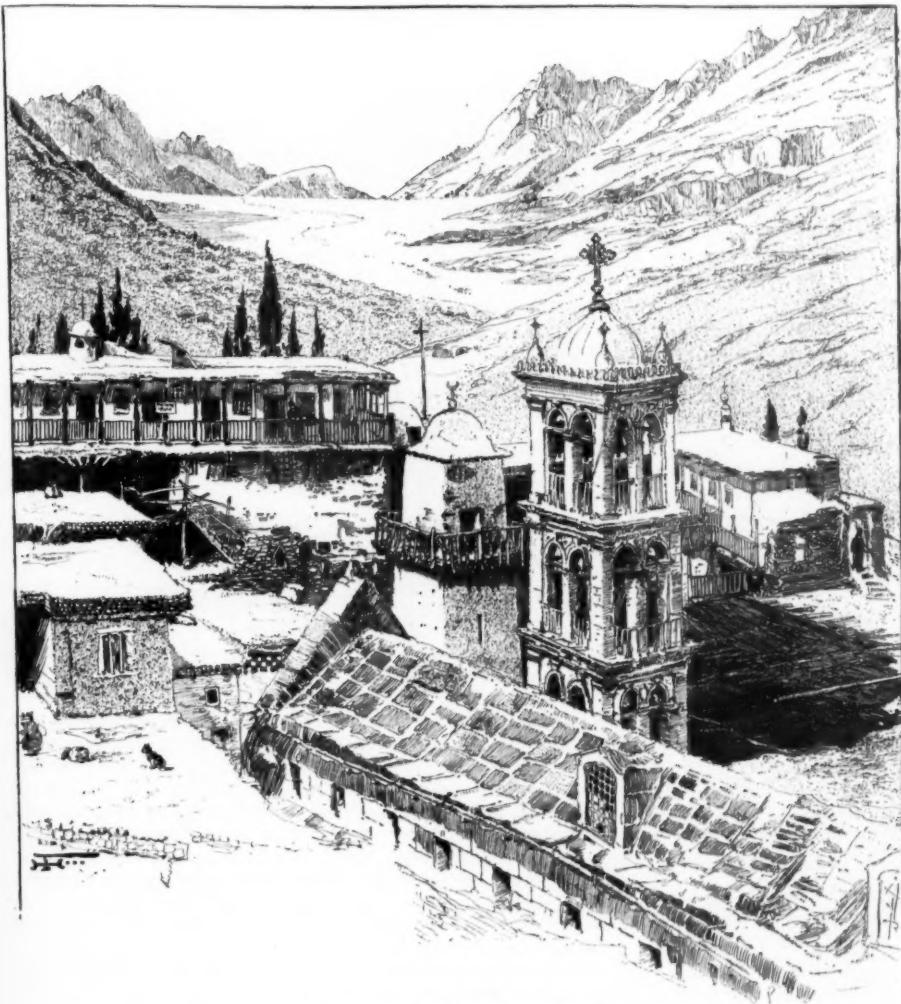
Many valuable books and manuscript copies of the Scriptures are in the convent library. The superior has been very chary of these since Tischendorf got away the manuscript of the Codex Sinaiticus. I found a copy of

but God withheld the boon from him. It looked to me like a case of soap and water; but I desired to be charitable, and suggested a remedy, for which he gave me his benediction.

Few places are more interesting than the interior of the chapel of the convent. Ever since the time of Justinian royal pilgrimages have

the famous "Book of the Gospels," dating from the time of Theodosius II., A. D. 766. The whole work was written in Greek letters with gold on parchment. The cover was of metal. Colored portraits of the apostles em-

The next thing to do was to ascend Mount Sinai. There are three or four routes, all of which are full of interest. We were led by one of the monks. The fraternity had constructed a rude stone stairway part of the distance,



PLAIN OF ASSEMBLAGE, FROM THE CONVENT.

bellished it, with backgrounds of burnished gold. I asked the privilege of photographing some of the pages, but the superior said, "I cannot allow it to go out of my hands."

"Very well, then," I said; "bring it out into the light of the court and hold it in your hands while I photograph it."

He generously assented to this, and I thus secured two pages of the precious Codex Aureus.

which out of respect for them we followed. The morning was glorious. We started early, that we might have the help of the clear, cool, sweet air in climbing the heights before the merciless Asiatic sun had so shortened the shadows as to deprive us of any protection by them.

After twenty minutes the old "Shrine Gate" was reached. Here in former days the pilgrims partook of the sacrament, received al-

solution, and a certificate of church standing which enabled them to pass the second gate unchallenged. This shrive service was rendered for many years by an old monk whose devotion won for him the name of "Saint Stephen." His skeleton is preserved prominent among the bones of his brethren in the crypt near the garden gate.

party, during my stay in the neighborhood, preferred, "for the sake of novelty," to live in the convent rather than in tents. When they made their departure they assured me that they had had plenty of novelty, including a startling abundance that seemed to prove that the good work of the Virgin was intended for a former time.



"THE BOOK OF THE GOSPELS," KEPT IN THE CONVENT.

The crags and peaks which now came into view ahead and on every side were all the more impressive because the sun had not yet penetrated the shadows. In one shady place we found a small spring called "Jethro's Well," but not believed to be the "true" well. The monks have arranged so many "holy" places convenient to their convent that one may have the privilege of making a selection.

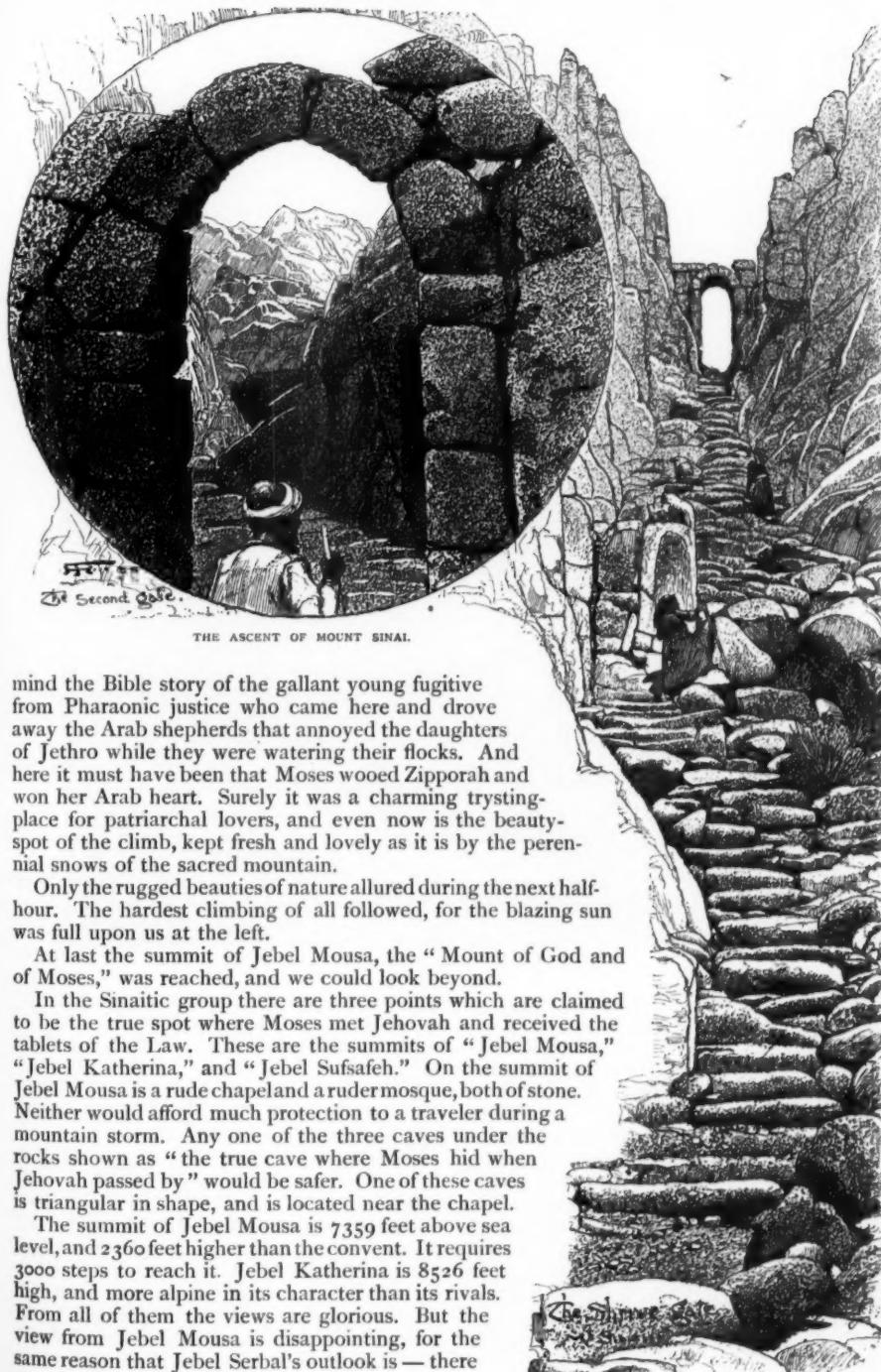
At this point I turned and looked down the gorge we had been climbing, when a most startling view rewarded me. On each side were the dark walls of the ravine. In full view below was the monastery, and the mountains east covered with the glory of the morning sun. The coloring was superb. I could not reproduce it by my art, but I caught the light and shade.

In a quarter of an hour the "Chapel of the Virgin" was reached. It is a small, homely structure of granite, and was erected by the grateful monks in honor of the occasion when the Virgin relieved the convent perpetually from a plague of fleas. Another American

The second gateway was reached just as the god of day flamed his ruddy glow up the ravine at our left. It scarcely changed the gray old stones of the massive gateway, but through its arch we saw a wondrous display of shape and color. At this gate the ancient pilgrim presented the credentials received from Saint Stephen. Then, with sins absolved and heart full of new resolves for the future, he was allowed to pass and to finish his journey to the summit of the "holy Mount of Moses."

Two little chapels erected in memory of the prophets Elisha and Elijah are next reached. In one the grotto where Elijah hid after he had slain the priests of Baal is shown. Near at hand is a depression in a rock, in shape resembling a camel's track. "It is the foot-mark of the camel of Mohammed, made when ascending to heaven with his master on his back."

Climbing on amidst the natural glories which surrounded us, we came to the "true well of Jethro." A tiny oasis surrounded it, where some flocks of sheep and goats were grazing. These made a realistic picture, and called to



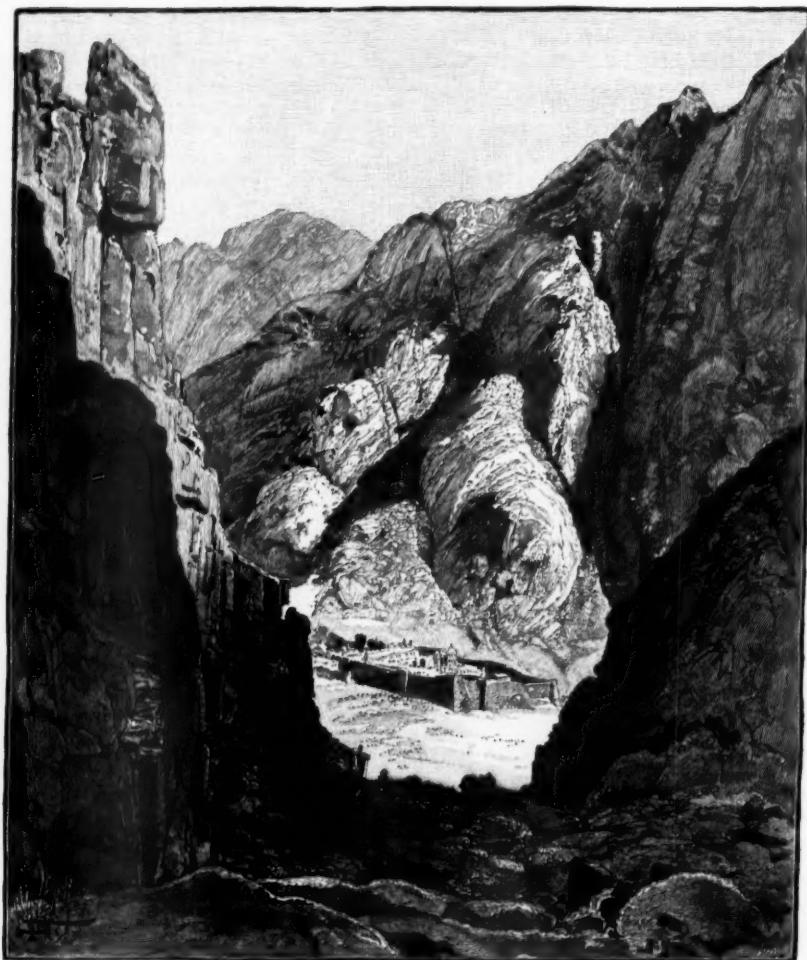
mind the Bible story of the gallant young fugitive from Pharaonic justice who came here and drove away the Arab shepherds that annoyed the daughters of Jethro while they were watering their flocks. And here it must have been that Moses wooed Zipporah and won her Arab heart. Surely it was a charming trysting-place for patriarchal lovers, and even now is the beauty-spot of the climb, kept fresh and lovely as it is by the perennial snows of the sacred mountain.

Only the rugged beauties of nature allured during the next half-hour. The hardest climbing of all followed, for the blazing sun was full upon us at the left.

At last the summit of Jebel Mousa, the "Mount of God and of Moses," was reached, and we could look beyond.

In the Sinaitic group there are three points which are claimed to be the true spot where Moses met Jehovah and received the tablets of the Law. These are the summits of "Jebel Mousa," "Jebel Katherina," and "Jebel Sufsafeh." On the summit of Jebel Mousa is a rude chapeland a ruder mosque, both of stone. Neither would afford much protection to a traveler during a mountain storm. Any one of the three caves under the rocks shown as "the true cave where Moses hid when Jehovah passed by" would be safer. One of these caves is triangular in shape, and is located near the chapel.

The summit of Jebel Mousa is 7359 feet above sea level, and 2360 feet higher than the convent. It requires 3000 steps to reach it. Jebel Katherina is 8526 feet high, and more alpine in its character than its rivals. From all of them the views are glorious. But the view from Jebel Mousa is disappointing, for the same reason that Jebel Serbal's outlook is — there



THE CONVENT, FROM MOUNT SINAI.

is no plain in sight where Israel could have had room to assemble. The view from Jebel Katharina is alike unsatisfactory. Let us make an observation from the summit of Jebel Sufsafeh. To obtain it we retraced our steps as far as Jethro's Well and then entered a wady to the left. Two small ravines were crossed when a third and deeper one was found, wherein a rude chapel stands, partly shaded by a small willow-tree. From this tree the peak we are about to ascend takes its name — Ras es Sufsafeh (the "Mount of the Willow"). Climbing the steep and rocky gorge ascending from the tree, we gained the summit of Sufsafeh. From that standpoint one mighty prospect of barren peaks is presented, bounded only by the desert and the seas; and there, at the foot of the

mountain, lies a vast plateau — the plain of Er Raha. It must be the "Plain of Assemblage," and it must be that this is the "Mount of God and of Moses."

I could hear the voices of the natives living in the tiny oasis at the base, more than a mile away.

The beauty of the scene is very great. No accessories of snow or river or foliage are there, and none are needed — nor distance — to "lend enchantment to the view." Would that I could picture what I saw! The rugged "Rock of Moses" lay at my feet, as black as the shadow at its side. Across the plain, on each side, the crag-crowned mountains were glowing with streams of ruby color. Nature seemed preparing for some great spectacle.

The "Pass of the Winds."



PLAIN OF ASSEMBLAGE, FROM THE ROCK OF MOSES.

The horizon was submerged in a molten sea of flame, while the sea, now blue, now green, now golden, now as red as blood, was all in a tremor. Now gray veils of misty fabric began to rise from the shadowed plain, moving to and fro like specters. Then the solid amethyst of the western sky was rent, and stripes of turquoise were discovered between. There was not a sound. Quickly, as though by the deft turning of some mighty wheel, the glorious coloring disappeared. Not even the sea could be discerned. The lights went out. The metamorphosis was hastened, the after-glow was shortened, by the prompt appearance of the pale Arabian moon. Its soft light seemed to have no influence over the deeper hollows and shadows, for the blackness of night, now spread over them, was too closely set for such gentle persuasion.

But the glorious peaks about us were clothed in a new attire. Catching the mellow light as it arose, half their height was submerged by the fog. Like a sea of silver it caught the light, and reminded me of a tented field, or of toss-

ing mounds of snow as I have seen them from Mount Washington in winter. Who wonders at the wild fancies of a people whose home is amidst such scenes?

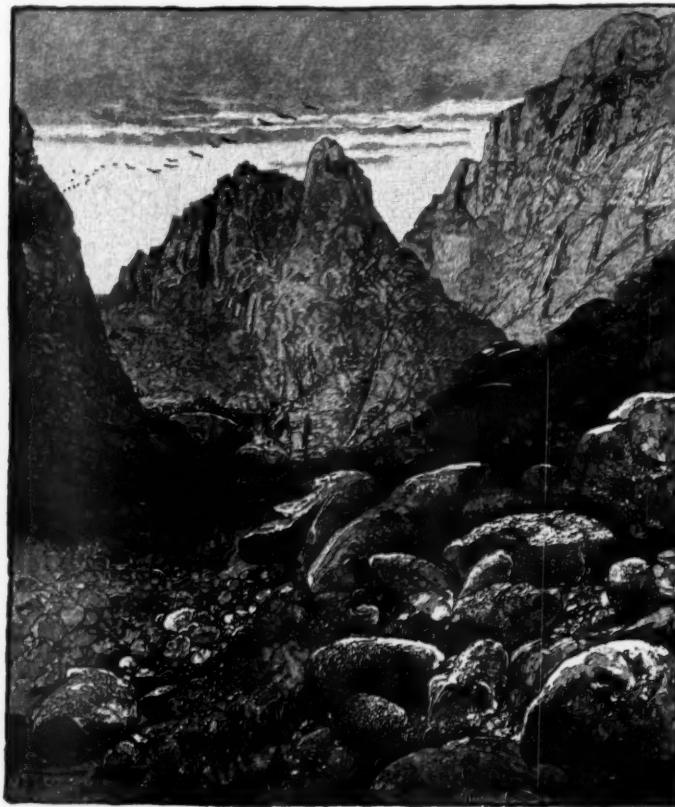
How reluctantly I gave up my seat on the "Rock of Moses!" Again and again I turned to look upon the glories surrounding, and then descended to my tent.

An after-visit was made to the willow-tree; and then, instead of descending by the monks' stone stairway, we followed the gorge down the side of Jebel Sufsafeh opposite to the one from which we saw the "Plain of Assemblage."

Then I secured an isolated view of the summit of Jebel Sufsafeh from its eastern side. This proved a prize. On the right of the foreground a great mass of rocky débris was caught, which had thundered down from the steep inclines, no one could tell me when. The monks say, "when the golden calf was broken." To the left, beneath a pile of huge rocks, is the largest spring in the Sinai district. It is also called "Jethro's Well." I found its brink fringed with a growth of maidenhair fern as

green and lovely as any I had ever gathered "Hill of the Golden Calf," is located. Without a single trumpet-blast to warn them, the noisy idolaters were destroyed by the torrents which came down, or were buried under the confusion of rocks which followed.

In the distance is Jebel Sufsafeh. Between the two peaks is "the very ravine down which Moses and Joshua were picking their way



RAS-SUFSAFEH, FROM AARON'S HILL.

when they heard the shouts of the worshipers of the golden calf come up from the base of the mountain." Joshua, soldier that he was, declared they were as the sounds of war. Moses, with a clearer knowledge of humanity, knew better, and was so overcome that he dashed the tablets of the Law upon the rocks.

The monks aver that it was at the very spring I have described that this scene of just and mighty wrath took place. Here the forked lightning flashed from the hands of Jehovah. It tore open the earth, twisted and turned the veins of steel-hard diorite as though they were but ribbons of green, fissured the great cliffs of granite and poured into them from the bursted arteries of rough, red porphyry, and sent the streams boiling and seething like hot lava to the base, where "Aaron's Hill," or the

The monks tell us further that "Moses and Joshua were directed by Jehovah to stay beneath the great rocks which cover 'Jethro's Well' until his mighty wrath had subsided, and that since then the supply of water has not failed." To all of these places the ages of monks have had abundance of time to fasten some tradition. "Aaron's Hill" is also revered by the Bedouins, who come once a year to the little chapel on its summit to sacrifice a camel.

The Sinai mountains and their wild surroundings seem to be just as the Book describes them—as the Great Architect constructed them. No change appears to have taken place since the followers of Moses made their departure for the Promised Land.

*Edward L. Wilson.*

## THE GRAYSONS: A STORY OF ILLINOIS.\*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Circuit Rider," "Roxy," etc.

XXVII.

LIGHT IN A DARK PLACE.



HE people who had seats in the court-room were, for the most part, too wise in their generation to vacate them during the noon recess. Jake Hogan clambered down from his uncomfortable window-roost for a little while, and Bob McCord took a plunge into the grateful fresh air, but both got back in time to secure their old points of observation. The lawyers came back early, and long before the judge returned the ruddy-faced Magill was seated behind his little desk, facing the crowd and pretending to write. He was ill at ease; the heart of the man had gone out to Tom. He never for a moment doubted that Tom killed Lockwood, but then a sneak like Lockwood "richly deserved it," in Magill's estimation. Judge Watkins's austere face assumed a yet more severe expression; for though pity never interfered with justice in his nature, it often rendered the old man unhappy, and therefore more than usually irascible.

There was a painful pause after the judge had taken his seat and ordered the prisoner brought in. It was like a wait before a funeral service, but rendered ten times more distressing by the element of suspense. The judge's quill pen could be heard scratching on the paper as he noted points for his charge to the jury. To Hiram Mason the whole trial was unendurable. The law had the aspect of a relentless boa-constrictor, slowly winding itself about Tom, while all these spectators, with merely a curious interest in the horrible, watched the process. The deadly creature had now to make but one more coil, and then, in its cruel and deliberate fashion, it would proceed to tighten its twists until the poor boy should be done to death. Barbara and the mother were awfully entwined by this fate as well, while Hiram had not a little finger of help for them. He watched Lincoln as he took seat in moody silence. Why had the lawyer not done anything to help Tom? Any other lawyer with a desperate case would

have had a stack of law-books in front of him, as a sort of dam against the flood. But Lincoln had neither law-books nor so much as a scrap of paper.

The prosecuting attorney, with a taste for climaxes, reserved his chief witness to the last. Even now he was not ready to call Sovine. He would add one more stone to the pyramid of presumptive proof before he capped it all with certainty. Markham was therefore put up to identify the old pistol which he had found in Tom's room. Lincoln again waived cross-examination. Blackman felt certain that he himself could have done better. He mentally constructed the questions that should have been put to the deputy sheriff. Was the pistol hot when you found it? Did it smell of powder? Did the family make any objection to your search?—Even if the judge had ruled out such questions the jury would have heard the questions, and a question often has weight in spite of rulings from the bench. The prosecuting attorney began to feel sure of his own case; he had come to his last witness and his great stroke.

"Call David Sovine," he said, wiping his brow and looking relieved.

"David Sovine! David Sovine! David Sovine!" cried the sheriff in due and ancient form, though David sat almost within whispering distance of him.

The witness stood up.

"Howld up your roight hand," said the clerk. Then when Dave's right hand was up Magill rattled off the form of the oath in the most approved and clerky style, only adding to its effect by the mild brogue of his pronunciation.

"Do sol'm swear 't yull tell th' truth, th' ole truth, en nuthin' b' th' truth, s' yilpye God," said the clerk, without once pausing for breath.

Sovine ducked his head and dropped his hand, and the solemnity was over.

Dave, who was evidently not accustomed to stand before such a crowd, appeared embarrassed. He had deteriorated in appearance lately. His patent-leather shoes were bright as ever, his trousers were trimly held down by straps, his hair was well kept in place by bear's oil or what was sold for bear's oil, but there

\* Copyright, 1887, by Edward Eggleston. All rights reserved.

was a nervousness in his expression and carriage that gave him the air of a man who has been drinking to excess. Tom looked at him with defiance, but Dave was standing at the right of the judge, while the prisoner's dock was on the left, and the witness did not regard Tom at all, but told his story with clearness. Something of the bold assurance which he displayed at the inquest was lacking. His coarse face twitched and quivered, and this appeared to annoy him; he sought to hide it by an affection of nonchalance, as he rested his weight now on one foot and now on the other.

"Do you know the prisoner?" asked the prosecutor, with a motion of his head toward the dock.

"Yes, well enough"; but in saying this Dave did not look toward Tom, but out of the window.

"You've played cards with him, have n't you?"

"Yes."

"Tell his Honor and the jury when and where you played with him."

"We played one night last July, in Wooden & Snyder's store."

"Who proposed to Tom to play with you?"

"George Lockwood. He hollered up the stove-pipe for Tom to come down an' take a game or two with me."

"What did you win that night from Tom?"

"Thirteen dollars, an' his hat an' coat an' boots, an' his han'ke'chi'f an' knife."

"Who, if anybody, lent him the money to get back his things which you had won?"

"George Lockwood."

Here the counsel paused a moment, laid down a memorandum he had been using, and looked about his table until he found another; then he resumed his questions.

"Tell the jury whether you were at the Timber Creek camp-meeting on the 9th of August."

"Yes; I was."

"What did you see there? Tell about the shooting."

Dave told the story, with a little prompting in the way of questions from the lawyer, substantially as he had told it at the coroner's inquest. He related his parting from Lockwood, Tom's appearance on the scene, Tom's threatening speech, Lockwood's entreaty that Tom would not shoot him, and then Tom's shooting. In making these statements Dave looked at the stairway in the corner of the court-room with an air of entire indifference, and he even made one or two efforts to yawn, as though the case was a rather dull affair to him.

"How far away from Mason and Lock-

wood were you when the shooting took place?" asked the prosecutor.

"Twenty foot or more."

"What did Tom shoot with?"

"A pistol."

"What kind of a pistol?"

"One of the ole-fashion' sort — flint-lock, with a ruther long barrel."

The prosecuting lawyer now beckoned to the sheriff, who handed down to him, from off his high desk, Tom's pistol.

"Tell the jury whether this looks like the pistol."

"It was just such a one as that. I can't say 't was that, but it was hung to the stock like that, an' about as long in the barrel."

"What did Grayson do when he had shot George, and what did you do?"

"Tom run off as fast as his feet could carry him, an' I went up towards George, who'd fell over. He was dead ag'inst I could get there. Then purty soon the crowd come a-runnin' up to see what the shootin' was."

After bringing out some further details Allen turned to his opponent with an air of confidence and said:

"You can have the witness, Mr. Lincoln."

There was a brief pause, during which the jurymen changed their positions on the hard seats, making a little rustle as they took their right legs from off their left and hung their left legs over their right knees, or vice versa. In making these changes they looked inquiringly at one another, and it was clear that their minds were so well made up that even a judge's charge in favor of the prisoner, if such a thing had been conceivable, would have gone for nothing. Lincoln at length rose slowly from his chair, and stood awhile in silence, regarding Sovine, who seemed excited and nervous, and who visibly paled a little as his eyes sought to escape from the lawyer's gaze.

"You said you were with Lockwood just before the shooting?" the counsel asked.

"Yes." Dave was all alert and answered promptly.

"Were you not pretty close to him when he was shot?"

"No, I was n't," said Dave, his suspicions excited by this mode of attack. It appeared that the lawyer, for some reason, wanted to make him confess to having been nearer to the scene and perhaps implicated, and he therefore resolved to fight off.

"Are you sure you were as much as ten feet away?"

"I was more than twenty," said Dave, huskily.

"What had you and George Lockwood been doing together?"

"We'd been — talking." Manifestly Dave took fresh alarm at this line of questioning.

"Oh, you had?"

"Yes."

"In a friendly way?"

"Yes, tubby shore; we never had any fuss."

"You parted from him as a friend?"

"Yes, of course."

"By the time Tom came up you'd got — how far away? Be careful now."

"I've told you twiste. More than twenty feet."

"You might have been mistaken about its being Tom then?"

"No, I was n't."

"Did you know it was Tom before he fired?"

"Tubby shore, I did."

"What time of night was it?"

"Long towards 10, I sh'd think."

"It might have been 11?"

"No, 't wus n't later 'n about 10." This was said doggedly.

"Nor before 9?"

"No, 't wus nigh onto 10, I said." And the witness showed some irritation, and spoke louder than before.

"How far away were you from the pulpit and meeting-place?"

"Twixt a half a mile an' a mile."

"Not over a mile?"

"No, skiercely a mile."

"But don't you think it might have been a little less than half a mile?"

"No, it's nigh onto a mile. I did n't measure it, but it's a mighty big three-quarters."

The witness answered combatively, and in this mood he made a better impression than he did on his direct examination. The prosecuting attorney looked relieved. Tom listened with an attention painful to see, his eyes moving anxiously from Lincoln to Dave as he wondered what point in Dave's armor the lawyer could be driving at. He saw plainly that his salvation was staked on some last throw.

"You did n't have any candle in your hand, did you, at any time during the evening?"

"No!" said Dave, positively. For some reason this question disconcerted him and awakened his suspicion. "What should we have a candle for?" he added.

"Did either George Lockwood or Tom have a candle?"

"No, of course not! What'd they have candles for?"

"Where were the lights on the camp-ground?"

"Close by the preachers' tent."

"More than three-quarters of a mile away from the place where the murder took place?"

"Anyway as much as three-quarters," said

Dave, who began to wish that he could modify his previous statement of the distance.

"How far away were you from Lockwood when the murder took place?"

"Twenty feet."

"You said 'or more' awhile ago."

"Well, 't wus n't no less, p'raps," said Dave, showing signs of worry. "You don't think I measured it, do yeh?"

"There were no lights nearer than three-quarters of a mile?"

"No," said the witness, the cold perspiration beading on his face as he saw Lincoln's trap opening to receive him.

"You don't mean to say that the platform torches up by the preachers' tent gave any light three-quarters of a mile away and in the woods?"

"No, of course not."

"How could you see Tom and know that it was he that fired, when the only light was nearly a mile away, and inside a circle of tents?"

"Saw by moonlight," said Sovine, snapishly, disposed to dash wildly at any gap that offered a possible way of escape.

"What sort of trees were there on the ground?"

"Beech."

"Beech-leaves are pretty thick in August?" asked Lincoln.

"Ye-es, ruther," gasped the witness, seeing a new pitfall yawning just ahead of him.

"And yet light enough from the moon came through these thick beech-trees to let you know Tom Grayson?"

"Yes."

"And you could see him shoot?"

"Yes."

"And you full twenty feet away?"

"Well, about that; nearly twenty, anyhow." Dave shifted his weight to his right foot.

"And you pretend to say to this court that by the moonlight that you got through the beech-trees in August you could even see that it was a pistol that Tom had?"

"Ye-es." Dave now stood on his left foot.

"And you could see what kind of a pistol it was?" This was said with a little laugh very exasperating to the witness.

"Yes, I could," answered Dave, with dogged resolution not to be faced down.

"And just how the barrel was hung to the stock?" There was a positive sneer in Lincoln's voice now.

"Yes." This was spoken feebly.

"And you twenty feet or more away?"

"I've got awful good eyes, an' I know what I see," whined the witness, apologetically.

Here Lincoln paused and looked at Sovine, whose extreme distress was only made

the more apparent by his feeble endeavor to conceal his agitation. The counsel, after regarding his uneasy victim for a quarter of a minute, thrust his hand into the tail-pocket of his blue coat, and after a little needless fumbling drew forth a small pamphlet in blue covers. He turned the leaves of this with extreme deliberation, while the court-room was utterly silent. The members of the bar had as by general consent put their chairs down on all-fours, and were intently watching the struggle between the counsel and the witness. The sallow-faced judge had stopped the scratching of his quill, and had lowered his spectacles on his nose, that he might study the distressed face of the tormented Sovine. Mrs. Grayson's hands were on her lap, palms downward; her eyes were fixed on Abra'm, and her mouth was half open, as though she were going to speak.

Barbara found it hard to keep her seat, she was so eager for Lincoln to go on, and Tom was leaning forward breathlessly in the dock; his throat felt dry, and he choked when he tried to swallow; it seemed to him that he would smother with the beating of his heart. But it was worth while to turn away from these more interested parties to look for a moment at the ruddy face of Bob McCord, which was puckered to a kind of focus with an expression that was customary with him in a moment of supreme interest, as when he was drawing a sure bead on a bear or a deer. It was worth while to regard Rachel Albaugh, who had lifted the veil from her face radiant with interest. Lincoln appeared to be the only perfectly deliberate person in the room. He seemed disposed to protract the situation as long as possible. He held his victim on the rack and he let him suffer. He would turn a leaf or two in his pamphlet and then look up at the demoralized witness, as though to fathom the depth of his torture and to measure the result. At last he fixed his thumb firmly at a certain place on a page and turned his eyes to the judge.

"Now, your Honor," he said to the court, "this witness," with a half-contemptuous gesture of his awkward left hand toward Sovine, "has sworn over and over that he recognized the accused as the person who shot George Lockwood, near the Union camp-meeting on the night of the 9th of last August, and that he, the witness, was standing at the time twenty feet or more away, while the scene of the shooting was nearly a mile distant from the torches inside the circle of tents. So remarkably sharp are this witness's eyes that he even saw what kind of pistol the prisoner held in his hands, and how the barrel was hung to the stock, and he is able to identify this pistol of Grayson's as precisely like and probably the identical weapon." Here Lincoln

paused and scrutinized Sovine. "All these details he saw and observed in the brief space of time preceding the fatal shot,—saw and observed them at 10 o'clock at night, by means of moonlight shining through the trees—beech-trees in full leaf. That is a pretty hard story. How much light does even a full moon shed in a beech woods like that on the Union camp-ground? Not enough to see your way by, as everybody knows who has had to stumble through such woods." Lincoln paused here, that the words he had spoken might have time to produce their due effect on the judge, and especially on the slower wits of some of the jury. Meanwhile he turned the leaves of his pamphlet. Then he began once more: "But, may it please the court, before proceeding with the witness I would like to have the jury look at the almanac which I hold in my hand. They will here see that on the night of the 9th of last August, when this extraordinary witness"—with a sneer at Dave, who had sunk down on a chair in exhaustion—"saw the shape of a pistol at twenty feet away, at 10 o'clock, by moonlight, the moon did not rise until half-past 1 in the morning."

Sovine had been gasping like a fish newly taken from the water while Lincoln uttered these words, and he now began to mutter something.

"You may have a chance to explain when the jury get done looking at the almanac," said the lawyer to him. "For the present you'd better keep silence."

There was a rustle of excitement in the court-room, but at a word from the judge the sheriff's gavel fell and all was still. Lincoln walked slowly toward the jury-box and gave the almanac to the foreman, an intelligent farmer. Countrymen in that day were used to consulting almanacs, and one group after another of the jurymen satisfied themselves that on the night of the 9th, that is, on the morning of the 10th, the moon came up at half-past 1 o'clock. When all had examined the page, the counsel recovered his little book.

"Will you let me look at it?" asked the judge.

"Certainly, your Honor"; and the little witness was handed up to the judge, who with habitual caution looked it all over, outside and in, even examining the title-page to make sure that the book was genuine and belonged to the current year. Then he took note on a slip of paper of the moon's rising on the night of August 9 and 10, and handed back the almanac to Lincoln, who slowly laid it face downward on the table in front of him, open at the place of its testimony. The audience in the court-room was utterly silent and expectant. The prosecuting attorney got half-way to his

feet to object to Lincoln's course, but he thought better of it and sat down again.

"Now, may it please the court," Lincoln went on, "I wish at this point to make a motion. I think the court will not regard it as out of order, as the case is very exceptional—a matter of life and death. This witness has solemnly sworn to a story that has manifestly not one word of truth in it. It is one unbroken falsehood. In order to take away the life of an innocent man he has invented this atrocious web of lies, to the falsity of which the very heavens above bear witness, as this almanac shows you. Now why does David Sovine go to all this trouble to perjure himself? Why does he wish to swear away the life of that young man who never did him any harm?" Lincoln stood still a moment, and looked at the witness, who had grown ghastly pale about the lips. Then he went on, very slowly. "Because that witness shot and killed George Lockwood himself. I move, your Honor, that David Sovine be arrested at once for murder."

These words, spoken with extreme deliberation and careful emphasis, shook the audience like an explosion.

The prosecutor got to his feet, probably to suggest that the motion was not in order, since he had yet a right to a re-direct examination of Sovine, but, as the attorney for the State, his duty was now a divided one as regarded two men charged with the same crime. So he waved his hand irresolutely, stammered inarticulately, and sat down.

"This is at least a case of extraordinary perjury," said the judge. "Sheriff, arrest David Sovine! This matter will have to be looked into."

The sheriff came down from his seat, and went up to the now stunned and bewildered Sovine.

"I arrest you," he said, taking him by the arm.

The day-and-night fear of detection in which Dave had lived for all these weeks had wrecked his self-control at last.

"God!" he muttered, dropping his head with a sort of shudder. "'Tain't any use keepin' it back any longer. I—did n't mean to shoot him, an' I would n't 'a' come here aginst Tom if I could 'a' got away."

The words appeared to be wrung from him by some internal agony too strong for him to master; they were the involuntary result of the breaking down of his forces under prolonged suffering and terror, culminating in the slow torture inflicted by his cross-examination. A minute later, when his spasm of irresolution had passed off, he would have retracted his confession if he could. But the sheriff's

deputy, with the assistance of a constable, was already leading him through the swaying crowd in the aisle, while many people got up and stood on the benches to watch the exit of the new prisoner. When at length Sovine had disappeared out of the door the spectators turned and looked at Tom, sitting yet in the dock, but with the certainty of speedy release before him. The whole result of Lincoln's masterful stroke was now for the first time realized, and the excitement bade fair to break over bounds. McCord doubled himself up once or twice in the effort to repress his feelings out of respect for the court, but his emotions were too much for him; his big fist, grasping his ragged hat, appeared above his head.

"Goshamity! Hooray!" he burst out with a stentorian voice, stamping his foot as he waved his hat.

At this the whole court-roomful of people burst into cheers, laughter, cries, and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, in spite of the sheriff's sharp rapping and shouts of "Order in court!" And when at length the people were quieted a little, Mrs. Grayson spoke up, with a choking voice:

"Judge, ain't you a-goin' to let him go now?"

There was a new movement of feeling, and the judge called out, "Sheriff, order in court!" But his voice was husky and tremulous. He took off his spectacles to wipe them, and he looked out of the window behind him, and put his handkerchief first to one eye, then to the other, before he put his glasses back.

"May it please the court," said the tall lawyer, who had remained standing, waiting for the tempest to subside, and who now spoke in a subdued voice, "I move, your Honor, that the jury be instructed to render a verdict of 'Not guilty.'" The judge turned to the prosecuting attorney.

"I don't think, your Honor," stammered Allen, "that I ought to object to the motion of my learned brother, under the peculiar circumstances of this case."

"I don't think you ought," said the judge, promptly, and he proceeded to give the jury instructions to render the desired verdict. As soon as the jury, nothing loath, had gone through the formality of a verdict, the sheriff came and opened the door of the box to allow Tom to come out.

"O Tom! they are letting you out," cried Janet, running forward to meet him as he came from the dock. She had not quite understood the drift of these last proceedings until this moment.

This greeting by little Janet induced another burst of excitement. It was no longer of any use for the judge to keep on saying

"Sheriff, command order in court!" All the sheriff's rapping was in vain; it was impossible to arrest and fine everybody. The judge was compelled to avail himself of the only means of saving the court's dignity by adjourning for the day, while Mrs. Grayson was embracing her Tommy.

As for Barbara, overcome by the reaction of feeling, she sat still in passive happiness which she did not care to show to this crowd, whose late unfriendly manifestations toward Tom she could not yet quite forgive. Hardly conscious of what was passing around her, she did not observe that her mother had presently let go her hold on Tom, and that Tom had come near and was standing in front of her. Her natural reserve made her wish to avoid a scene in public, but there are times when natural reserve is not a sufficient barrier. Tom gently put his hand on her shoulder and said "Barb," then all sense of the presence of others was obliterated in an instant. The only fact that she took note of was that her brother was there before her with unmanacled hands, free to go where he listed and forever delivered from the danger that had hung over him so imminently. Of what she did you must not expect a description; embraces and passionate kisses of joy on his cheeks would seem hysterical if set down here in black and white for readers of our time, who like the color washed out of human passion before it is offered to them. No! no! let us turn away—we do not like such things. But those hearty Illinois folk who looked on that scene between Barbara and Tom, and whose quick sympathies made them part of it, did not feel the slightest disapproval when they saw the faithful sister put her arms about Tom's neck; and every one of her kisses they seconded with clapping of hands and cheers, and some of the people were even foolish enough to shed tears.

## XXVIII.

## FREE.

THE lawyers presently congratulated Lincoln, Barbara tried to thank him, and Judge Watkins felt that Impartial Justice herself, as represented in his own person, could afford to praise the young man for his conduct of the case.

"Abr'am," said Mrs. Grayson, "d' yeh know I kind uv lost confidence in you when you sot there so long without doin' anything." Then, after a moment of pause: "Abr'am, I'm thinkin' I'd ort to deed you my farm. You've 'arned it, my son; the good Lord A'mighty knows you have."

"I'll never take one cent, Aunt Marthy—

not a single red cent"; and the lawyer turned away to grasp Tom's hand. But the poor fellow who had so recently felt the halter about his neck could not yet speak his gratitude. "Tom here," said Lincoln, "will be a help in your old days, Aunt Marthy, and then I'll be paid a hundred times. You see it'll tickle me to think that when you talk about this you'll say: 'That's the same Abe Lincoln that I used to knit stockings for when he was a poor little fellow, with his bare toes sticking out of ragged shoes in the snow.'"

Mrs. Grayson tried to say something more, but she could not.

Tom got his speech at length, when he saw the gigantesque form and big laughing red face of Bob McCord approaching him.

"Bob!" he said, "you dear old Bob! God A'mighty bless you, old fellow."

"I'm that tickled," said Bob, rocking to and fro with amusement. "Tom, you'd orto 'a' seed Jake Hogan's face. I watched it closte. Go to thunder! How it did git mixed about the time you wuz let out! I'm a-goin' to find 'im un see how he feels agin this time"; and Bob let go of Tom's hand and moved off through the crowd to look for Jake.

Tom took mechanically all the congratulations offered to him. Rachel came with the rest; there were some traces of tears about her long lashes as she beamed on Tom the full effulgence of her beauty and friendliness. Tom gave a little start when he saw her; then he took her hand, as he did that of the others, in a half-unconscious way. He was everybody's hero in the reaction of feeling, but he had been so near to the gallows within an hour that he had difficulty yet in appreciating the change.

"You'll come back into the office again, won't you, Tom?" said Blackman, in a spurt of good feeling.

"I don't know, Mr. Blackman. I must go home and rest, and be sure I'm alive, before I know what I shall do."

Tom's uncle had been utterly surprised by the turn affairs had taken, for he had never really doubted Tom's guilt. Now he was, for the first time, almost effusive; he gave himself credit that he had stood by his nephew.

"We'd like to have you back, Tom," he said; "and you'd be a general favorite now."

"I want to go home first, Uncle Tom, and get the place out of debt, so mother and Barb'll be easy in their minds. Then I don't know what I shall do. I don't feel as if I could ever come to town again without fetching mother with me. But I can't tell; I want to get out of this town; I hate the very sight of it. Come, Barb; do let's get off. Where's the horse? I want to get home, where I won't

see any more of this crowd, and where I can be alone with you and mother."

Before they had made their way to the front door of the court-house the multitude outside had got firm hold of the fact of Tom's acquittal and the manner of it, and when he appeared they set up a shout; then there were cheers and more cheers. But Tom only looked worried, and sought to extricate himself from the people who followed him. At length he managed to get away from the last of them.

" You have n't ate anything to-day," said Janet, who clung to his hand and danced along by his side. " Come to our house to supper. I expect we'll have warm biscuits and honey."

" You dear little body!" said Tom. " I can't stop for supper to-night, Janet; I must go home with mother. I want to get out of the ugly town. I 'll come and see you sometimes, and I 'll have you out at the farm lots of times." He stopped to put his pale, trembling hand under her pretty chin; he turned her face up to his, he stooped and kissed her. But no entreaty could prevail on him to delay his departure. Not even the biscuits and honey on which Janet insisted. Hiram Mason helped him to hitch up old Blaze-face to the wagon. Then Tom turned to Hiram and grasped both his arms.

" You 're going with us," he said abruptly.

" Not to-night, Tom. I 'll come in a few days, when I 've finished my writing in the clerk's office. I 'll stop on my way home."

" I want to thank you, but I can't; confound it," said Tom.

" Never mind, Tom; I 'm almost happier than you are."

" I 'm not exactly happy, Mason," said Tom; " I 've got that plaguey feeling of a rope around my neck yet. I can't get rid of it here in Moscow. Maybe out at the farm I shall be able to shake it off. Janet, won't you run into the house and tell mother and Barbara to come out quick — I want to get away."

Tom had expected that Bob McCord would take a place in the wagon, but Bob was not so modest as to forego a public triumph. He first went and recovered the wagon-spoke from beneath the court-house steps, where he had hidden it the night before. This he put into the baggy part of his " wamus," or hunting-jacket — the part above the belt into which he had often thrust prairie-chickens when he had no game-bag. Then he contrived to encounter Jake Hogan in the very thick of the crowd.

" O Jake!" he called, " what 's the price uh rope? How's the hangin' business a-gittin' along these days? Doin' well at it, ain't yeh?"

" Wha' joo mean?" asked Jake, as he half turned about and regarded Bob with big eyes.

" Seems like 's ef you 'd ort to be 'n ole han' by this time, Jake. You sot the time fer Tom's funeral three deff'er'nt nights: wunst you wuz agoin' to have it over 't Perrysburg, un wunst the Sunday night that Pete Markham throwed you off the track weth that air yarn about a wall-eyed man weth red whiskers, un wunst ag'in las' night. Ev'ry time you sot it they wuz some sort uv a hitch; it did n't seem to come off rightly. S'pose un you try yer hand on Dave Sovine awhile. They 's luck in a change."

" I hain't had no han' in no hangin's nor nuthin' uh that sort," snarled Jake.

" You hain't? Jest you go un tell that out on Broad Run, sonny. Looky h-yer, Jake. I 've got the evidence agin you, un ef you dare me I 'll go afore the gran' jury weth I jest dare you to dare me, *ef* you dare."

But Jake did not dare to dare him. He only moved slowly away toward his horse, the excited crowd surging after him, to his disgust.

" Looky h-yer, Jake," Bob went on, following his retreat. " I want to gin you some advice as a well-wishin' friend un feller-citizen. Barb'ry knowed your v'ice las' night, un Barb'ry Grayson hain't the sort uv a gal to stan' the sort uv foolin' t' you 've been a-doin' about Tom."

" Aw, you shet up yer jaw, now wonchoo?" said Jake.

" I say, Jake," said McCord, still pursuing the crestfallen leader of Broad Run, while the crowd moved about Big Bob as a storm center. " I say there, Jake; liker 'n not Barb'ry 'll stay in town to-night un go afore the gran' jury to-morry. Now ef I wuz you I 'd cl'ar the county this very identical night. Your ornery lantern-jawed face would n' look half 's han'some as Tom's in that air box in front uv the sher'f."

" You shet up!" said Jake.

" Come un shet me up, wonch you?" said Bob, rubbing his hands and laughing.

Jake had reached his horse now, and without another word he mounted and rode away. But Bob kept walking about with his fists in his pockets, his big elbows protruding, and his face radiant with mischief until Sheriff Plunkett came out of the court-house.

" I say, Sher'f," he called, " how many men 'd you say they wuz in that air fust mob?"

" Nigh onto forty, I should think," said Plunkett; " but of course I can't just exactly say." And he walked away, not liking to be catechised. There was something mysterious about that mob, and he was afraid there might be something that would count in the next election.

" They had pistols, did n't they?" Bob continued, following him.

"Yes, to be sure," said Plunkett, pausing irresolutely.

"Now looky h-yer, Sher'f; I know sumpin' about that air mob. They wuz n't but jest on'y two men in the whole thing. I don't say who they wuz"; and here Bob looked about on the crowd, which showed unmistakable signs of its relish for this revelation.

"Un as fer pistols, they did have 'em. I've got one of 'em h-yer." Bob here pulled the wagon-spoke from the depths of his hunting-shirt. "That's one of the identical pistols that wuz p'inted at your head las' night. Felt kind-uh cold un creepy like, did n't it now, Hank Plunkett, when its muzzle was agin yer head, un it cocked, besides? Ha-a! ha!"

The crowd jeered and joined in Bob's wild merriment.

"I'll have you arrested," said the sheriff severely. "You've confessed enough now to make the grand jury indict you."

"Fer what? Fer savin' the life uv a innercent man? That'd be a purty howdy-do, now would n't it? Un it would be a lovely story to tell at my trial, that the sher'f uv this yere county gin up his keys to two men, *two lonesome men with on'y wagon-spokes!* He-e! An' the wagon-spokes cocked! A wagon-spoke's a mighty bad thing when it does go off, especially ef it's loaded with buckshot."

Plunkett came close to McCord, and said in an undertone loud enough to be heard by others: "Ah, Bob, I knowned it wuz your voice, un I knowned your grip. They ain't any other man in this county that can put me down the way you did las' night. But don't you tell Jake ur any of his crowd about it"; and he winked knowingly at Bob.

"Aw, go to thunder, now!" said Bob, speaking loudly and not to be cajoled into giving up his fun. "Sher'f, you can't come no gum games on me. By jeementley crickets, you wuz skeered, un that's all they is about it. You wilted so 't I wuz afeerd you'd clean faint away afore I could git out uv yeh where the keys was. Why did n't you hide Tom summers? You wuz afeerd Broad Run'd vote agin you, un you as good as tole Jake Hogan ut you would n' make no trouble when he come to lynch Tom."

"No, I did n't; I did n't have anything to say to Jake."

"Ef you take my case afore the gran' jury un I'm tried, I'll prove it on yeh. Now, Hank Plunkett, they's two things that 'll never happen." Here Bob smote his right fist into his left palm. "One is 't you'll ever fetch my case afore the gran' jury. That's as shore's you're born. T' other is that you'll ever be elected ag'in! Wha'd joo turn off Pete Markham fer? Fer tryin' to save Tom, un to please

Broad Run. Now you're come up weth, ole hoss. Markham 'll be the nex' sher'f. You jest cut a notch in a stick to remember 't Big Bob McCord tole you so. Ef 't had n' been fer me 'n' Abe Lincoln, you 'n' Jake, 'twext and 'tween yeh, d' a' hung the wrong feller. Now I jest want to see you fetch me afore the court wunst. Ef you pester me too much, I'm derned 'f I don't go on m' own hook."

"You've been drinking, Bob," said Plunkett, as he hurried away; but the people evidently sided with McCord, whose exploit of mobbing the sheriff almost single-handed had made him more than ever the champion of the county.

That night Jake Hogan, afraid of arrest, succeeded in trading his cabin, with the front door still unhinged, and his little patch of rugged ground for a one-horse wagon and some provisions. Over the wagon he stretched his only two bed-sheets of unbleached domestic for covering. Before noon the next day, he had passed safely out of the county. The raw-boned horse, the rickety wagon, the impoverished and unwilling cow tied on behind, the two yellow mongrel pups between the wagon wheels, and the frowsy-headed wife alongside of him were token enough to every experienced eye that here was a poor whitey on his travels. To all inquiries regarding his destination, Jake returned:

"I'm boun' fer Missouri. Yeh see they hain't no kind of a chance fer a poor man in this yer daudraught Eelinoys country."

Once an example of migration had been set, his neighbors grew restless also, and in a year or two nearly all of them had obeyed their hereditary instinct and followed him to Pike County in Missouri. The most of the Broad Run neighborhood is now included in a great grazing farm; here a few logs, there some tumble-down ruins of a stick-chimney, and in another place a stone hearth, only remain to indicate the resting-place for a few years of a half-nomadic clan, whose members or their descendants are by this time engaged, probably, in helping to rid the Pacific coast of its unchristian Chinese. For the poor whitey can tolerate no heathens but those of his own sort.

#### XXIX.

##### THE CLOSE OF A CAREER.

DAVE SOVINE's partial confession, which had served to acquit Tom, was sufficient at the next term of the court to condemn him, for no plea of accidental shooting could save him after he had tried to escape at the expense of another man's life. During his trial the motive for shooting Lockwood remained an inexplicable mystery. But when once Dave was con-

vinced that his execution was inevitable and there was an end to all the delights of deviltry, he proceeded to play the only card remaining in his hand, and to euchre Justice on her own deal. Like other murderers of his kind he became religious, and nothing could be more encouraging to criminals than the clearness and fervor of his religious experience, and his absolute certainty of the rewards of paradise. His superiority in wickedness had made him the hero of all the green goslings of the village; his tardy conversion and shining professions made him an object of philanthropic interest to sentimental people and gave him the consolations of conspicuity to the last.

It was during this lurid sunset period of his unnecessary existence that Dave made confessions. These were not always consistent one with another; the capacity for simple and direct truth-telling is a talent denied to men of Sovine's stamp, nor can it be developed in a brief season of penitence. It is quite probable that Sovine failed to state the exact truth even when narrating his religious experiences. But by a comparison of his stories, with some elimination of contradictory elements, the main facts regarding the death of George Lockwood were made out with passable clearness. Being of a thrifty turn of mind, Lockwood had, by a series of careful observations, detected one of the principal tricks employed by Dave to win the money of the unwary. It had been Lockwood's purpose to play the trick back on Dave at some favorable opportunity, but this he found quite impossible. To bring himself to Dave's proficiency in manipulation no end of assiduous practice would be needful. There remained one other way in which he might utilize his discovery. It was an established rule in that part of the country that he who detected his opponent in the very act of cheating at cards might carry off the stakes.

When Lockwood went to the camp-meeting he put into his pocket a bit of candle, in order to have a game with Dave; and when on encountering him Dave proposed the game, the two went out into the woods, remote from the meeting, Lockwood lighted his candle and they sat down on a log to play. Lockwood won at first and doubled the stakes at every game, until Dave, seeing that his pocket-money was running short, and the candle fast wasting in the breezes, concluded to sweep in the stakes with his favorite trick. George Lockwood exposed the cheat at the very instant, and put the stakes in his pocket. But Dave had received his education in its higher branches in the South-west of half a century ago, and he had no notion of suffering himself to be bankrupted so easily. He

drew his pistol and demanded the stakes, following Lockwood with reiterated threats, until, in a moment of exasperation, he shot him. A crowd came quickly at the sound of the pistol, and Dave had the shrewdness not to run away and not to attempt to take any money from George Lockwood's person. Remembering Tom Grayson's threats, he declared, with his usual alertness in mendacity, that he had seen Grayson do the shooting and thus diverted attention from himself.

He had no further thought at the time than to get out of a present difficulty; it was his purpose to leave the country before the trial should come on. But he found himself watched, and he imagined that he was suspected. He saw no chance to move without making sure of his own arrest; he became alarmed and unfitted for decision by the sense of his peril; as the trial approached, his nerves, shaken by dissipations, were unstrung by the debate within him. He saw ghosts at night and his sleep almost entirely forsook him. This horror of a doom that seemed perpetually to hang over him was greatly enhanced by the cross-examination to which he was subjected; from the first he misdoubted that Lincoln had penetrated his whole secret and possessed the means of making it known. And when he heard himself charged publicly with the murder and as publicly arrested, he believed that some evidence against him had been found; he did not draw the line between the charge and the proof, and the half confession escaped him in the first breakdown produced by sudden despair.

But at the last he spoke edifyingly from the scaffold, and died with as much composure and more self-complacency than Tom would have shown had he fallen a victim to Dave's rascality. What becomes of such men in another world is none of my business. But I am rather pleased to have them depart, be it to paradise, or purgatory, or limbo, or any other compartment of the world of spirits. In some moods I could even wish them a prosperous voyage to the Gehenna of our forefathers, now somewhat obsolescent, if only they would begone and cease to vex this rogue-ridden little world of ours.

## XXX.

## TOM AND RACHEL.

WHEN Tom rode home from the trial with his mother and Barbara, his emotions were not just what one might expect; the events of the day and the tremendous strain on his nerves had benumbed him. He was only conscious that it gave him a great pleasure to leave the village behind, and to get once more

upon the open prairie, which was now glorified by the tints and shadows of the setting sun. The fields of maize, with their tassels growing brown and already too ripe and stiff to wave freely, and with their long blades becoming harsh and dry, so that the summer rustle had changed to a characteristic autumnal rattling, seemed to greet him like old friends who had visibly aged in his absence. Tom found his mind, from sheer strain and weariness, fixing itself on unimportant things; he noted that the corn-silk which protruded from the shucks was black, and that the shucks themselves were taking on that sear look which is the sure token of the ripeness of the ear within the envelope. Now and then he marked an ear that had grown so long as to push its nose of cob quite beyond the envelope. The stretches of prairie grass too showed a mixture of green and brown; the September rains had freshened a part of the herbage, giving it a new verdure, but the riper stalks and blades had maintained their neutral colors. These things interested Tom in a general way, as marking the peaceful changes that had taken place in the familiar face of nature during his period of incarceration. What he felt in regarding these trifles was simply that he was alive and once more free to go where he pleased. He said little, and replied to the remarks of his mother and Barbara briefly, and he drove old Blaze-face at a speed quite unbecoming a horse at his time of life. The people whom he passed cheered him, or called out their well-meant congratulation, or their bitter remarks about Dave Sovine, but Tom on his part was not demonstrative; he even drove past Rachel Albaugh and her brother Ike with only a nod of recognition. To any remark of his mother and Barbara about Dave's villainy, and to any allusion to the case, he returned the briefest answers, giving the impression that he wished to get mentally as well as physically away from the subject. When he got home he asked for an old-fashioned country hoe-cake for supper, and he would have the table set out on the kitchen porch; he said it seemed so delightful to be permitted to go out-of-doors again. After supper he turned old Blaze into the pasture, with a notion that he too might prefer his liberty, and he sought the barnyard, where he patted the cows. Then, in the cool night air, he strolled up and down the road in front of the house, and at length, when Barbara besought him to come in, he only sat down on the front steps. It was after 10 o'clock when he persuaded Barbara to walk with him down the meadow-path to the brook, and at 11 he reluctantly consented to go to bed.

"It feels good to be free, Barb," he said, as

he went upstairs. This was his only allusion to his feelings.

In reflecting on the events of the day, Barbara remembered with pleasure that Rachel had congratulated Tom. It made his vindication complete that the young woman who had refused his attentions when he was accused of nothing worse than foolish gambling had now taken pains to show her good-will in public. But when the question of a possible renewal of the relations between Tom and his old sweetheart came up in Barbara's mind, there was always a doubt. Not that there was anything objectionable about Rachel Albaugh. Barbara said to her mother over and over again, in the days that followed Tom's acquittal, that there was nothing against Rachel. If Rachel was not very industrious she was certainly "easy-tempered." In her favor it could be said that she had a beautiful face, and that she would be joint heiress with her brother to a large and well-improved prairie farm, to say nothing of her father's tract of timber-land.

After a while Barbara came to wish that Tom's old affection for Rachel might be kindled again. She did not like to see him so changed. He plodded incessantly at farm work, and he seemed to have lost his relish for society. If any one came to the house, he managed to have business abroad. He was not precisely gloomy, but the change in him was so marked that it made his sister unhappy.

"Why don't you go to see Rachel?" she asked, a week after the trial. Barbara was straining her eyes down the road, as she often did in those days. "Rachel would be glad to see you again, Tom, like as not."

"Maybe she would," answered Tom, as he picked up the pail and started to the spring for water by way of cutting off all further talk on the question.

The days went by without Tom's showing by any sign that he cared to see Rachel, and to Barbara's grief the days went by without Hiram Mason's promised arrival at the Graysons'. But there came presently a note from Hiram to Barbara, saying that he had been detained by the necessity he was under of finishing Magill's writing, and by the difficulty he found in getting his pay from the easy-going clerk for what he had done. But he hoped to stop on his way home in three or four days. This note was brought from Moscow by Bob McCord, who also brought Janet. The child had teased her father into letting her come out in Aunt Martha's wagon with Bob, whom she had seen driving past the house on his way in.

Janet spent her time in the country wholly

with Tom. She followed him afield, she climbed with him into the barn lofts, she sat on the back of old Blaze when Tom led him to water, she went into the forest when Tom went to fell trees for fire-wood, she helped him to pick apples, and she was as happy in all this as she would have been in the Elysian Fields.

"Cousin Tom," she said, the day after her arrival, as she leaned out of the high, open window of the hay-loft, "yonder's a lady getting down on the horse-block at the house."

Tom climbed up from the threshing-floor to the mow, and, standing well back out of sight in the gloom of the loft, he recognized Rachel Albaugh's horse. Then he went back again to his wheat-fanning on the threshing-floor.

"Are n't you going to go and help her?" said Janet, when Tom stopped the noisy fanning-mill to shovel back the wheat and to rake away the cheat.

"Pshaw!" said Tom. "A country girl does n't need any help to get off a horse."

Rachel had come to call on Barbara, nor did she admit to herself that her visit had anything to do with Tom. But she found herself in an attitude to which she was unaccustomed. From the moment that Tom had been charged with murder her liking for him increased. The question of his guilt or innocence did not disturb her — except in so far as it jeopardized his life; he was at least a dashing fellow, out of the common run. And now that he had been acquitted, and was a hero of everybody, Rachel found in herself a passion that was greater than her vanity, and that overmastered even her prudence. She was tormented by her thoughts of Tom in the day, she dreamed of him at night. Tom would not come to her, and she felt herself at length drawn by a force she could not resist to go to him.

Barbara asked Rachel to stay to dinner, and promised that Tom would put away her horse as soon as he knew that she had come. This was but the common hospitality of the country, but Barbara hoped that Rachel's presence might evoke Tom's old buoyant self again. And so, while Barbara sat on the loom-bench weaving a web of striped linsey, Rachel sat by her side knitting. It appeared to Barbara that Rachel had undergone almost as great a change as Tom. She had lost her taciturnity. Her tongue kept pace with the click of her needles. She only broke the thread of her talk when she paused to take the end of one needle out of the quill of her knitting-case and put another in. Under color of sympathy for the Graysons in their troubles she talked of what was in her mind. How

dreadful it must have been for Tom to be in jail! How anxious he must have been at the trial! How well he bore up under it all! How proud he must have been when he was acquitted! These and such remarks were web and woof of her talk, while Barbara was throwing her nimble shuttle to and fro and driving the threads home with the double-beat of her loom-comb.

By half-past 11 the early farm dinner was almost ready, and Mrs. Grayson blew a blast on the tin horn which hung outside of the door, to let Tom and Janet know that they were to come in.

When Tom heard the horn he went and led Rachel's horse to the stable, after perching Janet in the saddle; and then he delayed long enough to shuck out and give him eight or ten ears of corn. After this he came to the house and washed his hands and face in the country way, with much splash and spatter, in a basin that sat on a bench outside of the door, and Janet washed hers, imitating to the best of her ability Tom's splattering way of dashing the water about. Then the two used the towel that hung on a roller in the kitchen porch, and Tom entered the kitchen with his clothes soiled by labor and with that look of healthful fatigue which comes of plentiful exercise in the open air.

"Howdy, Rachel? All well 't your house?" This was the customary and almost invariable formula of country politeness, and it was accompanied by a faint smile of welcome and a grasp of her hand.

"Howdy, Tom?" said Rachel, cordially. "I hope you are well." Rachel regarded him a moment, and then let her eyes droop. Had Rachel discovered that her face was at its best when her long eyelashes were lowered in this fashion, or was the action merely instinctive?

"Oh, so-so!" answered Tom, uneasily, as he seated himself with the rest at the table. Rachel sat next to him, and he treated her with hospitable politeness, but she looked in vain for any sign of his old affection. She hardly once fairly encountered his eye during the meal. He seemed more indifferent to her attractions than she had ever known any man, old or young, to be. And yet she knew that her charms had lost nothing of their completeness. That very morning she had gone into the rarely opened Albaugh parlor and examined herself in the largest looking-glass in the house — the one that hung between the parlor windows, and that had a print of Mount Vernon in the upper panel of the space inclosed between the turned frames. Her fresh and yet delicate complexion was without a speck or flaw, her large eyes were as lustrous as

ever, and there was the same exquisite symmetry and harmony of features that had made her a vision of loveliness to so many men. But Tom seemed more interested in his cousin, whom he kept laughing with a little childish by-play while talking to his sister's guest. Rachel felt herself baffled, and by degrees, though treated cordially, she began to feel humiliated. When dinner was finished by a course of pumpkin pie and quince preserves, served with cream, Tom pushed back his chair and explained that he was just going to begin building some rail pens to hold the corn when it should be gathered and shucked, and that he could not allow himself the usual noon-time rest. The days were getting so short, you know. Would Rachel excuse him? Barbara would blow the horn so that he could put the saddle on Rachel's horse when she wanted it. But would n't she stay to supper?

Rachel declined to stay to supper, and she was visibly less animated after dinner than she had been before. The conversation flagged on both sides; Barbara became preoccupied with her winding-blades, her bobbins, and her shuttle, while Rachel was absorbed in turning the heel of her stocking. By half-past one o'clock the guest felt bound to go home; the days were getting shorter and there was much to be done at home, she remembered. The horn was blown, and Tom led her horse out to the block and helped her to mount. As he held her stirrup for her to place her foot, it brought to his memory, with a rush, her refusal to let him ride home with her from the Timber Creek school-house after the "singing." When he looked up he saw that Rachel's mind had followed the same line of association; both of them colored at this manifest encounter of their thoughts.

"I suppose I ought n't to have said 'no' that day at the school-house." Rachel spoke with feeling, moved more by the desperate desire she felt to draw Tom out than by any calculation in making the remark.

"Yes, you ought," said Tom. "I never blamed you."

Then there was an awkward pause.

"Good-bye, Tom," said Rachel, extending her hand. "Won't you come over and see us sometime?"

"I'm generally too tired when night comes. Good-bye, Rachel"; and he took her hand in a friendly way. But this was one of those adieux that are aggravated by mental contrast, and Rachel felt, as she looked at Tom's serious and preoccupied face, that it was to her the end of a chapter.

Tom started up the pathway toward the

house, but stopped half-way and plucked a ripe seed-pod from the top of a poppy-stalk, and rubbed it out between his two hands as he looked a little regretfully after Rachel until she disappeared over the hill. Then he turned and saw Barbara standing on the porch regarding him inquiringly.

"You are n't like yourself any more, Tom," she said.

"I know that," he answered, meditatively, at the same time filling the minute poppy-seeds away, half a dozen at a time, with his thumb. "I don't seem to be the same fellow that I was three months ago. Then I'd 'a' followed Rachel like a dog every step of the way home."

"She's awfully in love with you, poor girl."

"Oh! she'll get over that, I suppose. She's been in love before."

"And you don't care for her any more?"

"I don't seem to care for anything that I used to care for. I would n't like to be what I used to be."

This sentence was rather obscure, and Barbara still looked at Tom inquiringly and waited for him to explain. But he only went on in the same inconsequential way, as he plucked and rubbed out another poppy-head. "I don't care for anything nowadays, but just to stay with you and mother. When a fellow's been through what I have, I suppose he is n't ever the same that he was; it takes the *ambition* out of you. Hanging makes an awful change in your feelings, you know"; and he smiled grimly.

"Don't say that; you make me shiver," said Barbara.

"But I say, Barb," and with this Tom sowed broadcast in the dooryard all the poppy-seed in his hand, "yonder comes somebody over the hill that 'll get a warmer welcome than Rachel did, I 'll guarantee."

How often in the last week had Barbara looked to see if somebody were not coming over the hill! Now she found her vision obstructed by a "laylock" bush, and she came down the path to where her brother stood. As soon as she had made out that the pedestrian was certainly Hiram Mason, she turned and went into the house, to change her apron for a fresher one, and with an instinctive wish to hide from Mason a part of the eagerness she had felt for his coming. But when he had reached the gate and was having his hand cordially shaken by Tom, Barbara came back to the door to greet him; and just because she could n't help it, she went out on the porch, then down the steps and half-way to the gate to tell him how glad she was to see him,

(To be continued.)

Edward Eggleston.

## THE STEPPES OF THE IRTISH.



DECIDED, after careful consideration, to proceed from Tiumen to Tomsk through the steppes of the Irtish by way of Omsk, Pavlodar, Semipalatinsk, Ust-Kamenogorsk, and Barnaul. This route would take us through the best agricultural part of the provinces of Tobolsk and Tomsk, as well as the districts most thickly settled by exiles; it would enable us to see something of the Mohammedan city of Semipalatinsk and of the great nomadic and pastoral tribe of natives known as the Kirghis; and finally it would afford us an opportunity to explore a part of the Russian Altai—a high, picturesque, mountainous region on the Mongolian frontier, which had been described to me by Russian army officers, in terms of enthusiastic admiration, as "the Siberian Switzerland." I had, moreover, another reason for wishing to keep as far away as possible from the regular through routes of travel. I supposed when we left St. Petersburg that we should be obliged to go from Tiumen to Tomsk either by steamer or over the great Siberian road. The Minister of the Interior understood that such would be our course, and he caused letters to be written to all the local officials along these routes, apprising them of our coming and furnishing them with such instructions concerning us as the circumstances seemed to require. What these instructions were I could never ascertain; but they anticipated us at every important point on the great Siberian road from Tiumen to the capital of the Trans-Baikal. In eastern Siberia the local authorities knew all about us months before we arrived. I first became aware of these letters and this system of official surveillance at Tiumen; and as they seemed likely to interfere seriously with my plans,—particularly in the field of political exile,—I determined to escape or elude them as far as possible, by leaving the regular through route and going into a region where the authorities had not presumably been forewarned of our coming. I had reason afterward to congratulate myself upon the exercise of sound judgment in making this decision. The détour to the southward brought us not only into the part of Siberia where the political exiles enjoy most freedom, and where it is easiest to make their acquaintance, but into a province which was then governed by a liberal and humane man.

On the morning of Tuesday, June 30, having made our farewell calls, purchased a tarantas, and provided ourselves with a "padorozhnaya," or order for horses, we left Tiumen for Semipalatinsk by the regular Government post. The Imperial Russian Post is now perhaps the most extensive and perfectly organized horse-express service in the world. From the southern end of the peninsula of Kamtchatka to the most remote village in Finland, from the frozen, wind-swept shores of the Arctic Ocean to the hot, sandy deserts of central Asia, the whole empire is one vast net-work of post routes. You may pack your portmanteau in Nizhni Novgorod, get a padorozhnaya from the postal department, and start for Petropavlovsk, Kamtchatka, seven thousand miles away, with the full assurance that throughout the whole of that enormous distance there will be horses, reindeer, or dogs ready and waiting to carry you on, night and day, to your destination. It must, however, be borne in mind that the Russian post route is a very different thing from the old English post route, and that the Russian horse express differs widely, not only from our own western "pony express," but from the horse expresses of most other countries. The characteristic feature of the west European and American systems is the stage-coach or diligence, which leaves certain places at certain stated hours, or, in other words, runs upon a prearranged time schedule. It is precisely this feature which the Russian system does not have. There are, generally speaking, no stage-coach lines in Russia; the vehicles which carry the mails do not carry passengers, and, away from the railroads, there is no such thing as traveling upon a fixed time schedule. You are never obliged, therefore, to wait for a public conveyance which leaves at a certain stated hour, and then go through to your destination in that conveyance, stopping when it stops and starting when it starts, without regard to your own health, comfort, or convenience. On the contrary, you may ride in your own sleigh or carriage, and have it drawn by post horses. You may travel at the rate of 175 miles in 24 hours, or 24 miles in 175 hours, just as you feel inclined. You may stop when you like, where you like, and for as long a time as you like, and when you are ready to move on, you have only to order out your horses and get into your vehicle. It makes no difference in what part of the empire you may happen to be, nor

## THE STEPPE'S OF THE IRTISH.



SKETCH MAP OF SIBERIA, SHADED PORTION SHOWING ROUTE DESCRIBED IN THIS ARTICLE.

to what part you may wish to go. Send your padorozhnyaya to the nearest post station, and in twenty minutes you will be riding away at the rate of ten miles an hour, with your postal order in your pocket and a hundred relays of fresh horses distributed at intervals along your route.

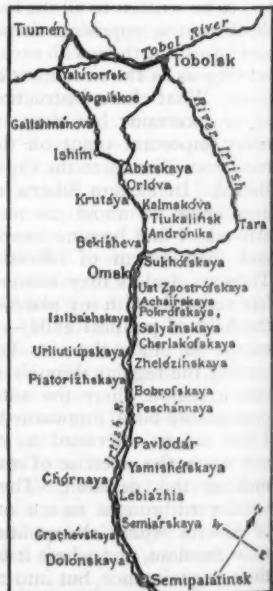
The established rate of payment for transportation over the post routes of western Siberia seems to an American absurdly low. It amounts, including the compensation of the driver, to  $1\frac{1}{8}$  cents per mile for every horse, or  $3\frac{3}{8}$  cents per mile for the usual "troika," or team of three. In other words, two persons can travel in their own carriage with a team of 3 horses a distance of 20 miles for 68 cents, or 34 cents each. I used to feel almost ashamed sometimes to wake up a driver at a post station, in the middle of a stormy night, compel him to harness three horses and drive us 20 miles over a dark, miry, and perhaps dangerous road, and then offer him for this service the pitiful sum of 68 cents. Trifling and inadequate, however, as such compensation may seem, it is large enough to tempt into this field of enterprise hundreds of peasant farmers who compete with the Government post by furnishing what are known as "volni" or "free" horses, for the transportation of travelers from one village to another. As these free horses are generally better fed and in better condition than the over-driven animals at the post stations, it is often advantageous to employ them; and your driver, as you approach a village, will almost always turn around and inquire whether he shall take you to the Government post station or to the house of a "friend." Traveling with "drushki," or "friends," costs no more than traveling by post, and it enables one to see much more of the domestic life of the Siberian peasants than one could see by stopping and changing horses only at regular post stations.

The first part of our journey from Tiumen to Omsk was comparatively uneventful and uninteresting. The road ran across a great marshy plain, full of swampy lakes, and cov-

ered with a scattered growth of willow and alder bushes, small birch-trees, and scrubby firs and pines, which in every direction limited the vision and hid the horizon line. All this part of the province of Tobolsk seems to have been, within a comparatively recent geological period, the bottom of a great inland sea which united the Caspian and the sea of Aral with the Arctic Ocean, along the line of the shallow depression through which now flow the rivers Irtysh and Ob. Everywhere between

Tiumen and Omsk we saw evidences, in the shape of sand-banks, salt-marshes, beds of clay, and swampy lakes, to show that we were traveling over a partly dried up sea bottom.

About a hundred versts from Tiumen, just beyond the village of Zavodo-ukofskaya, we stopped for two hours early in the evening at the residence and estate of a wealthy Siberian manufacturer named Kolmakoff, to whom I had a letter of introduction from a Russian friend. I was surprised to find in this remote part of the world so many evidences of comfort, taste, and luxury as were to be seen in and about Mr. Kolmakoff's house. The house itself was only a two-story building of logs, but it was large and comfortably furnished, and its windows looked out over an artificial lake, and a beautiful garden, with winding walks, rustic arbors, long lines of currant and raspberry bushes, and beds of flowering plants. At one end of this garden was a spacious conservatory, filled with geraniums, verbenas, hydrangeas, cacti, orange and lemon trees, pine-apples, and all sorts of tropical and semi-tropical shrubs, and near at hand was a large hot-house, full of cucumbers and ripening cantaloupes. In the middle of the garden



ENLARGED MAP OF ROUTE COVERED BY THIS ARTICLE.

stood a square building, sixty feet long by forty or fifty feet wide, which was composed almost entirely of glass, which had no floor except the earth, and which served, Mr. Kolmakoff said, as a sort of winter garden and a place of recreation during cold or stormy weather. In this miniature Crystal Palace stood a perfect grove of bananas and young palms, through which ran winding walks bordered by beds of flowers, with here and there amidst the greenery a comfortable lounging-place or rustic seat. The trees, flowers, and shrubs were not planted in tubs or pots, but grew directly out of the earthen floor of the greenhouse, so that the effect was almost precisely that of a semi-tropical garden inclosed in glass.

"Who would have thought," said Mr. Frost, as he threw himself into one of the rustic seats beside a bed of blossoming verbenas, "that we should come to Siberia to sit under palm-trees and in the shade of bananas!"

After a walk through the spacious wooded park which adjoined the garden, we returned to the house, and were served with a lunch or cold supper consisting of caviar, pickled mushrooms, salmon, cold boiled fowl, white bread, sweet cakes, and wild strawberries, with vodka, two or three kinds of wine, and tea.

It had grown quite dark when, about 11 o'clock, the horses which we had ordered in the neighboring village arrived, and bidding our courteous host good-bye, we climbed into the tarantas and set out for a long, dark, and dreary night's ride. The road, which had never been good, was in worse condition than usual, owing to recent and heavy rains. Our driver urged four powerful horses over it at break-neck speed, and we were so jounced, jolted, and shaken that it was utterly impossible to get any sleep, and difficult enough merely to keep our seats in the vehicle. Early in the morning, sleepy, jaded, and exhausted, we reached the village of Novo Zaimskaya, entered the little log-house of our driver's "friend," threw ourselves on the bare floor, where half a dozen members of the friend's family were already lying, and for two or three hours lost consciousness of our aching spinal columns in the heavy dreamless slumber of physical exhaustion.

Throughout the next day and the following night we traveled, without rest, and of course without sleep, over a terribly bad steppe road, and at 6 o'clock Thursday morning arrived in a pelting rain-storm at the circuit town of Ishim. No one who has not experienced it can fully realize the actual physical suffering which is involved in posting night and day at high speed over bad Siberian roads. We made the 200 miles between Tiumen and

Ishim in about 35 hours of actual travel, with only 4 hours of sleep, and were so jolted and shaken that every bone in our bodies ached, and it was with difficulty that we could climb into and out of our mud-bespattered tarantas at the post stations.

It had been our intention to make a short stop at Ishim, but the bad weather discouraged us, and after drinking tea at a peasant's house on the bank of the Ishim river, we resumed our journey. As we rode out of the town through a thin forest of birch-trees, we began to notice large numbers of men, women, and children plodding along on foot through the mud in the same direction that we were going. Most of them were common "muzhiks," with trousers inside their boots and shirt-flaps outside their trousers, or sun-burned peasant women in red and blue gowns, with white kerchiefs over their heads; but there were also a few pedestrians in the conventional dress of the civilized world, who manifestly belonged to the higher classes, and who even carried umbrellas.

About four miles from the town we saw ahead a great crowd of men and women marching towards us in a dense, tumultuous throng, carrying big three-armed crosses, white and colored banners, and huge glass lanterns mounted on long black staves. As they came nearer I could see that the throng was densest in the middle of the muddy road, under what seemed to be a large gilt-framed picture which was borne high in air at the end of a long, stout wooden pole. The lower end of this pole rested in a socket in the middle of a square framework which had handles on all four sides, and which was carried by six bare-headed peasants. The massive frame of the portrait was made either of gold or of silver gilt, since it was manifestly very heavy, and half a dozen men steadied, by means of guy ropes, the standard which supported it, as the bearers, with their faces bathed in perspiration, staggered along under their burden. In front of the picture marched a bare-headed, long-haired priest with a book in his hands, and on each side were four or five black-robed deacons and acolytes, carrying embroidered silken banners, large three-armed gilt crosses, and peculiar church lanterns, which looked like portable street gas-posts with candles burning in them. The priest, the deacons, and all the bare-headed men around the picture were singing in unison a deep, hoarse, monotonous chant as they splashed along through the mud, and the hundreds of men and women who surged around the standard that supported the portrait were constantly crossing themselves, and joining at intervals in the chanted psalm or prayer. Scores of

peasant women had taken off their shoes and stockings and slung them over their shoulders, and were wading with bare feet and legs through the black, semi-liquid mire, and neither men nor women seemed to pay the slightest attention to the rain, which beat upon their unprotected heads and trickled in little rivulets down their hard, sun-burned faces. The crowd numbered, I should think, four or five hundred persons, more than half of whom were women, and as it approached the town it was constantly receiving accessions from the groups of pedestrians that we had overtaken and passed.

Since entering Siberia I had not seen such a strange and medieval picture as that presented by the black-robed priest and acolytes, the embroidered banners, the lighted lanterns, the gilded crosses, and the great throng of bare-headed and bare-legged peasants, tramping along the black, muddy road through the forest in the driving rain, singing a solemn ecclesiastical chant. I could almost imagine that we had been carried back to the eleventh century and were witnessing the passage of a detachment of Christian villagers who had been stirred up and excited by the eloquence of Peter the Hermit, and were marching with crosses, banners, and chanting to join the great host of the crusaders.

When the last stragglers in the rear of the procession had passed, and the hoarse, monotonous chant had died away in the distance, I turned to Mr. Frost and said, "What do you suppose is the meaning of all that?"

"I have n't the least idea," he replied. "It is evidently a church procession, but what it has been doing out here in the woods, I can't imagine."

By dint of persistent questioning I finally succeeded in eliciting from our driver an intelligible explanation of the phenomenon. There was, it appeared, in one of the churches of Ishim, a very old ikon, or portrait of "the Mother of God," which was reputed to have supernatural powers and to answer the prayers of faithful believers. In order that the country people who were unable to come to Ishim might have an opportunity to pray to this miracle-working image, and to share in the blessings supposed to be conferred by its mere presence, it was carried once a year, or once in two years, through all the principal villages of the Ishim okrug, or district. Special services in its honor were held in the village churches, and hundreds of peasants accompanied it as it was borne with solemn pomp and ceremony from place to place. It had been on such a tour when we saw it and was on its way back to the church in Ishim where it belonged, and our driver had stated the fact in the simplest

and most direct way when he said that "the Mother of God was coming home."

Rain fell at intervals throughout the day Thursday, but we pushed on over a muddy steppe road in the direction of Tiukalinsk, changing horses at the post stations of Boroskaya, Tushnolobova, Abatskaya, and Kamyshenka, and stopping for the night at a peasant's house in the village of Orlova. In the 60 hours which had elapsed since our departure from Tiumen we had traveled 280 miles, with only 4 hours of sleep, and we were so much exhausted that we could not go any farther without rest. The weather during the night finally cleared up, and when we resumed our journey on the following morning the sun was shining brightly in an almost unclouded sky, and the air was fresh, invigorating, and filled with fragrant odors.

Although the road continued bad, the country as we proceeded southward and eastward steadily improved in appearance, and before noon we were riding across a beautiful fertile and partly cultivated prairie, which extended in every direction as far as the eye could reach, with nothing to break the horizon line except an occasional clump of small birch-trees or a dark-green thicket of willow and alder bushes. The steppe was bright with flowers, and here and there appeared extensive tracts of black, newly plodded land, or vast fields of waving grain, which showed that the country was inhabited; but there was not a fence, nor a barn, nor a house to be seen in any direction, and I could not help wondering where the village was to which these cultivated fields belonged. My curiosity was soon to be satisfied. In a few moments our driver gathered up his muddy rope reins, braced himself securely in his seat, threw out behind and above his head the long heavy lash of his short-handled knout, and bringing it down with stinging force across the backs of his four horses shouted, in high falsetto and a deep bass, "Heekh-ya-a-a!" The whole team instantly broke into a frantic, tearing gallop, which made me involuntarily hold my breath, until it was suddenly jounced out of me by a terrific jolt as the tarantas, going at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, dropped into a deep rut and rebounded with tremendous force, throwing me violently out of my seat, and making my head and back throb with the shock of the unexpected concussion. I needed no further evidence that we were approaching a village. A Siberian team never fully shows what it can do until it is within half a mile of its destination, and then it suddenly becomes a living tornado of energy. I shouted to the driver, "Pastoi! Teeshei!" ["Hold on! Don't go so fast!"] but it was of no use. Both driver and horses knew that this was the final



THE RETURN OF THE MIRACLE-WORKING ICON.

spurt, and exerted themselves to the utmost, the horses laying back their ears and tearing ahead as if pursued by a prairie fire, while the driver lashed them fiercely with his heavy knout to an accompaniment of shrill, wild cries, whoops, whistles, and shouts of "Ya-a-va!" "Ay doorak!" "Noo-oo-oo!" (with a falling inflection) "Heekh-ya-a-a!" All that we could do was to shut our eyes, trust in Providence, and hold on. The tarantas was pelted with a perfect storm of mud from the flying hoofs of four galloping horses, and

if, putting out my head, I opened my mouth to expostulate with the driver, I ran great risk of having it effectually closed by a teacupful of tenacious black mire, thrown like a semi-liquid ball from the catapult of a horse's hoof. In a moment we saw, barring the way ahead, a long wattled fence extending for a mile or more to the right and left, with a narrow gate at the point where it intersected the road. It was the fence which enclosed the pasture ground of the village that we were approaching. As we dashed, with a



COSSACK PEASANT GIRL.

wild whoop from our driver, through the open gateway, we noticed beside it a curious half-underground hut, roofed partly with bushes and partly with sods, out of which, as we passed, came the village gate-keeper — a dirty, forlorn-looking old man with inflamed eyes and a long white beard, who reminded me of Rip Van Winkle after his twenty-years' sleep. While he was in the act of bowing and touching the weather-beaten remains of what was once a hat, we whirled past and lost sight of him, with a feeling of regret that we could not stop and take a photograph of such a wild, neglected, picturesque embodiment of poverty and wretchedness clothed in rags. Just inside the gate stood an unpainted sign-post, upon the board of which had been neatly inscribed in black letters the words

VILLAGE OF KRUTAYA.  
Distance from St. Petersburg, 2992 versts.  
Distance from Moscow, 2526 versts.  
Houses, 42. Male souls, 97.

Between the gate and the village there was a grassy common about half a mile wide, upon which were grazing hundreds of cattle and

sheep. Here and there stood a huge picturesque windmill, consisting of a small gable-roofed house with four enormous wind-vanes mounted on a pivot at the apex of a pyramid of cross-piled logs. Beyond the windmills appeared the village, a small collection of gray, weather-beaten log-houses, some with roofs of boards, some with a roofing of ragged birch-bark held in place by tightly lashed poles, some thatched with straw, and some the flat roofs of which had been overlaid with black earth from the steppe and supported a thirsty steppe flora of weeds, butercups, and wild mustard. Through this cluster of gray log-houses ran one central street, which had neither walks nor gutters, and which, from side to side and from end to end, was a shallow lake of black, liquid mud. Into this wide street we dashed at a tearing gallop; and the splattering of the horses' hoofs in the mud, the rumble of the tarantas, and the wild cries of our driver brought the whole population to the windows to see whether it was the governor-general or a special courier of the Tsar who came at such a furious pace into the quiet settlement. Presently our driver pulled up his reeking, panting horses before the court-yard gate of one of his friends and shouted, "Davai loshday!" [ "Bring out the horses!"] Then from all parts of the village came, splashing and "thlupping" through the mud, idlers and old men to see who had arrived and to watch the changing of teams. Strange, picturesque figures the old men were, with their wrinkled faces, matted, neglected hair, and long stringy gray beards. Some were bare-headed, some bare-footed, some wore tattered sheepskin "shubas" and top-boots, and some had on long-tailed butternut coats, girt about the waist with straps or dirty colored sashes. While



A WEALTHY KIRGHIS.



A STEPPE VILLAGE.

they assembled in a group around the tarantas, our driver climbed down from his high seat and began to unharness his horses. The owner of the house in front of which we had stopped soon made his appearance, and inquired whether we wished to drink tea or to go on at once. I replied that we desired to go on at once. "Andre!" he shouted to one of his sons, "ride to the pasture and drive in the horses." Andre sprang on a bare-backed horse which another boy brought out of the court-yard and galloped away to the village common. In the mean time the assembled crowd of idlers watched our movements, commented upon our "new-fashioned" tarantas, and tried to ascertain from our driver who we were and where we were going. Failing to get from that source any precise information, one of them, a bare-headed, gray-haired old man, said to me, "Bahrin! Permit us to ask — where is God taking you to?" I replied that we were going to Omsk and Semipalatinsk. "A-a-ah!" murmured the crowd with gratified curiosity.

"Where do you condescend to come from?" inquired the old man, pursuing the investigation.

"From America," I replied.

"A-a-ah!" breathed the crowd again.

"Is that a Russian town?" persisted the old man.

"America is n't a town," shouted a bright-faced boy on the outskirts of the crowd. "It's a country. All the world," he continued mechanically, as if reciting from a school-book, "is divided into five parts, Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia. Russia occupies two-thirds of Europe and one-half of Asia." Be-

yond this even the school-boy's geographical knowledge did not extend, and it was evident that none of the old inhabitants of the village had even so much as heard of America. A young man, however, who had happened to be in Omsk when the bodies of the dead members of the *Jeannette* Arctic expedition were carried through that city, undertook to enlighten the crowd upon the subject of the Americans, who, he said, "were the wisest people that God had ever created, and the only people that had ever sailed into the great Icy Sea." One of the old inhabitants contended that Russian navigators had also penetrated the Icy Sea, and that although they might not be so "wise" as the Americans, they were quite as good sailors in icy waters. This gave rise to an animated discussion of polar exploration, in the midst of which the young fellow who had been sent after the horses came back with whistle and whoop, driving the animals before him into the court-yard, where they were

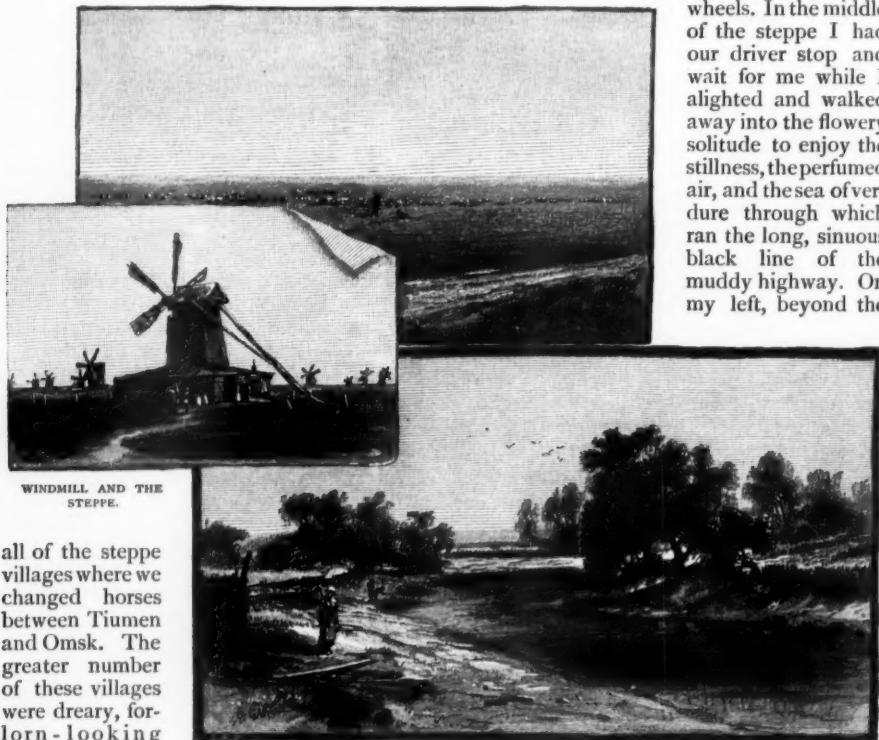


A KIRGHIS GIRL.

soon harnessed, and were then brought out and fastened with long rope traces to the tarantas. Our new driver mounted the box, inquired whether we were ready, and gathering up his rope reins shouted "Noo-oo!" to his horses; and with a measured jangle of bells from the arch over the thill-horse's back, and a "splash-splatter-splash" of hoofs in the mud, we rolled out of the settlement.

Such, with trifling variations in detail, was the regular routine of arrival and departure in

foreground with millions of wild roses, white marguerites, delicate five-angled harebells, and dark red tiger-lilies. Between the villages of Krutaya and Kalmakova, on Friday, we rode across a steppe which was literally a great ocean of flowers. One could pick twenty different species and a hundred specimens within the area of a single square yard. Here and there we deserted the miry road and drove for miles across the smooth, grassy plain, crushing flowers by the score at every revolution of our carriage-wheels. In the middle of the steppe I had our driver stop and wait for me while I alighted and walked away into the flowery solitude to enjoy the stillness, the perfumed air, and the sea of verdure through which ran the long, sinuous black line of the muddy highway. On my left, beyond the



WINDMILL AND THE STEPPE.

AN OASIS IN THE IRTISH STEPPE.

all of the steppe villages where we changed horses between Tiumen and Omsk. The greater number of these villages were dreary, forlorn-looking places, containing neither yards, walks, trees, grass-plots, nor shrubbery, and presenting to the eye nothing but two parallel lines of gray, dilapidated log-houses and tumble-down court-yard walls rising directly out of the long pool of jet-black mud which formed the solitary street.

It is with a feeling of intense pleasure and relief that one leaves such a village and rides out upon the wide, clean, breezy steppe where the air is filled with the fragrance of clover and the singing of birds, and where the eye is constantly delighted with great sweeps of smooth, velvety turf, or vast undulating expanses of high steppe grass sprinkled in the

road, was a wide, shallow depression six or eight miles across, rising on the opposite side in a long, gradual sweep to a dark blue line of birch forest which formed the horizon. This depression was one smooth expanse of close, green turf dotted with grazing cattle and sheep, and broken here and there by a silvery pool or lake. Around me, upon the higher ground, the steppe was carpeted with flowers, among which I noticed splendid orange asters two inches in diameter, spotted tiger-lilies with strongly reflexed petals, white clover, daisies, harebells, spirea, astragalus, melilotus, and a peculiar flower growing in



POLICE STATION AND FIRE TOWER IN OMSK.

long, slender, curved spikes which suggested flights of miniature carmine sky-rockets sent up by the fairies of the steppe. The air was still and warm, and had a strange, sweet fragrance which I can liken only to the taste of wild honey. There were no sounds to break the stillness of the great plain except the drowsy hum of bees, the regular measured "Kate-did-Kate-did" of a few katydids in the grass near me, and the wailing cry of a steppe hawk hovering over the nest of some field-mice. It was a delight simply to lie on the grass amidst the flowers and see, hear, and breathe.

We traveled all day Friday over flowery steppes and through little log villages like those that I have tried to describe, stopping occasionally to make a sketch, collect flowers, or talk with the peasants about the exile system. Now and then we met a solitary traveler in a muddy tarantas on his way to Tiumen, or passed a troop of exiles in gray overcoats plodding along through the mud, surrounded by a cordon of soldiers; but as we were off

the great through line of travel, we saw few vehicles except the telegas of peasants going back and forth between the villages and the outlying fields.

The part of the province of Tobolsk through which we traveled from Tiumen to Omsk is much more productive and prosperous than a careless observer would suppose it to be from the appearance of most of its villages. The four "okroogs," or "circles,"\* of Tiumen, Yalutorfsk, Ishim, and Tiukalinsk, through which our road lay, have an aggregate population of 650,000 and contain about 4,000,000 acres of cultivated land. The peasants in these circles own 1,500,000 head of live stock, and produce perhaps two-thirds of the 30,000,000 bushels of grain raised annually in the province. There are held every year in the four circles 220 town and village fairs or local markets, to which the peasants bring great quantities of products for sale. The transactions of these fairs in the circle of Yalutorfsk, for example, amount annually to \$2,000,000; in the circle of Ishim, to \$3,500,000; and in the whole

\* An okroog, or circle, bears something like the same relation to a province that an American county bears to a State, except that it is proportionately much larger. The province of Tobolsk, with an area of 590,000 square miles, has only 10 okroogs, so that the average area of these subdivisions is about that of the State of Michigan. If all of the territory north of the Ohio River and the Potomac and east of the Mississippi

were one State, and each of the existing States were a county, such State and counties would bear to each other and to the United States something like the same relation which the province and okroogs of Tobolsk bear to each other and to Siberia. The highest administrative officer in a Siberian province is the governor, who is represented in every okroog by an ispravnik.



A KIRGHIS BRIDE.

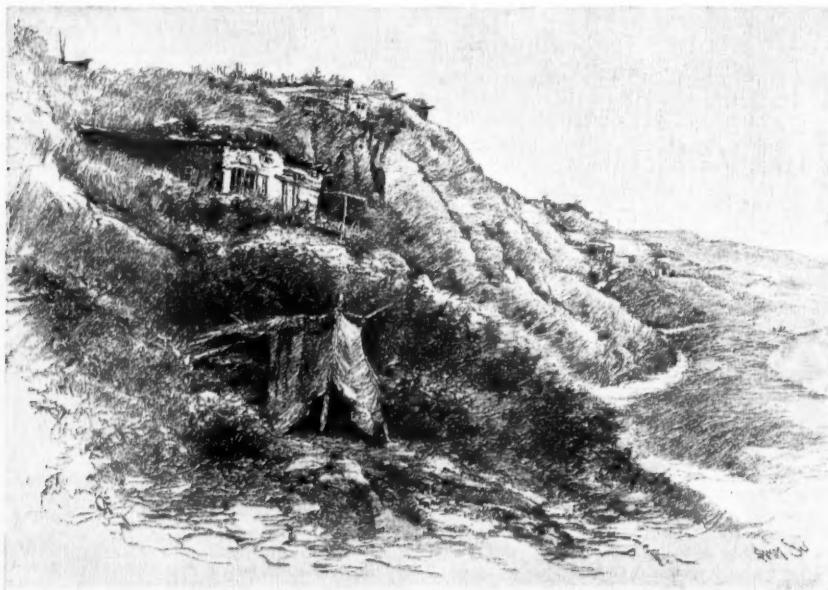
our journey with four "free" horses. The road was still muddy and bad, and as we skirted the edge of the great marshy steppe of Baraba between Tiukalinsk and Bekisheva, we were so tormented by huge gray mosquitoes that we were obliged to put on thick gloves, cover our heads with calico hoods and horse-hair netting, and defend ourselves constantly

province, to about \$14,000,000. From these statistics, and from such inquiries and observations as we were able to make along the road, it seemed to me that if the province of Tobolsk were honestly and intelligently governed, and were freed from the heavy burden of criminal exile, it would in a comparatively short time become one of the most prosperous and flourishing parts of the empire.

We drank tea Friday afternoon at the circuit town of Tiukalinsk, and after a short rest resumed

with leafy branches. Between the mosquitoes and the jolting we had another hard, sleepless night; but fortunately it was the last one, and at half-past 10 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, July 4, our tarantas rolled into the streets of Omsk. Both we and our vehicle were so spattered and plastered with black steppe mud that no one who had seen us set out from Tiumen would have recognized us. We had been four days and nights on the road, and had made in that time a journey of 420 miles, with only 11 hours of sleep.

Omsk, which is a city of about 30,000 inhabitants, is the capital of the "oblast," or territory, of Akmolinsk, and the seat of government of the steppe provinces. It is an administrative rather than a commercial or a manufacturing town, and its population is largely composed of officials and clerks employed in the various Government bureaus and departments. It has a few noticeable public buildings, among which are the enormous white "cadet school," the house of the governor-general, the police station,—a rather picturesque log building surmounted by a fire-alarm tower,—and the "krepost," or fortress. The streets of the city are wide and unpaved; the dwelling-houses are generally made of logs; there is the usual number of white-walled churches and cathedrals with green, blue, or golden domes; and every building which would attract a traveler's attention belongs to the Government. If I were asked to charac-



EXILE HILL IN OMSK.



A KIRGHIS WOMAN.

lations between the latter half and the former may be inferred from the fact that an intelligent and reputable citizen of this chinovnik-dominated city, who had been kind and useful to us, said to me when he bade me good-bye, "Mr. Kennan, if you find it necessary to speak of me by name in your book, please don't speak of me favorably."

"For Heaven's sake, why not?" I inquired.

"Because," he replied, "I don't think your book will be altogether pleasing to the Government; and if I am mentioned favorably in it, I shall be harried by the officials here more than I am now. My request may seem to you absurd, but it is the only favor I have to ask."\*

We found little to interest us in Omsk except a small museum in the rooms of the Geographical Society, to which we were kindly taken by Colonel Pevtsof, and a wretched suburban colony of poor criminal exiles, living in half-underground huts on a steep hillside north of the river Om. I tried to find the ostrog, or prison, where the gifted Russian novelist Dostoyefski spent so many years of penal servitude and where he was twice flogged with the knout, but I was told that it had long before been torn down. I did not wonder that the Government should have torn down walls which had witnessed such scenes of misery and cruelty as those de-



A MIDDLE-CLASS KIRGHIS.

scribed in Dostoyefski's "Notes from a House of the Dead." There was one other building in Omsk which we greatly desired to inspect, and that was the Omsk prison; but we were treated with such contemptuous discourtesy by the governor of the province when we called upon him and asked permission to examine this prison, that we could only retire without even having taken seats in his High Excellency's office.

On Wednesday, July 8, having fully recovered from the fatigue of our journey from Tiumen, we left Omsk with three post horses and a Cossack driver for Semipalatinsk. The road between the two cities runs everywhere along the right bank of the Irtish through a line of log villages not differing materially from those north of Omsk, but inhabited almost exclusively by Cossacks. Whenever the Russian Government desires to strengthen a weak frontier line so as to prevent the incursions of hostile or predatory natives, it forcibly colonizes along that line a few hundred or a few thousand families of armed Cossacks. During the last century it formed in this way the "armed line of the Terek," to protect south-eastern Russia from the raids of the Caucasian mountaineers, and the armed line of the Irtish, to hold in check the Kirghis. The danger which was apprehended from these half-

wild tribes long ago passed away, but the descendants of the Cossack colonists still remain in the places to which their parents or their grandparents were transported. They have all the hardy virtues of pioneers and frontiersmen, are ingenious, versatile, and full of resources, and adapt themselves quickly to almost any environment. There are thirty or forty settlements of such Cossacks along the line of the Irtish between Omsk and Semipalatinsk, and as many more between Semipalatinsk and the Altai.

Almost immediately after leaving Omsk we noticed a great change in the appearance of



A JEBOGA.

\* This was said to me upon our return from eastern Siberia in the following winter, and was called out by an account which I had given to Mr. X— of our experience and the results of our observations. I should be glad to give some illustrations of the "harrying" to which Mr. X— referred, if I could do so without disclosing his identity.



A KIRGHIS ENCAMPMENT.

the country. The steppe, which in the province of Tobolsk had been covered either with fresh green grass or with a carpet of flowers, here became more bare and arid, and its vegetation was evidently withering and drying up under the fierce heat of the midsummer sun. Flowers were still abundant in low places along the river, and we crossed now and then wide areas of grass which was still green, but the prevailing color of the high steppe was a sort of old gold — a color like that of ripe wheat. The clumps of white-stemmed birch-trees, which had diversified and given a park-like character to the scenery north of Omsk, became less and less frequent; cultivated fields disappeared altogether, and the steppe assumed more and more the aspect of a central Asiatic desert.

A few stations beyond Omsk, we saw and visited for the first time an "aoul," or encampment of the wandering Kirghis, a pastoral tribe of natives who roam with their flocks and herds over the plains of south-western Siberia from the Caspian Sea to the mountains of the Altai, and who make up more than three-fourths of the population of the steppe provinces. The aoul consisted of only three or four small "kibitkas," or circular tents of gray felt, pitched close together at a distance from the road in the midst of the great ocean-like expanse of dry, yellowish grass which stretched away in every direction to the horizon. There

was no path leading to or from the encampment, and the little gray tents, standing alone on that boundless plain, seemed to be almost as much isolated, and as far removed from all civilized human interests, as if they were so many frail skin coracles floating in the watery solitude of the Pacific.

It was evident from the commotion caused by our approach that the encampment had not often been visited. The swarthy, half-naked children, who had been playing out on the grass, fled in affright to the shelter of the tents as they saw our tarantas coming towards them across the steppe; women rushed out to take a startled look at us and then disappeared; and even the men, who gathered in a group to meet us, appeared to be surprised and a little alarmed by our visit. A few words in Kirghis, however, from our Cossack driver reassured them, and upon the invitation of an old man in a red and yellow skull-cap, who seemed to be the patriarch of the band, we entered one of the kibitkas. It was a circular tent about fifteen feet in diameter and eight feet high, made by covering a dome-shaped framework of smoke-blackened poles with large overlapping sheets of heavy gray felt. The slightly curved rafters which formed the roof radiated like the spokes of a wheel from a large wooden ring in the center of the dome, and were supported around the circumference



INSIDE THE TENT.

of the tent by a skeleton wall of wooden lattice-work in which there was a hinged door. The ring in the center of the dome outlined the aperture left for the escape of smoke and the admission of air, and directly under this aperture a fire was smoldering on the ground inside a circle of flat stones, upon which stood a few pots, kettles, and other domestic uten-

sils. The furniture of the tent was very scanty, and consisted of a narrow, unpainted bedstead opposite the door, two or three cheap Russian trunks of wood painted blue and decorated with strips of tin, and a table about four feet in diameter and eight inches high, intended evidently to be used by persons who habitually squatted on the ground. Upon the table

were a few dirty wooden bowls and spoons and an antique metal pitcher, while here and there, hanging against the lattice wall, were buckets of birch bark, a harness or two, a flint-lock rifle, a red, white, and golden saddle of wood with silver inlaid stirrups, and a pair of carpet saddle-bags.

The first duty which hospitality requires of a Kirghis host is the presentation of koumiss to his guests, and we had no sooner taken seats on a sheet of gray felt beside the fire than one of the women went to the koumiss

another; and when I told him that a single quart was all that I permitted myself to take at one time, and suggested that he reserve the second bowlful for my comrade, Mr. Frost, he looked so pained and grieved that in order to restore his serenity I had to go to the tarantas, get my banjo, and sing "There is a Tavern in the Town." Mr. Frost, meanwhile, had shirked his duty and his koumiss by pretending that he could not drink and draw simultaneously, and that he wanted to make a likeness of the patriarch's six-year-old son.

This seemed to be a very adroit scheme on Mr. Frost's part, but it did not work as well as he had expected. No sooner had he begun to make the sketch than the boy's mother, taking alarm at the peculiar, searching way in which the artist looked at his subject, and imagining perhaps that her offspring was being mes-



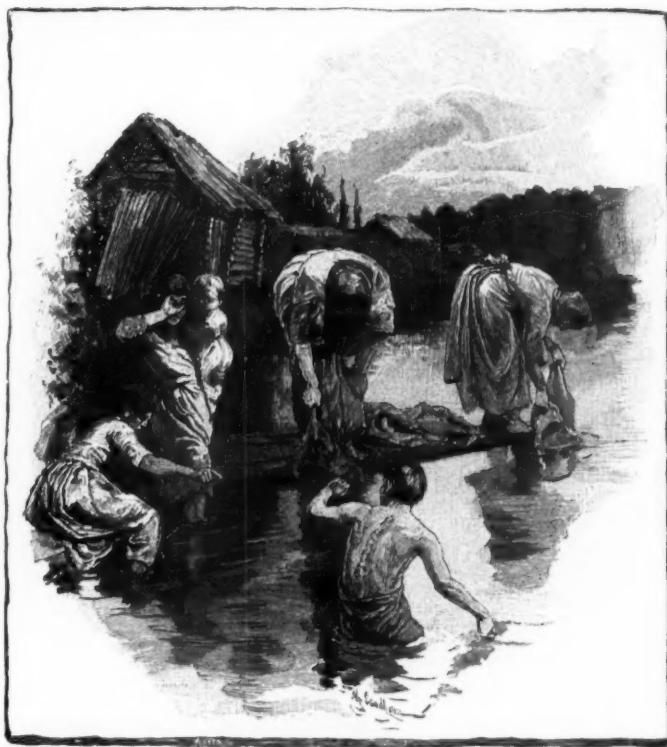
KIRGHIS GRAVES.

churn,—a large, black, greasy bag of horse-hide hanging against the lattice wall,—worked a wooden churn-dasher up and down in it vigorously for a moment, and then poured out of it into a greasy wooden bowl fully a quart of the great national Kirghis beverage for me. It did not taste as much like sour milk and soda-water as I expected that it would. On the contrary, it had rather a pleasant flavor; and if it had been a little cleaner and cooler, it would have made an agreeable and refreshing drink. I tried to please the old Kirghis patriarch and to show my appreciation of Kirghis hospitality by drinking the whole bowlful; but I underestimated the quantity of koumiss that it is necessary to imbibe in order to show one's host that one does n't dislike it and that one is satisfied with one's entertainment. I had no sooner finished one quart bowlful than the old patriarch brought me



A STEPPE GRAVEYARD.

merized, paralyzed, or bewitched, swooped down upon the ragged little urchin, and kissing him passionately, as if she had almost lost him forever, carried him away and hid him. This untoward incident cast such a gloom over the subsequent proceedings that after singing four verses of "Solomon Levi," in a vain attempt to restore public confidence in Mr. Frost, I put away my banjo and we took our departure. I should like to know what traditions are now current in that part of the Kirghis steppe with regard to the two plausible but designing Giaours who went about visiting the auls of the faithful, one of them



WASHING-DAY.

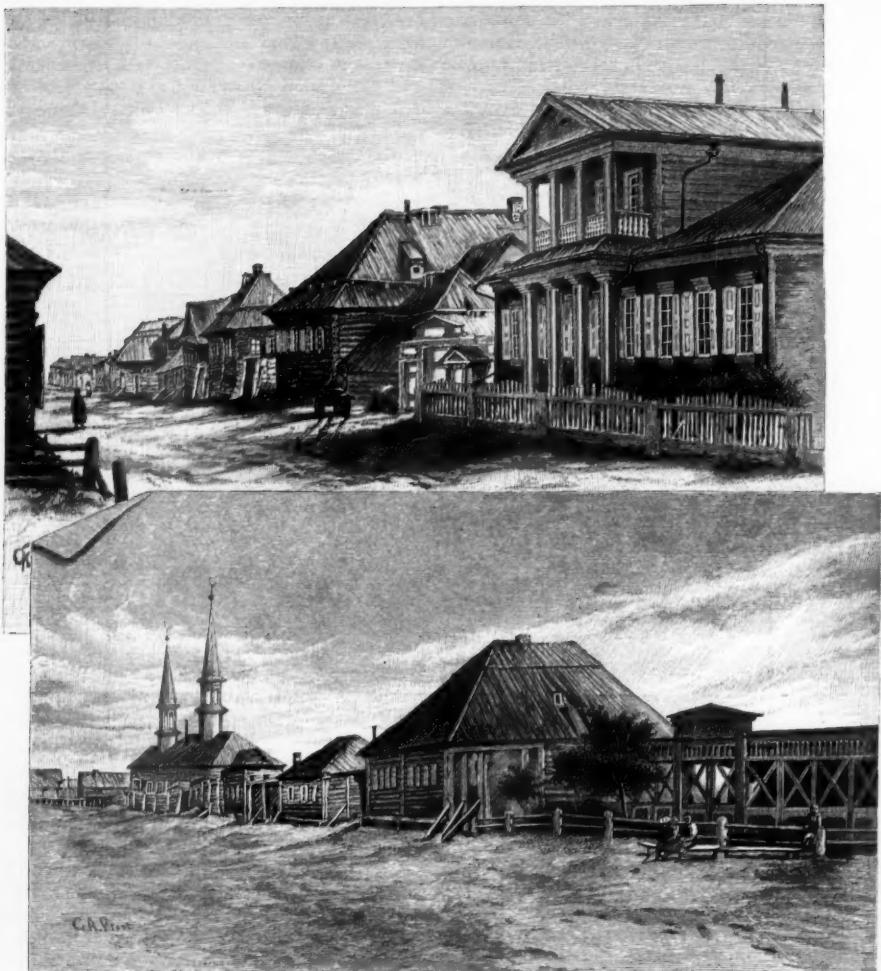
singing unholy songs to the accompaniment of a strange stringed instrument, while the other cast an "evil eye" upon the children, and tried to get possession of their souls by making likenesses of their bodies.

For four days and nights we traveled swiftly southward over a good road through the illimitable steppes of the Irtish, stopping now and then to pick snowy pond-lilies in some reed-fringed pool, to make a hasty sketch of a lonely, fort-shaped Kirghis grave, or to visit an aoul and drink koumiss with the hospitable nomads in their gray felt tents. Sometimes the road ran down into the shallow valley of the Irtish, through undulating seas of goldenrod and long wild grass whose wind-swept waves seemed to break here and there in foaming crests of snowy spirea; sometimes it made a long détour into the high, arid steppe back from the river, where the vegetation had been parched to a dull uniform yellow by weeks of hot sunshine; and sometimes it ran suddenly into a low, moist oasis around a blue steppe lake, where we found ourselves in a beautiful natural flower-garden crowded with rose-bushes, hollyhocks, asters, daisies, fringed

pinks, rosemary, flowering pea, and splendid dark blue spikes of aconite standing shoulder high.

After we passed the little Cossack town of Pavlodar on Friday, the weather, which had been warm ever since our departure from Omsk, became intensely hot, the thermometer indicating ninety-one degrees Fahrenheit at 1 P. M. As we sat, without coats or waistcoats, under the sizzling leather roof of our tarantas, fanning ourselves with our hats, panting for breath, fighting huge green-eyed horseflies, and looking out over an illimitable waste of dead grass which wavered and trembled in the fierce glare of the tropical sunshine, we found it almost impossible to believe that we were in Siberia.

Many of the Cossack villages along this part of our route were situated down under the high, steep bank of the Irtish at the very water's edge, where the soil was moist enough to support a luxuriant vegetation. As the result of such favorable situation, these villages were generally shaded by trees and surrounded by well-kept vegetable and flower gardens. After a ride of twenty miles over an arid steppe in



A STREET IN SEMIPALATINSK.

the hot, blinding sunshine of a July afternoon, it was indescribably pleasant and refreshing to come down into one of these little oases of greenery, where a narrow arm of the Irtish flowed tranquilly under the checkered shade of leafy trees; where the gardens of the Cossack housewives were full of potato, cucumber, and melon vines, the cool, fresh green of which made an effective setting for glowing beds of scarlet poppies; and where women and girls with tucked-up skirts were washing clothes on a little platform projecting into the river, while half-naked children waded and splashed in the clear, cool water around them.

We made the last stretches of our journey to Semipalatinsk in the night. The steppe over

which we approached the city was more naked and sterile than any that we had crossed, and seemed in the faint twilight to be merely a desert of sun-baked earth and short dead grass, with here and there a ragged bush or a long, ripple-marked dune of loose, drifting sand. I fell asleep soon after midnight, and when I awoke at half-past 2 o'clock Sunday morning day was just breaking, and we were passing a large white building with lighted lanterns hung against its walls, which I recognized as a city prison. It was the "tiuremni zamok," or "prison castle" of Semipalatinsk. In a few moments we entered a long, wide, lonely street, bordered by unpainted log-houses, the board window-shutters of which were all closed, and

the steep, pyramidal roofs of which loomed high and black in the first gray light of dawn. The street was full of soft, drifted sand, in which the hoofs of our horses fell noiselessly, and through which our tarantas moved with as little jar as if it were a gondola floating along a watery street in Venice. There was something strangely weird and impressive in this noiseless night ride through the heart of a ghostly and apparently deserted city, in the streets of which were the drifted sands of the desert, and where there was not a sound to indicate the presence of life save the faint, distant throbbing of a watchman's rattle, like the rapid, far-away beating of a wooden drum. We stopped at last in front of a two-story building of brick, covered with white stucco, which our driver said was the hotel "Sibir." After pounding vigorously for five minutes on the front door, we were admitted by a sleepy waiter, who showed us to a hot, musty room in the second story, where we finished our broken night's sleep on the floor.

The city of Semipalatinsk, which has a population of about 15,000 Russians, Kirghis, and Tartars, is situated on the right bank of the river Irtish, 480 miles southeast of Omsk and about 900 miles from Tiumen. It is the seat of government of the province of Semipalatinsk, and is commercially a place of some importance, owing to the fact that it stands on one of the caravan routes to Tashkend and central Asia, and commands a large part of the trade of the Kirghis steppe. The country tributary to it is a pastoral rather than an agricultural region, and of its 547,000 inhabitants 497,000 are nomads who live in 111,000 kibitkas or felt tents, and own more than 3,000,000 head of live stock, including 70,000 camels. The province produces annually, among other things, 45,000 pounds of honey, 370,000 pounds of tobacco, 100,000 bushels of potatoes, and more than 12,000,000 bushels of grain. There are held every year within the limits of the province 11 commercial fairs, the transactions of which amount in the aggregate to about \$1,000,000. Forty or

fifty caravans leave the city of Semipalatinsk every year for various points in Mongolia and central Asia, carrying Russian goods to the value of from \$150,000 to \$200,000.

It is hardly necessary, I suppose, to call the attention of persons who think that all of Siberia is an arctic waste to the fact that honey and tobacco are not arctic products, and that the camel is not a beast of burden used by Eskimos on wastes of snow. If Mr. Frost and I had supposed the climate of south-western Siberia to be arctic in its character, our minds would have been dispossessed of that erroneous idea in less than twelve hours after our arrival in Semipalatinsk. When we set out for a walk through the city about 1 o'clock Sunday afternoon, the thermometer indicated eighty-nine degrees Fahrenheit in the shade with a north wind, and the inhabitants seemed to regard it as rather a cool and pleasant summer day. After wading around in the deep sand under a blazing sun for an hour and a half, we were



A KIRGHIS HORSEMAN.



A CAMEL TEAM CROSSING A FORD.

more than ready to seek the shelter of the hotel and call for refrigerating drinks. The city of Semipalatinsk fully deserves the nickname which has been given to it by the Russian officers there stationed, viz., "The Devil's Sand-box." From almost any interior point of view it presents a peculiar gray, dreary appearance, owing partly to the complete absence of trees and grass, partly to the ashy, weather-beaten aspect of its unpainted log-houses, and partly to the loose, drifting sand

with which its streets are filled. We did not see in our walk of an hour and a half a single tree, bush, or blade of grass, and we waded a large part of the time through soft, dry sand which was more than ankle-deep, and which in places had been drifted, like snow, to a depth of four or five feet against the walls of the gray log-houses. The whole city made upon me the impression of a Mohammedan town built in the middle of a north African desert. This impression was deepened by the

Tartar mosques here and there with their brown candle-extinguisher minarets; by the groups of long-bearded, white-turbaned mullas who stood around them; and by the appearance in the street now and then of a huge two-humped Bactrian camel, ridden into the city by a swarthy, sheepskin-hooded Kirghis from the steppes.

Monday morning I called upon General Tseklnski, the governor of the province, presented my letters from the Russian Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and was gratified to find that he had apparently received no private instructions with regard to us and knew nothing whatever about us. He welcomed me courteously, granted me permission to inspect the Semipalatinsk prison, said he would send the chief of the police to go with us to the mosques and show us about the city, and promised to have prepared for us an open letter of recommendation to all the subordinate officials in the Semipalatinsk province.

From the house of the governor I went, upon his recommendation, to the public library, an unpretending log-house in the middle of the town, where I found a small anthropological museum, a comfortable little reading-room supplied with all the Russian newspapers and magazines, and a well-chosen collection of about one thousand books, among which I was somewhat surprised to find the works of Spencer, Buckle, Lewes, Mill, Taine, Lubbock, Tylor, Huxley, Darwin, Lyell, Tyndall, Alfred Russel Wallace, Mackenzie Wallace, and Sir Henry Maine, as well as the novels and stories of Scott, Dickens, Marryat, George Eliot, George MacDonald, Anthony Trollope, Justin McCarthy, Erckmann-Chatrian, Edgar Allan Poe, and Bret Harte. The library was particularly strong in the departments of science and political economy, and the collection of books, as a whole, was in the highest degree creditable to the intelligence and taste of the people who made and used it. It gave me a better opinion of Semipalatinsk than anything that I had thus far seen or heard.\*

From the library I strolled eastward along the bank of the Irtish to the pendulum ferry by which communication is maintained between Semipalatinsk and a Kirghis suburb on the other side of the river. The ferry-boat starts from a wooded island in mid-stream, which is reached either by crossing a foot-

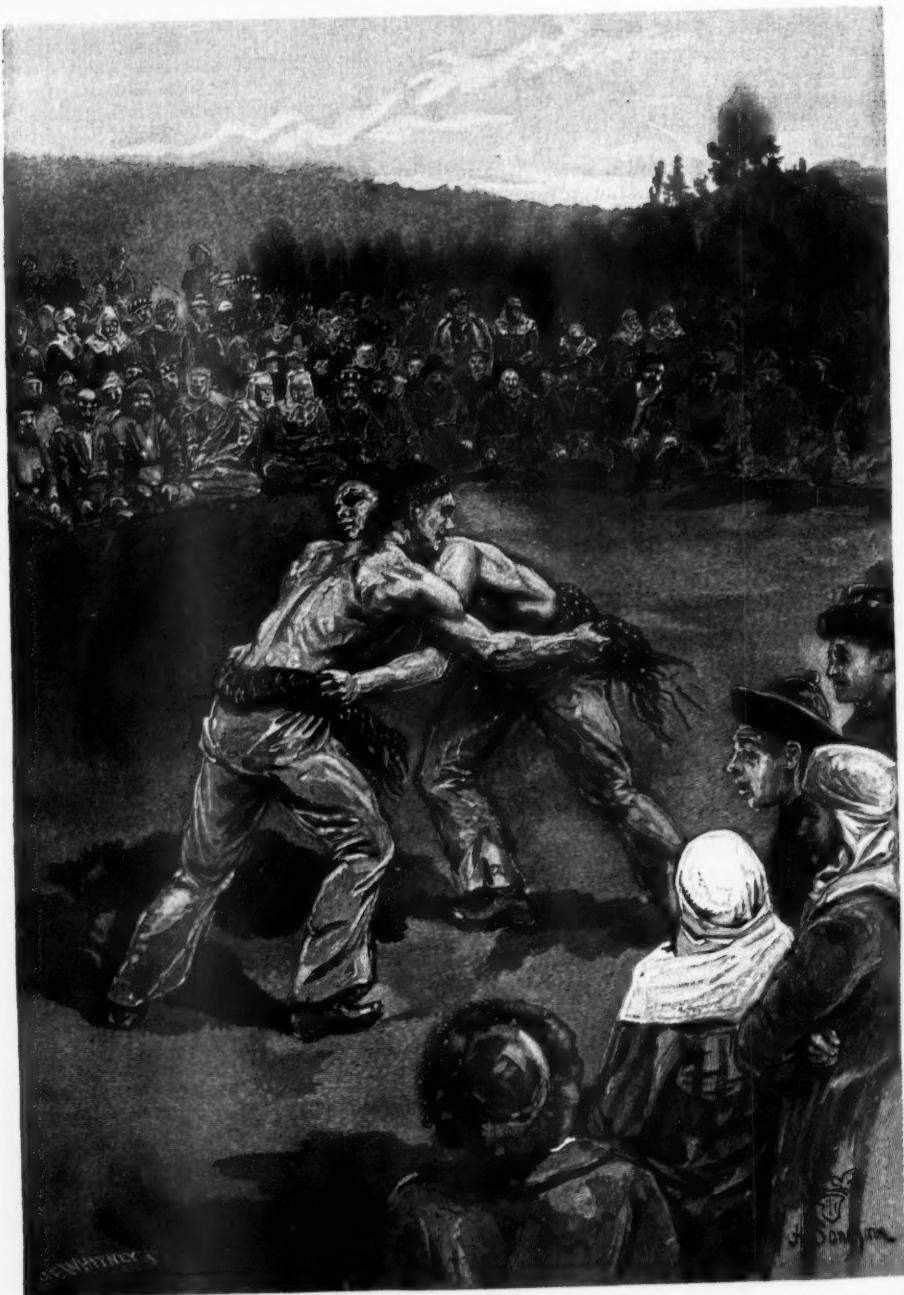
bridge, or by fording the shallow channel which separates it from the Semipalatinsk shore. Just ahead of me were several Kirghis with three or four double-humped camels, one of which was harnessed to a Russian telega. Upon reaching the ford the Kirghis released the draught camel from the telega, lashed the empty vehicle, wheels upward, upon the back of the grunting, groaning animal, and made him wade with it across the stream. A Bactrian camel, with his two loose, drooping humps, his long neck, and his preposterously concealed and disdainful expression of countenance, is always a ridiculous beast, but he never looks so absurdly comical as when crossing a stream with a four-wheeled wagon lashed bottom upward on his back. The shore of the Irtish opposite Semipalatinsk is nothing more than the edge of a great desert-like steppe which stretches away to the southward beyond the limits of vision. I reached there just in time to see the unloading of a caravan of camels which had arrived from Tashkend with silks, rugs, and other central Asiatic goods for the Semipalatinsk market.

Late in the afternoon I retraced my steps to the hotel, where I found Mr. Frost, who had been sketching all day in the Tartar or eastern end of the town. The evening was hot and sultry, and we sat until 11 o'clock without coats or waistcoats, beside windows thrown wide open to catch every breath of air, listening to the unfamiliar noises of the Tartar city. It was the last night of the great Mohammedan fast of Ramazan, and the whole population seemed to be astir until long after midnight. From every part of the town came to us on the still night air the quick staccato throbbing of watchmen's rattles, which sounded like the rapid beating of wooden drums, and suggested some pagan ceremony in central Africa or the Fiji Islands. Now and then the rattles became quiet, and then the stillness was broken by the long-drawn, wailing cries of the muezzins from the minarets of the Tartar mosques.

Tuesday morning when we awoke we found the streets full of Tartars and Kirghis in gala dress, celebrating the first of the three holidays which follow the Mohammedan Lent. About noon the chief of police came to our hotel, by direction of the governor, to make our acquaintance and to show us about the city, and under his guidance we spent two or three

\* Most of the works of the scientific authors above named were expurgated Russian editions. Almost every chapter of Lecky's "History of Rationalism" had been defaced by the censor, and in a hasty examination of it I found gaps where from ten to sixty pages had been cut out bodily. Even in this mutilated form, and in the remote Siberian town of Semipalatinsk, the book was such an object of terror to a cowardly Gov-

ernment, that it had been quarantined by order of the Tsar and could not be issued to a reader without special permission from the Minister of the Interior. A similar taboo had been placed upon the works of Spencer, Mill, Lewes, Lubbock, Huxley, and Lyell, notwithstanding the fact that the censor had cut out of them everything that seemed to him to have a "dangerous" or "demoralizing" tendency.



A TARTAR WRESTLING MATCH.

hours in examining the great Tartar mosque and making ceremonious calls upon mullas and Tartar officials. He then asked us if we would not like to see a Tartar and Kirghis wrestling match. We replied, of course, in the affirmative, and were at once driven in his droshky to an open sandy common at the eastern end of the city, where we found a great crowd assembled and where the wrestling had already begun. The dense throng of spectators—mostly Kirghis and Tartars—was arranged in concentric circles around an open space twenty-five or thirty feet in diameter. The inner circle was formed by two or three lines of men, squatting on their heels; then came three or four lines of standing men, and behind the latter was a close circle of horsemen sitting in their saddles, and representing the gallery. The chief of police made a way for us through the crowd to the inner circle, where we took orchestra seats in the sand under a blazing sun and in a cloud of fine dust raised by the wrestlers. The crowd, as we soon discovered, was divided into two hostile camps, consisting respectively of Kirghis and Tartars. Ours was the Kirghis side, and opposite us were the Tartars. There were four masters of ceremonies, who were dressed in long green "khalats" and carried rattan wands. The two Tartar officials would select a champion in their corner, throw a sash over his head, pull him out into the arena, and then challenge the Kirghis officials to match him. The latter would soon find a man about equal to the Tartar champion in size and weight, and then the two contestants would prepare for the struggle. The first bout after we arrived was between a good-looking, smooth-faced young Kirghis, who wore a blue skull-cap and a red sash, and an athletic, heavily built Tartar, in a yellow skull-cap and a green sash. They eyed each other warily for a moment, and then clinched fiercely, each grasping with one hand his adversary's sash, while he endeavored with the other to get an advantageous hold of wrist, arm, or shoulder. Their heads were pressed closely together, their bodies were bent almost into right angles at their waists, and their feet were kept well back to avoid trips. Presently both secured sash and shoulder holds, and in a bent position backed each other around the arena, the Kirghis watching for an opportunity to trip and the Tartar striving to close in. The veins stood out like whip-cords on their foreheads and necks, and their swarthy

faces dripped with perspiration as they struggled and maneuvered in the scorching sunshine, but neither of them seemed to be able to find an opening in the other's guard or to get any decided advantage. At last, however, the Tartar backed away suddenly, pulling the Kirghis violently towards him; and as the latter stepped forward to recover his balance, he was dexterously tripped by a powerful side-blow of the Tartar's leg and foot. The trip did not throw him to the ground, but it did throw him off his guard; and before he could recover himself, the Tartar broke the sash and shoulder hold, rushed in fiercely, caught him around the body, and, with a hip-lock and a tremendous heave, threw him over his head. The unfortunate Kirghis fell with such violence that the blood streamed from his nose and mouth and he seemed partly stunned; but he was able to get up without assistance and walked in a dazed way to his corner, amidst a roar of shouts and triumphant cries from the Tartar side.

As the excitement increased new champions offered themselves, and in a moment two more contestants were locked in a desperate struggle, amidst a babel of exclamations, suggestions, taunts, and yells of encouragement or defiance from their respective supporters. The hot air was filled with a dusty haze of fine sand, which was extremely irritating to the eyes; our faces and hands burned as if they were being slowly blistered by the torrid sunshine; and the odors of horses, of perspiration, and of greasy old sheepskins, from the closely packed mass of animals and men about us, became so overpowering that we could scarcely breathe; but there was so much excitement and novelty in the scene, that we managed to hold out through twelve or fifteen bouts. Two police officers were present to maintain order and prevent fights, but their interference was not needed. The wrestling was invariably good-humored, and the vanquished retired without any manifestations of ill-feeling, and often with laughter at their own discomfiture. The Kirghis were generally overmatched. The Tartars, although perhaps no stronger, were quicker and more dexterous than their nomadic adversaries, and won on an average two falls out of every three. About 5 o'clock, although the wrestling still continued, we made our way out of the crowd and returned to the hotel, to bathe our burning faces and, if possible, get cool.

*George Kennan.*

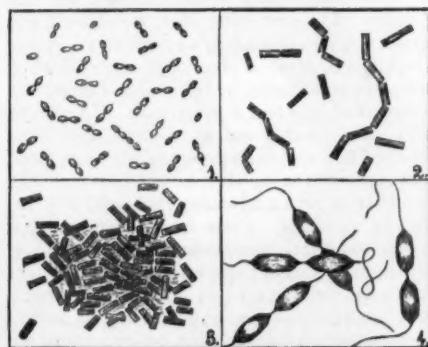
## DISEASE GERMS, AND HOW TO COMBAT THEM.\*



T the very confines of organic nature, the lowliest of the low among plants, comes a series of minute and simply formed bodies called bacteria. From them we receive great benefits, and from them also proceed some of our greatest evils. They are the active agents in producing that circulation of matter so essential to the continuance of organic life, since by the decompositions they effect the earth is freed from the dead matter which would otherwise encumber it, while the matter itself is turned into the great reservoir from which all life draws. In addition to this, recent experiments make it doubtful whether our seeds could germinate without their aid; and yet, it must be confessed that, as a class, they are not in good repute. They spoil our meats in warm weather, turn sour our milk, and vex the housewife by exciting revolt among her choicest preserves; and we are now in possession of facts which prove that some among them actually cause disease of an infectious nature. This is no longer inferential, but proved for at least half a dozen diseases; and the proof is positive and absolute in that number of cases, while in many others we need but a few more facts that we may be equally assured.

Taking a little filtered beef bouillon, clear as crystal to the eye, and showing under the microscope not a trace of life, let us place it in a glass flask and, boiling it repeatedly to destroy any germs it may contain, set it aside in a warm place with the mouth of the flask open. In a few days the liquid previously so limpid becomes very turbid. If we take a drop and magnify it 1000 diameters we shall see that the liquid is crowded with life, and the few ounces of bouillon contain a vaster population than our greatest city can boast. All is incessant activity; the whole field of the microscope is crowded with moving bodies, some shooting rapidly past in straight lines, others moving slowly backward and forward, while others twirl and spin during the whole time of observation. The sight itself is interesting, but the question that springs at once to the mind is still more so. Whence comes all this active life? It was here that the theory of spontaneous generation took its last stand; it was

here that it made its most desperate resistance; here also it has been most signally defeated. Has the life sprung from some new arrangement of the complex principles in the broth? No. Science again reiterates the dictum that there can be no life without antecedent life. The broth has been contaminated by air germs, and from a few falling into it has come this prodigal life. Starting from no matter how complex a substance, once kill all the germs it contains and supply it with air freed from germs, and no life will ever appear. Here, then, is a test for the number of germs air or water may contain in seeing how much is required to start life in an infusion perfectly free from germs. On this principle the numbers presently to be stated have been obtained. We must clearly understand, lest we become needlessly alarmed, that the majority of bacterial life, as such, is perfectly harmless to man. Almost every fermentation and putrefaction has a special bacterium inducing it. The ripening of cheese is produced by bacteria and yet is perfectly harmless. What, then, does it signify to count bacteria in air and in water? It is useful simply because where harmless bacteria are found multiplying there we are assured conditions are generally favorable for the increase of harmful varieties too.

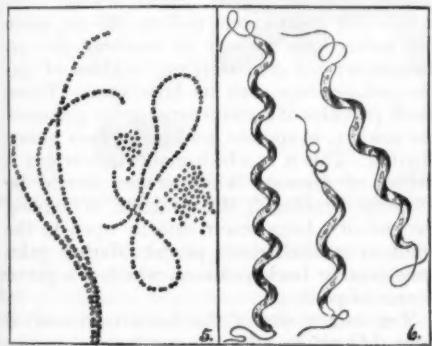


x. Bacterium Termo X 1000 Diameters. 2. Hay Bacillus X 1000 D. 3. Same (zoogloea) X 1000 D. 4. Bacterium Termo X 3000 D. (Dallinger.)

Returning to our infusions and microscope, let us look more closely at this lowly life. We have shown in Figure 1 the appearance of beef bouillon in which bacteria called "bacterium termo" are growing, while Figures 2 and 3 show a growth of what is called "hay bacillus," since the germs are very abundant in hay; and here, so our readers may not become

\* When not otherwise credited, the drawings were made by the author directly from the microscope.

confused with the different names, we will say that bacteria are divided according to their shape into four classes: the micrococci (the word means little grains) are round, bacteria proper are very short cylinders, bacilli are longer, while the spirillum is shown in Figure 6. The micrococci, of which we show the species inhabiting the mouth in health (Figure 5), are always seen as small spherical bodies about  $\frac{1}{200}$  of an inch in diameter. Like all the bacteria, they are little masses of vegetable protoplasm surrounded by a thin cell wall. Their number in the mouth is almost incredible, but to human beings they are perfectly harmless; however, if we inoculate a few drops of saliva under the skin of a rabbit, in about two days it dies and we find its blood crowded with these minute cells.



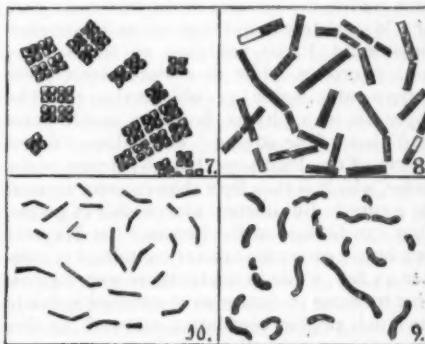
5. Micrococcus from Mouth X 1000 D. 6. Spirillum Volutans X 900 D. (Cohn.)

The bacterium and the bacillus (Figures 1, 2, and 3) resemble one another, the bacterium being shorter, however, while the spirillum is totally different, much larger and twisted, and in the species figured attains a length of  $\frac{3}{10}$  of an inch, which makes it a giant among the bacteria. The method by which these little plants multiply deserves notice. The chains formed by the micrococcus (Figure 5) first attract attention, and show a very common method of growth among the bacteria. This is called fission: the cell elongates and then divides, the new cell does likewise, and so a long string is formed, the micrococci under the microscope looking like minute pearls. Sometimes the division takes place in two directions, and we then have — what Figure 7 shows very plainly — a grouping in squares. The method which interests us most, however, is reproduction by spores, which are to the adult bacilli as seeds to a plant; and as the seed can survive what will kill the plant, so spores withstand degrees of heat, dryness, and disinfection fatal to full-grown bacteria: the

spores forming in the bacilli look sometimes like peas in a pod, and escape through the cell wall.

Some of the bacteria are motionless; others seem to possess untiring activity, caused in some cases by flagellata, as shown in Figures 4 and 6.

Let us now pass to some of the forms accompanying disease. Those figured are the bacillus anthracis, causing splenic fever, in Figure 8; the comma bacillus, the probable cause of cholera, according to Koch, shown in Figure 9; the spirillum, causing relapsing fever, in Figure 11; while in No. 10 is seen the bacillus tuberculosis of consumption.



7. Sarcina Ventriculi X 1000 D. 8. Bacillus Anthracis X 1000 D. 9. Comma Bacillus (Cholera) X 1000 D. 10. Bacillus of Consumption X 1000 D.

It will be asked, How do these minute plants kill? In diseases like splenic fever their rapid multiplication actually fills and plugs the capillaries; in their life processes many of the disease germs evolve poisonous products. The mechanical effect of foreign matter in the blood must not be overlooked; and, as bacteria cannot grow without nutriment, all this must come from the fluids and the tissues of the body.

We have spoken of the methods of growth and must now mention its marvelous rapidity. Cohn has seen the hay bacillus in infusions at blood heat divide every twenty minutes. We have calculated this rate for twenty-four hours, and have found that at the end of the first day there would be as the descendants of a single bacillus  $4,722,366,482,869,645,213,696$  individuals; and though we can pack a trillion ( $1,000,000,000,000$ ) in a cubic inch, this number would fill about  $2,500,000$  cubic feet. This is clearly not what they do, but simply what they are capable of for a short time when temperature and food supply are favorable.

Since the multiplication of bacteria is so favored by warmth, the summer season requires special sanitary precautions; but plants

need soil as well as warmth, and the soil which best fosters these is an accumulation of vegetable or animal refuse. The longer such garbage is kept, the better for their growth and the worse for the neighborhood. In summer, therefore, it is of the first importance that garbage should be removed daily. A great step would be gained if garbage could be burned as soon as made; and as this is almost impossible in its wet state, we notice with pleasure an invention by which it is dried and then burnt, a water seal, it is claimed, preventing the escape of all odors in either operation. This is certainly a desideratum in country places with no garbage collection, where from this cause the immediate surroundings of a house often nullify the benefits of the otherwise pure air. Miquel has found that air at Montsouris (outside of Paris) contains, as an average, 1092 microbes, while in a Paris street there are in a cubic meter (35 cubic feet) 9750. The upper air in a city is, however, much purer than that of the streets. Thus Miquel found on top of the Pantheon but 364 germs to the meter, which is thus freer than country air near the ground. But if street air is so full of germs, what can be said of the houses? In Miquel's own house each cubic meter contained in summer 49,800, while in winter there were 84,500. This increase in winter over summer is due to the much smaller ventilation allowed. In free air, country or city, the germs are three to four times more numerous in summer than in winter. These figures help us to appreciate the necessity for thorough ventilation, especially in cases of infectious disease. Tightly closing the room to prevent the contagion from spreading will but add to its concentration and greatly increase the danger to the attendants. Doors and windows opening into halls or other rooms are wisely closed, but those communicating with outside air should be opened as widely as possible, and if the patient is in an upper room, much of the danger of infection is avoided. It would seem best, where hospitals are built in thickly inhabited section of the city, to take the air supply used in ventilation, especially of the surgical wards, from a superior level by means of a tall chimney. With such air, and with walls of glazed brick instead of absorbent plaster, unfavorable results after operations, already so reduced in number by antiseptic methods, would be still further diminished.

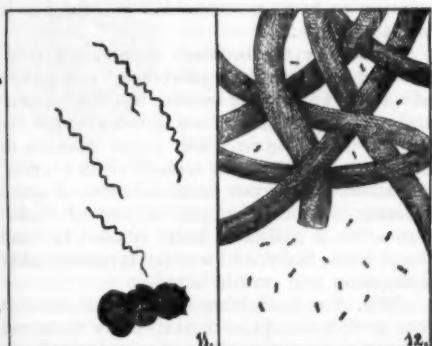
That sunshine is a germicide as well as a tonic has but recently been proved: if we take two flasks containing the bacillus anthracis with spores, and keep one in the direct sunshine for a long time, while the other exposed to the same heat is kept from the sun, we find the sun-exposed spores have lost their virulence, while the others remain active. Is there need to

further press so patent a lesson? As bacteria grow best in the presence of considerable moisture, we may expect to encounter them in greater abundance in water than in air. Rain water contains 60,000 to a quart, the Vanne four times as many, while the polluted Seine from 5,000,000 to 12,000,000.

Our readers will wish to know if sewage itself can be worse; but this, when fresh, contains 75,000,000 to a quart, and, allowed to stagnate, would soon show itself a hundred times as bad, since it contains an abundant food supply for the microbes. The necessity, therefore, for rapid and complete removal of all bodies entering the sewer becomes apparent: this is best effected by having the sewer of comparatively small size (which will admit of frequent flushing), of sufficient pitch, and as smooth as possible within. It is in putrefaction that the danger to health resides. Fresh sewage cannot to any great extent pollute the air, since the germs have no way of reaching the atmosphere; but in putrefying, bubbles of gas rise and produce each its little spray. These small particles of water, carrying the germs of the sewage, evaporate, and leave their germs floating. This it is which makes sewer gas a carrier of disease. While sewers should be properly ventilated, the practice of leaving the end of a large sewer directly open to the wind, as is often done, permits during gales considerable back pressure, which is a grave source of peril.

The minute size of the bacteria renders it very difficult to effect by mechanical means the purification of waters containing them. While strongly insisting upon the use of the purest water attainable, necessity may forbid a choice and compel the use of a doubtful supply. Two methods are then open for improvement — filtration and boiling. No disease-producing bacteria or spore can withstand a boiling temperature for an hour, so that it is advisable to boil all doubtful water. To the question whether filtration, which is much more convenient than boiling, and which also avoids the flat taste, will not purify, I would answer both yes and no. Yes, if done rightly; no, as generally effected. Figure 12 shows filter paper and bacteria submitted to the same magnification. The folly of using a small filter of some loose material to purify a large stream of water is at once apparent; it may stop off sand or straws, but not disease germs. A filter close grained enough properly to purify must be of good size to supply a family with drinking-water. Tiles of unglazed porous porcelain give by filtration water free from germs, but for an adequate quantity a good size must be used. Animal charcoal was formerly in good repute,

but porous iron has great oxidizing power, will last longer, and yields nothing, while charcoal yields much to the water. Small filters yielding a large amount of water are to be uniformly mistrusted; spongy iron, unglazed porcelain, and close-grained natural porous stones are among our best filtering agents, and all filter slowly. The filtering material, whatever the form used, should be accessible for cleaning, since in time all become fouled. If water is positively bad, boiling is the safer course.



11. Blood-Corpuscles and Spirilla Obermeyei X 700 D. Relapsing Fever.  
(Koch.) 12. Filter Paper and Bacterium Termo X 500 D.

It is certainly fighting fire with fire to combat an infectious malady with its own contagium, but it has now been demonstrated past cavil that in splenic fever and fowl cholera, both due to specific germs, we can so mitigate the virus that by its inoculation animals and fowls may be protected against the original severe form. Mitigating virus is simply reducing the vital power of the bacteria by surrounding them with unfavorable conditions of growth. Oxygen is not congenial to some bacteria; hence Pasteur, in modifying the virus of fowl cholera,

exposed cultures of this microbe to air for weeks and months. In the case of the bacillus anthracis of splenic fever, heat and antiseptic substances have both been used with success. Two vaccinations with varying strengths of this modified virus protect for at least a year against the acute form of the disease. As the virulence is diminished by unfavorable so will it return by cultivation under specially favorable circumstances. Unsanitary conditions may thus not only afford a suitable medium for multiplying the germs, but may also increase their virulence. In regard to hydrophobia, Pasteur, proceeding on the supposition of its germ origin, has endeavored to modify the virus by exposure to dry air. The results obtained, especially in his experiments on animals, go far to prove the supposition true and the mitigation real; but since the germ has not been differentiated nor obtained in pure cultures, we think the time for presenting the subject to the public among things proved in bacteriology is not yet come. Will protective inoculation become in the future our great safeguard against disease? We confess that we are not so sanguine as Pasteur, who, having contributed so much to our knowledge of the subject, is naturally enthusiastic at its promise. The most extensive experiments in this direction have been in protecting animals from splenic fever, which, successful in the majority of cases, has so far been accompanied by a percentage of deaths not altogether insignificant. There is thus the chance of the germ regaining its lost virulence and spreading the disease among unprotected animals, so that protection, while possible in anthrax, may not be so expedient as a vigorous warfare by means of isolation and thorough disinfection. The method will prove of value, we think, rather in special cases than as a universal safeguard.\*

Not so, however, is it with disinfection and

\* The life-history of Louis Pasteur belongs to the romance of science.

Born in the French town of Dolé in 1822, his father, the village tanner, had hopes and plans for his boy far beyond the common.

"He shall be a professor at Arbois," the father would say; and a professor he indeed became, but not for Arbois, a small provincial college, but in the faculty of the celebrated *École Normale*. Here it was that he attended as a scholar, devoting himself chiefly to chemistry, and accepting the position of assistant in that department in 1846. During the next few years Pasteur was occupied by investigations on tartaric acid, and at the age of thirty-two was made Dean of the *Faculté des Sciences* at Lille, one of the chief industries of which is the manufacture of alcohol. Desirous of rendering his course popular, Pasteur devoted his time to the study of fermentation, and henceforward his life was to be connected with that microscopic life which, according to its character, induces here a fermentation, there a putrefaction, and again a disease.

Studying first the ferment of lactic acid, Pasteur soon

advanced to acetic fermentation—that by which vinegar is produced. Both of these he proved to be due to microscopic life, and his researches led not only to the overthrow of the old theories of fermentation, but also to practical improvements in the manufacture of vinegar. In 1857 Pasteur was called to Paris, and given a chair in the *École Normale*, and was soon in the thick of the fight concerning spontaneous generation, carrying off the prize offered in that subject by the Academy of Sciences.

Resuming his studies on fermentation, the diseases of wine were investigated and found to be caused by microbes, each special disease having its own germ, and the cause once known the remedy was not long in forthcoming.

The silk industries of France are so enormous that when an epidemic appeared among the silk-worms in 1849, and steadily increased, it became a national disaster. By the entreaties of Dumas, Pasteur was induced to study the disorder, and again microscope life was found at the root of the disease, again was a remedy indicated and the industry saved; but Pasteur

isolation. The latter needs no discussion; and while the value of disinfection is as universally admitted, its practice is in most cases exceedingly faulty. The policy of intimidation does not affect disease germs, and the smell of carbolic acid from a little in a saucer on the mantel does not so much frighten them as annoy us. The solutions and methods recommended are from actual experiments on germs by the American Public Health Association committee on disinfection. As to the many solutions and preparations sold in the pharmacies for disinfecting purposes, this committee reports that of fourteen such articles tried nine of them failed in a fifty per cent. solution, while of the five showing disinfecting power three owed their strength to corrosive sublimate, which, while a good disinfectant, is much cheaper to buy under its proper name. This disinfectant we recommend, but it is a powerful poison and must be kept out of children's reach. The high price, odor, and low germ-destroying power of carbolic acid accounts for its omission in the list of disinfectants, although as an antiseptic it may have considerable value. To the directions appended to this article we refer those who require the detailed information given; the more general reader we will not weary, but conclude by saying that as all germ diseases are contests for supremacy between the normal cells of the body and the foreign cells invading it, all that tends to heighten our vitality is of direct aid in enabling us to withstand the inception of these maladies. It is by depressing the system that fear operates so injuriously in epidemics. He who fears, therefore, in such crises more than the fear which is the parent of caution is simply surrendering to the enemy before being attacked. Looking to the future we can at least hope for the time when such a fear will be as impossible as it is now injurious—impossible because of the conquests made in the realm of preventable disease by our further study of microorganisms.

himself, worn out by incessant work, was stricken by paralysis (October, 1868). Then came the war, and for several years, broken in health and crushed in spirits by his country's disasters, but little was done; but with returning strength work was again begun, and after a couple of years at his old favorite fermentation studies, the problem of contagious disease was attacked. Pasteur's paper on splenic fever was read in 1877, and since that time this department of research has absorbed all his energies. The later work on hydrophobia is well enough known through the newspapers, but before beginning this an exhaustive investigation of fowl cholera was made.

Pasteur was not the first to enter his later field, the German Koch having, in 1876, contributed a very remarkable paper on splenic fever, and since that time has been, so to speak, Pasteur's rival, the work of Koch on cholera and consumption being marked by the clearness and conclusiveness which were the prominent characteristics of Pasteur's earlier researches.

#### PRACTICAL HINTS ON DISINFECTION.

*First.* Corrosive sublimate (mercuric chloride), sulphate of copper, and chloride of lime are among our best disinfectants, the first two being poisonous. At wholesale drug houses in New York single pounds can be obtained, mercuric chloride costing seventy-five cents, the others ten cents, a pound.

*Second.* A quarter of a pound of corrosive sublimate and a pound of sulphate of copper in one gallon of water makes a concentrated solution to keep in stock. We will refer to it as "solution A."

*Third.* For the ordinary disinfecting solution add half a pint of "solution A" to a gallon of water. This, while costing less than a cent and a half per gallon, is a good strength for general use. Use in about equal quantity in disinfecting choleraic or typhoid fever excreta.

*Fourth.* A four per cent. solution of good chloride of lime or a quarter pint of "solution A" to a gallon of water is used to wash wood-work, floors, and wooden furniture, after fumigation and ventilation.

*Fifth.* For fumigating with sulphur, three to four pounds should be used to every thousand cubic feet air space. Burn in an old tin basin floating in a tub of water; keep room closed twelve hours, to allow the fumes to penetrate all cracks. Then open a window from the outside and allow fumes to escape into air.

*Sixth.* Soak sheets, etc., in chloride of lime solution, wring out, and boil.

*Seventh.* Cesspools, etc., should be well covered on top with a mixture of chloride of lime with ten parts of dry sand.

*Eighth.* Isolate the patient in an upper room from which curtains, carpets, and stuffed furniture have been removed.

*Ninth.* The solution of mercuric chloride must not be placed in metal vessels, since the mercury would plate them.

*Lucius Pitkin.*

The technique of the German school of bacteriology differs considerably from the method in vogue in France, and commands greater confidence among scientific men. The important feature of Pasteur's later work has been his discovery of the mitigation of virus and its possible use as a "vaccine," which is briefly outlined in the article. Viewed both as to their scientific and their commercial value, the discoveries made and the results achieved by Pasteur rank very high. Professor Huxley is quoted as saying that the indemnity of 5,000,000,000 francs paid to Germany is covered by the value to France of Pasteur's discoveries. But France alone has not been the gainer, nor indeed can the future prove less in value than the past. Concerning what has been done for humanity, it will be enough to say that the antiseptic system of Lister was, according to its author, based on the researches of Pasteur. For what of suffering has been saved to mankind by this improvement in surgery thanks must be given not only to Lister but also to Louis Pasteur.

## LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.



SEAL OF THE SEE.

FROM the Norman cathedrals of the eastern counties it was a natural step to the cathedral of Salisbury, which explains the earliest Gothic style. From Salisbury it is as natural a step to Lichfield, where the next succeeding style, the Decorated Gothic, rules. But even if there were no such close historic sequence, memory would take us the same road. To think of the unequaled single spire at Salisbury is to think perforce of the unrivaled group of three at Lichfield; and to remember the majestic power, the great virility, which marks most of England's greatest churches means instinctively to recall in contrast the lovelier, more feminine grandeur of these two.

## I.

LICHFIELD is neither a large, nor a busy, nor an attractive town. Its site shows no striking natural features, and the country through which we approach it pleases by placid greenness only. Nor is its history much more interesting than its aspect. The guide-book tells us, indeed, that it is "rich in associations with Samuel Johnson"; but this means little more than that he was born here, that we may see the house where the event took place, and find a monument to him in the market-square which for pure ugliness and artistic imbecility is the most extraordinary work in England. Those who really care about their Johnson can walk more closely with his spirit in London than in Lichfield; the same may be said of Garrick, who also chanced to be born here, and of Addison, who studied at the grammar-school; and the attractions of a dismal hostelry are not vividly enhanced by the information that it was the scene of Farquhar's play, "The Beau's Stratagem." In short, the literary associations of Lichfield are of a third-rate, musty sort; it never made dramatic appearance before the world except in the sieges of Cromwellian times; and these sieges concern the history of the cathedral, not of the town itself. The cathedral, and the cathedral only, makes Lichfield worth visiting or remembering. And the fact is curiously typified by the station of the

church, which does not stand in the middle of the city but beside it, a broad stretch of water called the Cathedral Pool dividing its precincts from the torpid streets.

## II.

LICHFIELD lay of old in the center of Mercia—the Middle Kingdom—and thus lies to-day in the very center of united England. As we find so frequently, a church first marked the site and then a town grew up around it. Tradition says that the name is derived from the Old-English *līc* (a dead body) and perpetuates the martyrdom of a thousand Roman or British Christians who suffered under Diocletian on the spot where the cathedral stands. But it is a far cry from Diocletian's time to the time when the light of actual history first falls on Lichfield and shows Christianity existing. The Middle Kingdom was slow to be converted after the heathen conquest; it was not until half a century later than the landing of St. Augustine that it had a baptized prince and a consecrated bishop. In 669 Ceadda, or St. Chad, a holy man of extensive fame, succeeded as fourth bishop to the still unlocated chair. He fixed his seat at Lichfield, and the cathedral church still bears his name conjointly with the Blessed Virgin's. In the eighth century the bishop of Lichfield was given archiepiscopal rank with jurisdiction over six sees, all but four being taken away from Canterbury. But another pope soon undid the act of his predecessor; and in the eleventh century fate took its reprisals, and Lichfield was left without even the episcopal name. The unprotected little town in the middle of its wide flat country seemed to William the Conqueror no proper center of a diocese. The first Norman bishop migrated to Chester, and the second moved again to Coventry—being attracted, it is said, by the riches of the monastery which had been founded by Godiva and her repentant earl. Lichfield, however, still preserved its prominence; its church seems to have been again considered the cathedral church in the earlier years of the twelfth century; and—apparently without special decree, by mere force of its central position—it gradually overshadowed Coventry until the latter's rôle in the diocese became nominal only. At the time of the Reformation the

bishops of the see still styled themselves "of Lichfield and Coventry," but for generations no one had questioned where their chair should stand.

Coventry's house was monastic, Lichfield's was collegiate, and there were hot jealousies between them. Just before the year 1200 Bishop Hugh determined to drive out the monks from Coventry and succeeded by force of arms, being wounded himself as he stood by the high-altar. A few years later they came back again, and jealousies grew to bitter quarrels, especially when a bishop's election befell. But the story of such wranglings grows duller in proportion to the growth of civilized manners; and dull, too, it must be confessed, is the story of most of the prelates who filled this chair. Walter Langton (1296-1321) led a stormily picturesque life as an outspoken enemy of Edward II.; Robert Stretton, a *protégé* of the Black Prince, had a certain queer prominence in his day as a bishop who could not read or write; and Rowland Lee is even yet remembered, because he assisted Cranmer at the marriage of Anne Boleyn, and as President of Wales secured the franchise for its inhabitants. But most of their fellows were inconspicuous at Lichfield, and only after the Reformation were many of them translated to more prominent chairs.

### III.

THE little church of St. Chad stood on the other side of the Pool, at some distance from the site of the present cathedral. When this site was first built upon we do not know, but a Norman church preceded the one we see to-day. No great catastrophe seems to have overtaken it; it was simply pulled down piece by piece until not a visible stone of its fabric remained. Eastward it ended in a semicircular apse. Beyond this apse a large chapel was erected in the Transitional period, and soon afterwards the Norman choir and apse were removed, and the whole east limb was brought into architectural concord. In the first half of the thirteenth century the transepts were reconstructed in the Lancet-Pointed style, and in the second half the nave and west-front in the Decorated. Then about 1300 another chapel was thrown out to the eastward; and finally the Transitional chapel, and for the second time the choir, were demolished and rebuilt. These last alterations also befell in the Decorated period, so that the whole longer arm of the cross illustrates this style—westward in its earlier, eastward in its later phases—while the shorter arm is still Early English. In the latest days of Gothic art Perpendicular windows were freely inserted in

the choir and transepts, and the central tower was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, after the restoration of the monarchy.

### IV.

DEPLORABLE indeed must have been the condition of the church when the second Charles came back to his own. The wildest havoc wrought elsewhere by the civil war was little to the ruin wrought at Lichfield. Bishop Langton—he who was so long at feud with King Edward II.—had seen fit to embattle the Close, around which the town lay flat and defenseless. But as a knight of old was sometimes slain by the weight of his protecting armor, so the walls of Lichfield worked its undoing. When Lord Brooke, with his Puritans, was coming from Warwick in 1643, the royalists threw themselves into the Close, manned the causeways across the Pool, pierced the ecclesiastical houses for cannon and musket-barrels, and made the church itself their chief redoubt. Brooke prayed fervently in front of his troops that God would assist him to destroy the House of God which man had now made a stronghold of tyranny as well as a haunt of superstition. His prayers were answered by a shot from the spire which ended his own life; but the next day the spire and tower fell into the church, and the next the Close was surrendered. Then for a month there was riot and ravage. Everything breakable was broken, everything valuable was purloined. The organ was shattered like the windows, the seats, the monuments, and even the floor, which had been curiously paved with lozenge-shaped blocks of cannel-coal and alabaster. In the tomb of a bishop some lucky thief found a silver cup and a crozier; and this meant, of course, that no other tomb remained unpillaged, no saint's ashes undisturbed. But in the midst of the sacrilegious revelry word came that Prince Rupert was near. Again there was a siege, this time lasting for ten days; again a surrender and an occupation by the royalist troops when King Charles tarried with them for a moment after his defeat at Naseby; and then a third and still longer siege and final possession by the Parliament army.

John Hacket was the first bishop after the Restoration. He found the roof of his cathedral almost altogether gone, its exterior scarred by iconoclastic axes and pock-marked by cannon-ball and musket-shot, and its interior a mass of rain-washed rubbish—piled with the fragments of the furniture and the great stones of the spire. Its piteous appeal for immediate action fell upon a sympathetic ear. The very next morning after his arrival Hacket set to

work, and the very first work was done by his episcopal fingers. From year to year he contributed generously in money too — some ten thousand pounds in all — while the canons gave up half their income, and King Charles sent timber from his forests. In eight years the whole work was done, including Sir Christo-

qualities which mark it and in the quantity of the work which it has left us.

The lines of architectural effort ran pretty close together in all the north of Europe during the Norman period. Then for a while they diverged, Germany still clinging to her Romanesque and England developing her



LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL FROM THE EAST.

pher's spire, and just before his death, in 1675, the doughty bishop joyfully reconsecrated his cathedral. The days of Romish consecrations were of course long since past; but even a Catholic may have rejoiced to see the havoc of the Puritan thus partly made good.

#### v.

THE essays of the great Renaissance architect with what we may call posthumous Gothic were not always successful; but his Lichfield spire is singularly good, and the church as he left it goes far to satisfy one's wish for an illustration of what the Decorated style could achieve in English hands.

It is not a style which interests us so much in England as those which came before and after—the Lancet-Pointed and the Perpendicular. It is not less beautiful; indeed, it is the most beautiful of all Gothic styles, the true, complete, and perfect Gothic; but it is less characteristically English, alike in the

Lancet-Pointed manner, while France began at once to master the difficulties of full-blown traceried Gothic. Then they converged again, through the nearer approach of Germany and England to the ideas of France; and finally once more parted, England creating the Perpendicular and France the Flamboyant Gothic. The height of the Decorated style thus means in England the least individual manifestation of national taste. Lancet-Pointed and Perpendicular work we can study nowhere but here; pure full-blown Gothic we can study elsewhere, and, it must be confessed, to better advantage. France not only practiced it much longer, but in many ways more ambitiously and more beautifully. Her great superiority in figure-sculpture might alone almost suffice to give her the foremost place, and she had other superiorities to add to this.

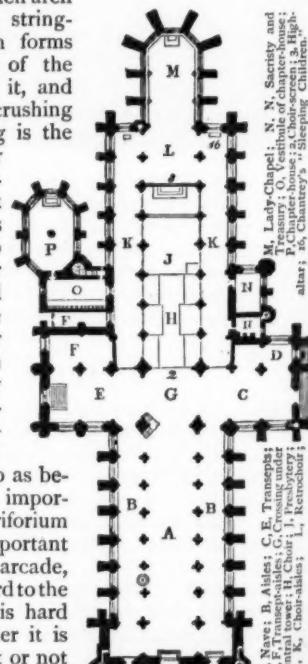
Then, as has been said, the Decorated work of England seems somewhat deficient in quantity, even when we compare it, not with the same kind of work in France, but with work of other kinds at home. The era during

which it reigned — 1300 may stand as the central date — was not a great church-building era. Such an one had opened with the coming of the Norman and had lasted until the middle of the thirteenth century. By this time almost a sufficiency of great churches had been built — at least what seemed almost a sufficiency to a generation whose minds and purse-strings the Church no longer undisputedly controlled. It was the time of the first vague stirrings of Protestant sap, the time of the first strong consciousness of national unity and of its correlative — national independence. It was the time of the first Edward — the first truly English king since Harold — and of his two namesakes, marked by splendid wars, legislative innovations, and a half-revolt against the dictatorship of Rome. The military and the domestic spirit now began to play a greater part in determining architectural effort. Not since the reign of the Norman Williams had there been so great a castle-building reign as that of Edward I.; but it saw the founding of no cathedral churches, and the most prolific time of church alteration did not begin till later. A few cathedrals show more or less conspicuous portions in the Decorated style; but none comes so near to being wholly in this style as Lichfield, nor is there any Decorated non-cathedral church which rivals it save Beverley Minster in Yorkshire. This is quite as large as Lichfield Cathedral and, except for its lack of spires and its prosaic situation, — two very large exceptions, — it is perhaps more beautiful. Certainly its interior has a vaster, grander air, an air more in accord with the sound of the word cathedral.

VI.

LICHFIELD is the smallest of the English cathedrals — 115 feet shorter than Salisbury, for example, and some 50 feet less in the spread of its transepts. Outside it looks larger than it is, but inside still smaller. Even a length of 336 feet will still be enough, we imagine, to give great spaciousness and majesty. But on entering the west portal it is charm, not size, that strikes us. We see a beautiful, noble, dignified church, but the words immensity, power, magnificence, do not occur to us, and hardly the word cathedral in the sense which other sees have taught us to read into it. It takes us some time to realize how long a reach of choir lies beyond the crossing and the screen — a longer reach than that of the nave itself; and when we realize it, the structure still lacks majesty, for its breadth is only 66 feet and its height is barely 60. Then this height means, of course, merely the apex of a vault which thence curves steeply downward; and

PLAN OF LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL  
(FROM MURRAY'S "HAND-BOOK  
TO THE CATHEDRALS OF  
ENGLAND.")



PLAN OF LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL  
(FROM MURRAY'S "HAND-BOOK  
TO THE CATHEDRALS OF  
ENGLAND.")



THE CATHEDRAL BY MOONLIGHT.

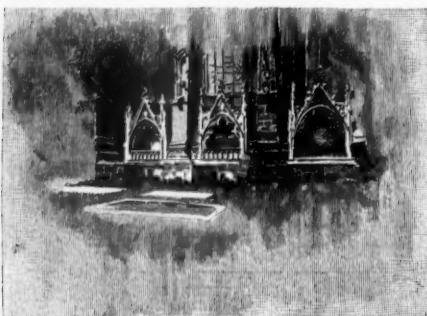
be more modest in expression; but given so noble a triforium, it ought to be much higher. In short, while no one could better have known what a beautiful feature should mean than the man who built this nave, we can hardly call him a great architect; for this name implies a stronger feeling for the architectural whole than for its parts, a keen appreciation of the virtues of accentuation and subordination, a frank acceptance of the chosen dimensions, and a knowledge of how to make the very most of them. Low as Lichfield is, it would not have seemed so low had a great master built its walls. As it stands we are glad to turn from a study of its proportions to a close examination of its lovely triforium-gallery, the richness of which is in interesting contrast to the severity of Salisbury's features. Here, instead of simply molded capitals we have round clusters of graceful, overhanging foliage, while along the arch-lines run repeated rows of that "dog-tooth" molding which was the happiest decorative motive that had been invented since the days of Hellenic art—rows of delicate little cone-shaped forms set zigzag, and shining as bright gleams of light against the dark hollows behind them. The traceried heads of these triforium openings, and of the aisle windows which we see through the main arcade as we stand in the nave, well explain the character of Decorated as distinct from the earlier forms of medieval art.

To follow the development of the true Gothic traceried window from the simple window of the Normans is the prettiest of all architectural problems—the points of starting and arriving lie so far asunder, yet the steps between are so clear and in retrospect seem to have been so inevitable.

Fancy first a plain tall window with a round-arched head; then the round exchanged for a pointed head; then two, or three, or five perhaps, of these pointed windows set close together; and then a projecting molding in the shape of an arch drawn around them, including them all and thus including, of necessity, a plain piece of wall above their heads. Then fancy this piece of wall pierced with a few small openings, and we have a group of connected lights in which, as a plant in its embryo, lies the promise of all after-developments. But we have not yet a true compound window—a single great window of many parts all vitally fused together. A process of gradual accretion has brought its elements together; a process of gradual change in the treatment of these elements now does the rest of the work.

The small lights in the upper field enlarge and multiply until they form a connected pattern which fills its whole area, and the jambs of the main lights diminish into narrow strips or very slender columns. The great arch, which in the first place did but encircle the

windows, thus becomes itself the window — the "plate-traceried" \* window which was richly developed in early French Gothic but less richly in English, owing to the persistent local love for mere groups of lancets. Then all the stone-work shrinks still farther — the columnar character of the uprights is lost, and the flat surfaces between the upper openings change into moldings of complex section. Thus the original tall lights and upper pierc-



A CORNER IN THE CATHEDRAL.

ings surrender their last claim to independence; the uprights are no longer jambs or bits of wall but mullions, the arch-head is filled with genuine traceries, and all the elements of the design are vitally fused together within the sweep of the great window to form its multiple yet organic beauty.

At first simple geometrical patterns were adhered to in the traceries; such combinations of trefoiled circles, for example, as we find in the aisle windows at Lichfield and on a larger scale in the clerestory windows; and the integrity of the moldings which form each of the openings was strictly respected. But as time went on "geometrical" developed into "flowing" tracery. The lights were multiplied and their shapes more widely varied; and the moldings were given freer play — were treated as plastic strips which might be bent in any direction, and were carried over and under each other, so that we may choose a line at the window-sill, follow it thence to the arch-head and find it forming part of the boundary of several successive lights. This was the noblest, most imaginative, most beautiful period of window-design, and by gradual steps it passed into the latest — the Perpendicular period.

When we thus trace in words the genesis

\* This term is unfortunately compounded. "Plate" clearly expresses the character of the upper part of the window — a flat surface pierced with openings; but there are no true "traceries" while it remains appropriate.

of Gothic windows it seems as though the most important step was taken when the including arch and the pierced tympanum were imagined. But when we study all the successive steps in the stone itself we find that the step from plate to geometrical tracery meant the most radical change; for it meant a complete reversal of the conception of a window's character considered as a piece of design, considered not for its utility but for its effect upon the eye. Originally, I may say, it was the lights as such which made the window; later on it was the stone-work that framed the lights. Look from the inside at any early window (whether it has the simple Norman shape or well-developed plate-traceries) and the form of the openings will attract your eye; you will not notice the forms of the stone-work around them. But look thus at a Decorated or a Perpendicular window, and your eye will dwell upon the stone-work itself — upon the delicate lines of the upright mullions and of the circling moldings in the head, joining and parting and projecting into slender points to define the pattern — and will take small account of the shape of the openings themselves. That is, in the first case you will see the window as a group of bright spots upon the shadowed wall, as a pattern cut out in light upon a darker surface; in the second case you will see it as a tracery of dark lines upon a wide bright field, as a pattern done in black upon a lighter background. The difference is immense, radical even, for it is a difference not in the degree but in the kind of beauty which has been sought. To study its genesis, therefore, teaches us an architectural truth of broad and deep significance. It teaches us that a process of slow gradual experiment may mean a change from one artistic idea to another of an opposite sort — may mean a revolution while appearing to be no more than a process of mere development.

## VII.

In the transepts of Lichfield we find beautiful Lancet-Pointed work, but so altered by the insertion of great Perpendicular windows that the general effect is hardly more the effect of the earliest than of the latest Gothic style. The lower portions of the three choir-bays next the tower are the oldest fragments of the cathedral — remaining not from the original Norman choir, but from that later Transitional one which was likewise swept away. Even a few bits of decoration of this period still exist — as in the arch which leads from the aisle of the north transept into the adjoining choir-aisle. On the face of the arch towards the choir-aisle there is a large zigzag

molding of the real Norman sort ; the capitals of the piers towards the transept are of the Norman scallop-shape (more elaborately treated), and the square Norman abacus alternates very curiously with the round Early English form.

The design of the late-Decorated choir is wholly different from that of the early-Decorated nave. Instead of three stories each of great importance, we find two of even greater importance, while the third has shrunk to a mere semblance of itself. The whole height is divided into two almost equal portions, which are given up to the main arcade and to a range of vast clerestory windows, the triforium-gallery being in the strictest sense a gallery and nothing more — open behind a rich parapet in front of the clerestory windows, and running through the thick walls between them. We may regret for its own sake the beautiful triforium of the nave, but considered in its entirety the design of the choir is more beautiful and is much more appropriate under so low a roof. The main arcade, moreover, is far finer than in the nave, the clusters of shafts and the arch-moldings being still more numerous and graceful, and the piers being broad enough to give room between arch and arch for a splendid corbel of richly ornamented colonettes which bears a great statue surmounted by a canopy — features that we find more frequently in continental than in English churches. The huge clerestory windows have very deep slanting jambs covered with a lace-like pattern of quatrefoils, and the original "flowing" tracery which remains in two of them is very charmingly designed. The others are filled with Perpendicular traceries which appear to have been inserted long after the true Perpendicular period, when Bishop Hacket took his shattered church in hand. At this time also the ceiling of the nave had to be in greater part rebuilt. Just how the work was done I can nowhere find recorded ; the present sham vaults of wood and plaster were the work of our old friend Wyatt in the later years of the eighteenth century.

### VIII.

BUT all the while we are examining the nave and the choir of

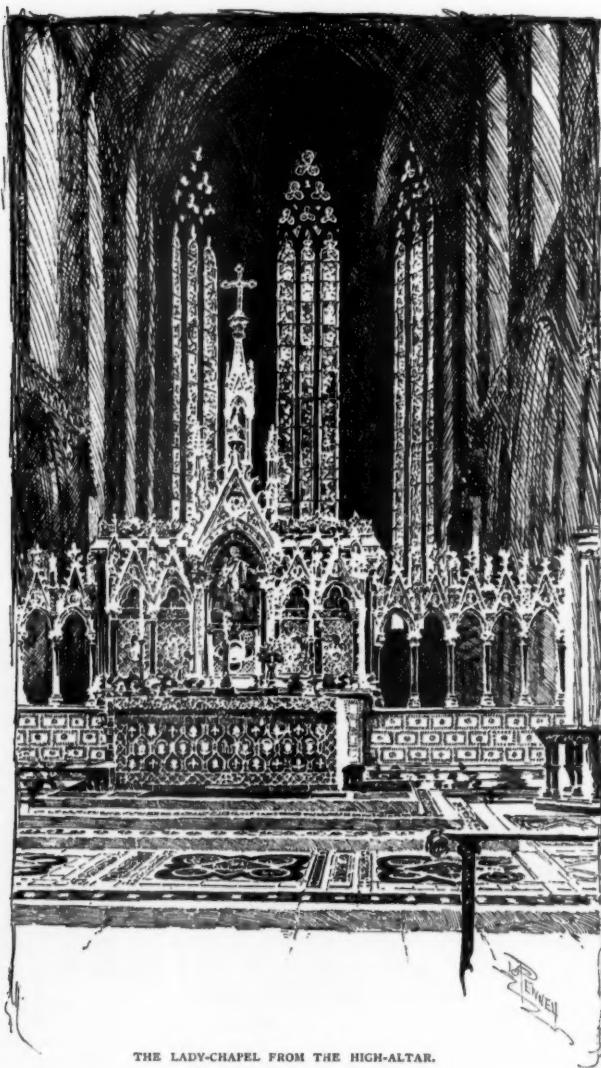
Lichfield, the eye is irresistibly drawn eastward, where the Lady-Chapel shines as a splendid jewel — as a splendid great crown of jewels — at the end of the long dusk perspective. No east-end we have seen elsewhere has had a similar effect — not more as regards form than color. A glance at the plan will show why. At Peterborough there was a semicircular Norman apse with a later construction dimly discernible beyond it, at Ely a flat east-end, and at Salisbury a straight line of great arches bearing a flat wall above and showing beneath their curves an outlying chapel, also rectangular in shape; but here at Lichfield there is a polygonal termina-



THE NAVE AND THE WEST-END FROM WITHIN THE CHOIR.

tion, a true Gothic apse—in name a Lady-Chapel merely, but of equal height with the choir itself and forming to the eye its actual end. This is the only cathedral in England where we find a Gothic apse, and the only ancient church in England where we find it in just this shape. At Westminster and in one or two smaller churches we have the French apse-form with the choir-aisles carried around the polygon to make encircling chapels. At Lichfield the German type is followed—there are no aisles, and a single range of lofty windows absorbs the whole height, rising into the curves

of the vaulting, and filled with geometrical traceries. This is enough to surprise us and—since there is nothing which the tourist likes so well as novelty—to delight us also. But we marvel indeed when we see the beautiful glass with which this beautiful apse is lined, and remember again how Hacket found his church. In truth, these magnificent harmonies of purple and crimson and blue—of blue, it may better be said, spangled with purple and crimson—never threw their light on English Catholic, on Anglican or Puritan plunderer, or on Sir Christopher's workmen. While these were building and shattering and building again, the glass upon which Lichfield now prides itself almost as much as upon its three stately spires was glorifying a quiet abbey of Cistercian nuns in Belgium. Only in 1802, at the dissolution of the abbey, was it purchased by Sir Brooks Boothby (surely one should not forget his name) and set up at Lichfield. It is late in date—not earlier than 1530—but unusually good for its time in both design and color; and nowhere in the world could it serve beauty better than in just this English church. The rich delicacy, the feminine loveliness, of Lichfield's interior needs such a final jewel more than does the severer charm of most English cathedrals. And the qualities which need its help, help in return its own effect; the apse reveals it better than a flat wall could, and the color of the whole interior—from which all traces of the ancient paint have been removed—is, fortunately, not the pale yellow or the shining white we most often see, but a dull soft red of very delightful tone. Thanks largely to this color, as well as to the apse and its glass, we find that after all we do not much regret at Lichfield the grandeur of which we dreamed but which failed to greet us. When a church is so beautiful, what matter whether it looks like a cathedral church or not? If it were only a little broader



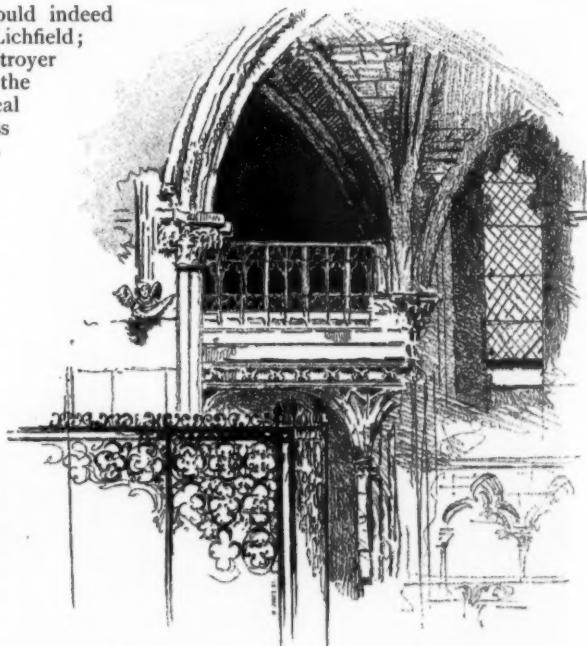
THE LADY-CHAPEL FROM THE HIGH-ALTAR.

and a good bit loftier, we should indeed be content with the interior of Lichfield; and, it must be added, if the destroyer had done his work less well, and the restorer had done his a great deal better—for much of that richness which looks like beauty at a distance proves very poor stuff on near inspection, judged even by restorers' standards. This is notably the case with the vaulting, of course, and with the statues in the choir. Nor are most of the monuments introduced during the last century and a half to be considered works of art. There is one exception, however—Chantrey's famous group of two sleeping children. Certain works of art, and this is one of them, are so famous—are famous, rather, in so popular a way—that it is hard to credit them with genuine excellence. Knowing the average level of English sculpture in the first years of this century—knowing, indeed, the average level of Chantrey's own productions—and reading the sentimental delight of every tourist in this sentimental-sounding piece of work, how should we believe beforehand that it is so genuinely good—so graceful in design, so pleasing if not strong in execution, and so full of true and simple feeling; so full of sentiment yet so free from the feeble sentimentality of the time?

The chapter-house at Lichfield is another beautiful piece of early-Decorated work sadly marred by ruin and renewal—an elongated octagon with a central column to support its vaulting, and connected with the choir by a well-designed vestibule. Above it is the library, wholly stripped of its contents in the civil war, but now filled again with a goodly assortment of treasures. Chief among them is the so-called Gospel of St. Chad, a superb manuscript of Hibernian workmanship which may possibly be as old as the saint's own day.

#### IX.

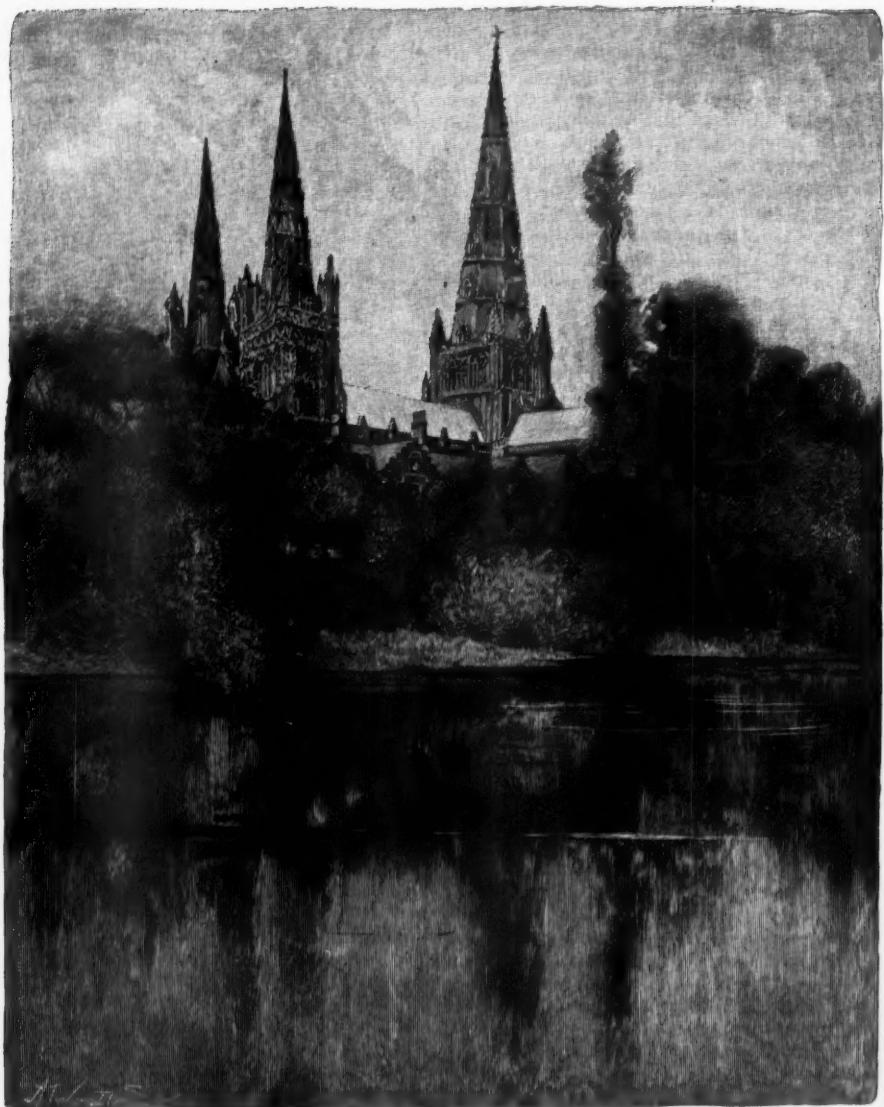
MR. PENNELL, in his pictures, will show more clearly than I can in words the exterior look of Lichfield. It stands on somewhat higher ground than the town, the very dullness and insignificance of which throws its beauty into bright relief. Whether we approach it from one street or another we see it suddenly across the silver stretches of its Pool, and it is hard to



"WATCHING GALLERY" OVER THE SACRISTY DOOR.

determine whether the shining water at Lichfield or the green lake of turf at Salisbury makes the lovelier foreground. Standing on the causeway which leads towards the western entrance of the Close, it is not merely a fine view that we have before us—it is a picture so complete and perfect that the keenest artist need not ask to change one detail. Perhaps accident has had more to do than design with the planting of the greenery which borders the lake and above which spring the daring spires. But it is planting that a landscape-gardener might study to his profit, and if there is one wish we make when we see or think of Lichfield from this point of view, it is that the tall poplar may be as long-lived as the tree Ygdrasil—so pretty a measure does it give of the tallness of the spires, so exquisite is the completing accent which it brings into the scene.

If it is from the south-east that we approach the church, we cross another causeway on either hand of which the lake spreads out widely, and see not only the spires but the apse and the long stretch of the southern side. Enormously long it looks; longer, almost, than those cathedrals which are actually greater, owing to its peculiar lowness; too long, almost, for true beauty, especially as so much of its extent falls to the share of the choir.



THE SPIRES OF LICHFIELD FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

To the north of the church the ground rises quickly into a broad, terrace-like walk flanked by rows of vast and ancient yet graceful lindens; and beyond the trees, behind low walls and verdurous gardens, lies a range of canons' homes. The place is not very picturesque to one who has come from Canterbury's precincts or from Peterborough's; but it is very charming, with a homely, sober, shadowy charm that makes a New Englander feel sud-

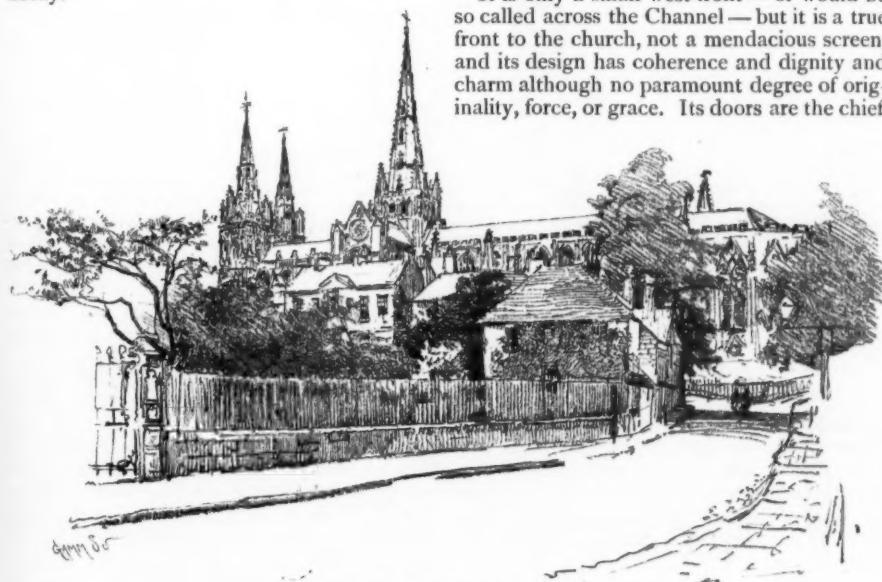
denly much at home. He may almost fancy himself at home, in fact, if he turns his back on the cathedral and sees only the trees and the houses—and if he knows so little of trees as to be able to take limes for elms or maples; for the row of sedate square dwellings, and even the Deanery in the middle, are similar in size and form to many in his own older towns, and are not more dignified in aspect. Indeed, there are certain streets in Salem, to name no

others, which show a much statelier succession of homes than this — than this, which we like all the better because it tempts us into drawing such comparisons and yet allows us to draw them to our own exalting.

There are no ruined buildings in the neighborhood of this cathedral. As a collegiate establishment it had no cloisters or important accessory structures to tempt King Henry's or Cromwell's wreckers, or to fall into gradual decay.

but that much has perished to be replaced by imitations of a particularly futile and distressing sort. The Early-English door into the north transept still remains nearly intact, and is one of the most singular and lovely bits of work in England, but its southern counterpart has been much injured; and though in design the west-front is one of the best in the country, its present adornments are without rivalry the worst.

It is only a small west-front — or would be so called across the Channel — but it is a true front to the church, not a mendacious screen, and its design has coherence and dignity and charm although no paramount degree of originality, force, or grace. Its doors are the chief



THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL.

In any and every aspect, but more especially when foliage comes close about it, Lichfield's color assists its other beauties. Gray is the rule in English churches — dark cold gray at Ely, for example, light yellow gray at Canterbury, pale pearly gray at Salisbury; and although dark grayness means great solemnity and grandeur, and light grayness great delicacy and charm, they both need the hand of time — the stain of the weather and the web of the lichen — to give them warmth and "tone"; and the work of the hand of time has almost everywhere in England been undone by the hand of the restorer. Red stone is warm and mellow in itself, and Lichfield is red with a beautiful soft ruddiness that could hardly be overmatched by the sandstone of any land.

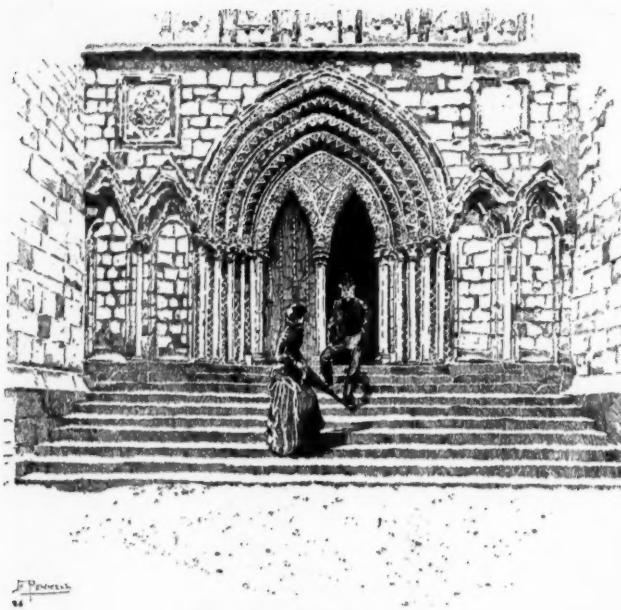
X.

A NARROWER examination of the exterior of the church shows that much beauty remains,

VOL. XXXVI.—55.

entrances to the church — small ones, but delightful in shape and feature; and we may offset the too great heaviness of the corner pinnacles of the towers by noting the beauty of their parapets. The traceries of the great window were renewed in the seventeenth century — a gift from King James II.; and the big statue in the gable above pictures that very saintly monarch, the second Charles.

The statues which filled the multitudinous niches were defaced by the Puritans, but were not removed until the middle of the last century. About 1820 those which still remained were restored — which much-abused word could not possibly be more abused than by setting it in this connection. The restoration of Lichfield's statues meant that the ruined remnants of the ancient figures were overlaid with cement which was then molded into simulacra of the human form. For some years past attempts have been made to supplement these atrocities by better works; but



DOORWAY IN THE NORTH TRANSEPT.

it cannot be truthfully reported that many of even the newest comers are worthy of their places. The present royal lady of England stands in a conspicuous niche, portrayed by one of her royal daughters; and this piece of amateur art is not the worst of the company.

## XI.

PERHAPS the New England tourist whom I have just imagined may find time to rest a while on some bench beneath the giant lime-trees of Lichfield, turning his back now on the canons' homes and his face to the church itself. Perhaps from contemplation he will be led to introspection — will think over the courses he has traveled and weigh the changes in his mental attitude that they have brought about. Then it will be strange if the figure of the seventeenth-century Puritan does not surge up in his thought, striking him with surprise, yea, smiting him with compunction. Here is a figure, typifying much more than itself, with regard to which his mental attitude will indeed seem a new one. At home the Puritan had been honored and revered. Patriotic pride and religious habit had joined to make him seem as venerable as mighty. His faults and shortcomings were acknowledged, but were piously laid to the spirit of his age; his virtues, so much greater than all his faults, were as piously credited to his personal account. The

work which he had done was thought the noblest, almost, that man had ever done — this breaking through a dogmatic, pinching creed, this oversetting of a misused, tyrant throne, this planting beyond the sea of a greater commonwealth whose blazon should mean freedom of action in the present world, freedom of accountability with the world to come. And if a contemptuous shrug at his narrowness or a half-smile at his grim formality was permitted, it was as though before the portrait of some excellent grandsire whose defects might be criticised under the breath, but should not be made a text for public reprobation.

But here, amidst these cathedrals, what is the

Puritan to his descendant's thought? A rude destroyer of things ancient and therefore to be respected; a vandal devastator of things rare and beautiful and too precious ever to be replaced; a brutal scoffer, drinking at the altar, firing his musket at the figure of Christ, parading in priests' vestments through the marketplace, stabbing his horses amidst the handiwork of beauty under the roof of God.

Yet if the traveler takes time to think a little he will find that it is not his inner mental attitude which has changed so much as his outer point of view. The political, the moral, was the point of view at home; the artistic point of view is that of the cathedral precinct. He has not really come to think that the great benefits which the Puritan bought for him with a price were bought with too high a price. He merely grumbles at being called upon to pay a part of it again out of his own pocket — to pay in loss of the eye's delight for the opportunities which made him a freeman. But grumbling always grows by its own expression, and moreover, the very pain of the reaction in our feelings towards the Puritan leads us imperceptibly into an exaggeration of his crimes. Surprised at first, then shocked, enraged, by the blood of art which stains his footsteps, we lose our tempers, forget to make judicial inquiry, and end by crediting him with all the slaughter that has passed. And our injustice is fostered by the wholesale charges which are

brought against him by the Anglican guardians of the temples where his hammer and ax were plied. It is less trying to the soul of the verger, and, I may say, of his local superiors and of commentators in print, to abuse the alien Puritan than the fellow-Anglican of the sixteenth or the eighteenth century. Thus natural enemy and outraged friend unite in burdening the Puritan's broad shoulders with a load that in greater part should be borne by others.

I thought that in the course of these chapters I had avoided such injustice, though I

desecration of good churchmen in the century before our own, and how much by the well-meant but often inartistic renovations of the good churchmen of quite recent years. I thought I had made it plain that if we should add all their sins together, the sins of the Puritan would seem small in comparison. But it seems I was mistaken, for a kindly critic writes me from England that I am unjust to the Puritan, and even explains — to a descendant of New England pioneers! — that he was in fact a worthy personage, thoroughly conscientious after his lights and most serviceable to

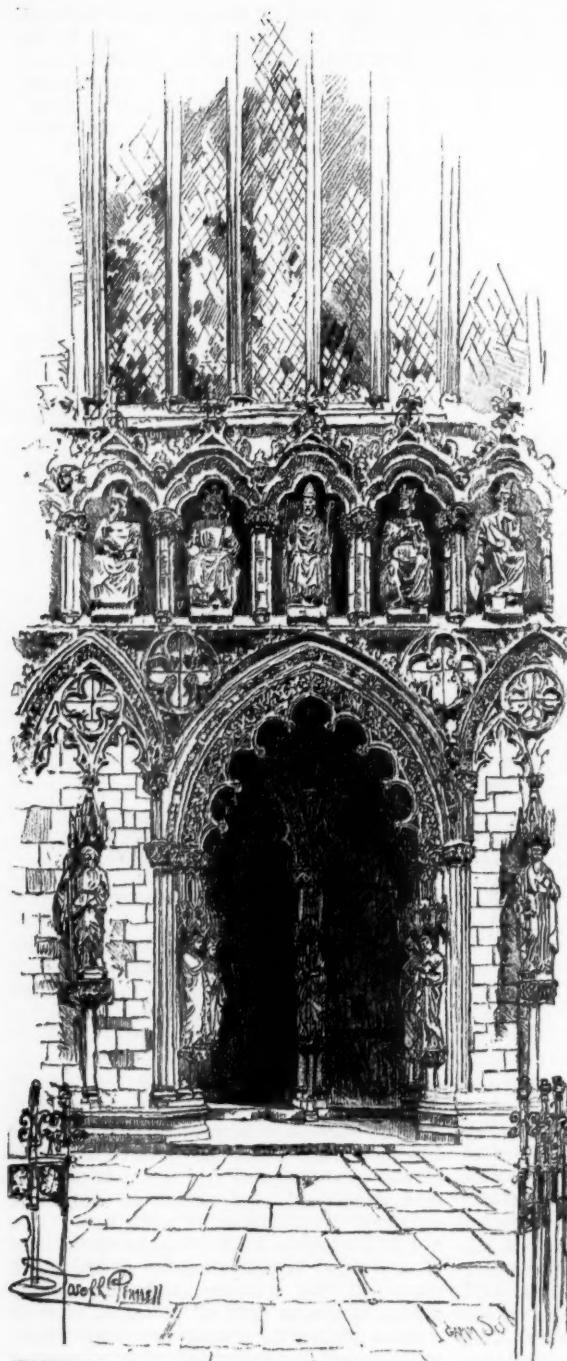


THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

freely confess that there were moments in my English journey when I hated the Puritan with a holy hatred and wished that he had never shown his surly face to the world — a wish, however, which included the Anglican, too, as his fellow-fiend in destruction, his fellow-pillager of Catholic rights and destroyer of Catholic charms and graces. I thought I had explained how much of the ruin we see was wrought by the good churchmen of King Henry's reign and of Somerset's protectorate, how much by the hideous neglect or wanton

the best interests of humanity. I believe it as I believe in the worth and value of few other human creatures; and I hereby acknowledge that artistic sins and virtues are not those which the recording angel will place at the top of his tablets when he sums up the acts of men either as individuals or as citizens of the world. But it is impossible for any one merely human to hold all points of view at once — difficult for a mere recording tourist to remember that the artistic point of view is not of paramount interest.

## LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.



THE MAIN DOORWAY, WEST FRONT.

Yet I will try once more to be impartial—to give my hereditary enemy his just meed of blame and to give no more than his just meed to that honored sire whose sins I may have exaggerated just because I could not perceive them without a feeling of personal abasement. I will point out more plainly, for example, that many of the beautiful ornaments of Lichfield had been shattered or removed by order of the early Anglican reformers; and that although Puritan shots ruined the spire, it was churchmen who had made the church a castle. I will repeat that the breaking of the statues of the front was a minor injury compared with their removal and their so-called restoration by Anglican hands, and will add that pages of sad description would be needed to tell what was done by these hands inside the church and inside every great church in England—to tell of the big pews that were built, the coats of whitewash that were roughly given, the chisels that were plied in senseless alterations, the glass that was destroyed, the birds that were allowed to enter through the broken panes, to nest in the sculptured capitals, to be fired at with shots each rebound of which meant another item of beauty gone. It is a piteous chronicle read all together; and read all together—I am glad and proud to say once more—the Puritan's pages do not seem the worst. If I have cited them more often than the others, it is simply because they are more picturesque, more dramatic, more incisive in their interest. The work of the Anglican ravager was done gradually, quietly, almost secretly—half by actual act, half by mere stupidity and neglect. The Puritan's was done all at once, and to the sound of the blaring trumpet of war.

*M. G. van Rensselaer.*

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.\*

### LINCOLN AND McCLELLAN.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

#### THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.



N the day after the battle of Bull Run, General McClellan was ordered to Washington. He arrived there on the 26th of July, and the next day assumed command of the division of the Potomac, comprising the troops in and around Washington on both banks of the river. In his report he says:

There were about 50,000 infantry, less than 1,000 cavalry, and 650 artillermen, with 9 imperfect field-batteries of 30 pieces. . . . There was nothing to prevent the enemy shelling the city from heights within easy range, which could be occupied by a hostile column almost without resistance. Many soldiers had deserted, and the streets of Washington were crowded with straggling officers and men, absent from their stations without authority, whose behavior indicated the general want of discipline and organization.†

This picture is naturally drawn in the darkest colors, but the outlines are substantially accurate. There was great need of everything which goes to the efficiency of an army. There was need of soldiers, of organization, of drill, of a young and vigorous commander to give impulse and direction to the course of affairs.

All these wants were speedily supplied. The energy of the Government and the patriotism of the North poured into the capital a constant stream of recruits. These were taken in hand by an energetic and intelligent staff, assigned to brigades and divisions, equipped and drilled, with the greatest order and celerity. The infantry levies, on their first arrival, were sent to the various camps in the suburbs, and being there formed into provisional brigades were thoroughly exercised and instructed before being transferred to the forces on the other side of the river. These provisional brigades were successively commanded by Generals Fitz John Porter, Ambrose E. Burnside, and Silas Casey. The cavalry and the artillery, as they arrived, reported respectively to Generals George Stoneman and William F. Barry, chiefs of those arms. Colonel Andrew Porter was made Provost-Marshal of Washington, and

soon reduced the place to perfect order, which was never again disturbed during the war. Deserters were arrested, stragglers sent back to their regiments, and the streets rendered more quiet and secure than those of most cities in profound peace.

A great army was speedily formed. The 50,000 that General McClellan found in Washington were reënforced by the stalwart men of the North as fast as steam could bring them by water or land. Nothing like it had ever before been seen on the continent. The grand total of officers and men of the regular army before the war consisted of 17,000 souls. On the 27th of October, exactly three months after General McClellan assumed command, he reported an aggregate of strength for the army under him of 168,318, of which there were, he said, present for duty 147,695;‡ and he reported several other bodies of troops *en route* to him. The Adjutant-General's report, three days later, shows present for duty with the Army of the Potomac, inclusive of troops in the Shenandoah, on the Potomac, and at Washington, 162,737, with an aggregate present and absent of 198,238. This vast army was of the best material the country could afford. The three-months' regiments—which were, as a rule, imperfectly organized and badly officered, their officers being, to a great extent, the product of politics and personal influence—had been succeeded by the volunteer army of three-years' men, which contained all the best elements of the militia, with very desirable additions. Only the most able of the militia generals, those whom the President had recognized as worthy of permanent employment, returned to the field after the expiration of their three-months' service. The militia organization of brigades and divisions had of course disappeared. The governors of the States organized the regiments, and appointed regimental and company officers only. The higher organization rested with the President, who also had the appointing of general and staff officers. A most valuable element of the new army was the old regular organization, largely increased and improved by the addition of eleven regiments, constituting two divisions of two brigades each. This

† McClellan, Report, p. 9.

‡ Ibid., p. 7.

\* Copyright by J. G. Nicolay and John Hay, 1886. All rights reserved.

created a great many additional vacancies, which were filled partly from the old army and partly from civil life, giving to the service a large number of valuable officers. Two classes of cadets were that year graduated from the military academy at West Point, many of whom became useful and distinguished in the regular and the volunteer service.

In brief, for three months the Government placed at the disposal of the young general more than a regiment a day of excellent troops. The best equipments, the best arms, the best artillery, the most distinguished of the old officers, the most promising of the young, were given him. The armies in every other part of the country were stinted to supply this most important of all the departments; and at first it was with universal popular assent that this bountiful provision was made for him. He had gained for the country the only victory it had yet to its credit. He enjoyed a high character for military learning and science, founded upon the report of his friends. He was capable of great and long-continued industry in executive affairs. He was surrounded by an able and brilliant staff, all heartily devoted to him, and inclined to give him the greater share of the credit for their own work. His alert and gallant bearing, as he rode from camp to camp about Washington, surrounded by a company of aides in uniforms as yet untarnished by campaign life, impressed the imagination of tourists and newspaper correspondents, who at once gave him, on this insufficient evidence, the sobriquet of "the young Napoleon." In addition to these advantages, he was a man of extraordinary personal attractiveness; strangers instinctively liked him, and those who were thrown much in his company grew very fond of him. In every one, from the President of the United States to the humblest orderly who waited at his door, he inspired a remarkable affection and regard, a part of which sprang, it is true, from the intense desire prevalent at the time for success to our arms, which naturally included an impulse of good-will to our foremost military leaders; but this impulse, in the case of General McClellan, was given

a peculiar warmth by his unusually winning personal characteristics. In consequence he was courted and caressed as few men in our history have been. His charm of manner, enhanced by his rising fame, made him the idol of the Washington drawing-rooms; and his high official position, his certainty of speedy promotion to supreme command, and the probability of great political influence to follow, made him the target of all the interests and ambitions that center in a capital in time of war.\*

He can hardly be blamed if this sudden and dazzling elevation produced some effect upon his character and temper. Suddenly, as by a spell of enchantment, he had been put in command of one of the greatest armies of modern times; he had become one of the most conspicuous figures of the world; his portrait had grown as familiar as those of our great historic worthies; every word and act of his were taken up and spread broadcast by the thousand tongues of publicity. He saw himself treated with the utmost deference, his prejudices flattered, and his favor courted by statesmen and soldiers twice his age. We repeat that he can hardly be blamed if his temper and character suffered in the ordeal.

He has left in his memoirs and letters unquestionable evidence of a sudden and fatal degeneration of mind during the months he passed in Washington in the latter half of 1861.† At first everything was novel and delightful. On the 27th of July he wrote: "I find myself in a new and strange position here; President, Cabinet, General Scott, and all deferring to me. By some strange operation of magic I seem to have become the power of the land." Three days later he wrote: "They give me my way in everything, full swing and unbounded confidence. . . . Who would have thought when we were married that I should so soon be called upon to save my country?" A few days afterward: "I shall carry this thing on *en grand* and crush the rebels in one campaign." By the 9th of August his estimate of his own importance had taken such a morbid development that he was able to say: "I would cheerfully take

\* General W. T. Sherman writes in his "Memoirs": "General McClellan arrived. . . . Instead of coming over the river, as we expected, he took a house in Washington, and only came over from time to time to have a review or inspection. . . . August was passing and troops were pouring in from all quarters; General McClellan told me he intended to organize an army of 100,000 men, with 100 field batteries, and I still hoped he would come on our side of the Potomac, pitch his tent, and prepare for real hard work, but his headquarters still remained in a house in Washington City." Vol. I., pp. 191, 192.

To show how differently another sort of general comprehended the duties before him at this time, we

give another sentence from Sherman's "Memoirs": "I organized a system of drills, embracing the evolutions of the line, all of which was new to me, and I had to learn the tactics from books; but I was convinced that we had a long, hard war before us, and made up my mind to begin at the very beginning to prepare for it."

† "McClellan's Own Story," p. 82. We should hesitate to print these pathetic evidences of McClellan's weakness of character, contained as they are in private letters to his family, if they had not been published by Mr. W. C. Prime, with a singular misconception of their true bearing, as a basis for attacking the administration of Mr. Lincoln.

the dictatorship and agree to lay down my life when the country is saved"; yet he added in the same letter,\* "I am not spoiled by my unexpected new position." This pleasing delirium lasted only a few weeks, and was succeeded by a strange and permanent hallucination upon two points: one was that the enemy, whose numbers were about one-third his own, vastly exceeded his army in strength; and the other, that the Government—which was doing everything in its power to support him—was hostile to him and desired his destruction. On the 16th of August he wrote: "I am here in a terrible place; the enemy have from three to four times my force; the President, the old general, can not or will not see the true state of affairs." He was in terror for fear he should be attacked, in doubt whether his army would stand. "If my men will only fight I think I can thrash him, notwithstanding the disparity of numbers. . . . I am weary of all this." Later on the same day he wrote with exultation that "a heavy rain is swelling the Potomac; if it can be made impassable for a week, we are saved." All through the month he expected battle "in a week." By the end of August his panic passed away; he said he was "ready for Beauregard," and a week later began to talk of attacking him.

By this time he had become, to use his own language, "disgusted with the Administration—perfectly sick of it."† His intimate friends and associates were among the political opponents of the men at the head of affairs, and their daily flatteries had easily convinced him that in him was the only hope of saving the country, in spite of its incapable rulers. He says in one place, with singular naïveté, that Mr. Stanton gained his confidence by professing friendship for himself while loading the President with abuse and ridicule.‡ He professed especial contempt for the President; partly because Mr. Lincoln showed him "too much deference."§ In October he wrote: "There are some of the greatest geese in the Cabinet I have ever seen—enough to tax the patience of Job." In November his disgust at the Government had become almost intolerable: "It is sickening in the extreme, and makes me feel heavy at heart, when I see the weakness and unfitness of the poor beings who control the destinies of this great country." The affair of Mason and Slidell, with which he had no concern, and upon which his advice was not asked, agitated him at this time. He feels that his wisdom alone must save the country in this crisis; he writes that he must

spend the day in trying to get the Government to do its duty. He does not quite know what its duty is—but must first "go to Stanton's to ascertain what the law of nations" has to say on the matter, Stanton being at this time his friend, and, as he thinks, Lincoln's opponent. He had begun already to rank the President as among his enemies. He was in the habit of hiding at Stanton's when he had serious work to do, "to dodge," as he said, "all enemies in the shape of 'browsing' Presidents," etc. "I am thwarted and deceived by these incapables at every turn."||

He soon began to call and to consider the Army of the Potomac as his own. He assumed the habit, which he never relinquished, of asking that all desirable troops and stores be sent to him. Indeed, it may be observed that even before he came to Washington this tendency was discernible. While he remained in the West he was continually asking for men and money. But when he came to the Potomac he recognized no such need on the part of his successor, and telegraphed to Governor Dennison to "pay no attention to Rosecrans's demand" for reënforcements.¶ In the plan of campaign which he laid before the President on the 4th of August, 1861, which was, in general objects and intentions, very much the same plan already adopted by General Scott and the Government, he assigned the scantiest detachments to the great work of conquering the Mississippi Valley; 20,000, he thought, would be enough, with what could be raised in Kentucky and Tennessee, "to secure the latter region and its railroads, as well as ultimately to occupy Nashville"—while he demanded for himself the enormous aggregate of 273,000 men.\*\* He wanted especially all the regular troops; the success of operations elsewhere, he said, was relatively unimportant compared with those in Virginia. These views of his were naturally adopted by his immediate associates, who carried them to an extent probably not contemplated by the general. They seemed to regard him as a kind of tribune, armed by the people with powers independent of and superior to the civil authorities. On the 20th of August his father-in-law, Colonel R. B. Marcy, being in New York, and not satisfied with what he saw in the way of recruitment, sent General McClellan a telegram urging him "to make a positive and unconditional demand for an immediate draft of the additional troops you require." "The people," he says, "will applaud such a course, rely upon it." The general, seeing

\* "McClellan's Own Story," p. 85.

† Ibid., p. 168.

‡ Ibid., p. 152.

§ Ibid., p. 91.

|| Ibid., p. 177.

¶ McClellan to Dennison, Aug. 12, 1861. War Records.

\*\* McClellan to Lincoln. War Records.

nothing out of the way in this explosive communication of his staff-officer, sent it to the Secretary of War with this indorsement: "Colonel Marcy knows what he says, and is of the coolest judgment"; and recommended that his suggestion be carried into effect. All this time every avenue of transportation was filled with soldiers on their way to Washington.

In connection with his delusion as to the number of the enemy in front of him, it grew a fixed idea in his mind that all the best troops and all the officers of ability in the army should be placed under his orders. On the 8th of September he wrote a remarkable letter to the Secretary of War embodying these demands. He begins, in the manner which at an early day became habitual with him and continued to the end of his military career, by enormously exaggerating the strength of the enemy opposed to him. He reports his own force, in the immediate vicinity of Washington, at 85,000, and that of the enemy at 130,000, which he says is a low estimate, and draws the inevitable conclusion that "this army should be reënforced at once by all the disposable troops that the East and West and North can furnish. . . . I urgently recommend," he says, "that the whole of the regular army, old and new, be at once ordered to report here," with some trifling exceptions. He also demands that the choicest officers be assigned to him, especially that none of those recommended by him be sent anywhere else.\* Most of these requests were granted, and General McClellan seems to have assumed a sort of proprietary right over every regiment that had once come under his command. When General T. W. Sherman's expedition was about sailing for the South, he made an earnest request to the Government for the 79th New York Highlanders. The matter being referred to General McClellan, he wrote in the most peremptory tone to the War Department, forbidding the detachment of those troops. "I will not consent," he says roundly, "to one other man being detached from this army for that expedition. I need far more than I now have, to save this country. . . . It is the task of the Army of the Potomac to decide the question at issue."† The President accepted this rebuke, and telegraphed to General Sherman that he had promised General McClellan "not to break his army here without his consent."‡

Such an attitude towards the military and civil authorities is rarely assumed by a gen-

eral so young and so inexperienced, and to sustain it requires a degree of popular strength and confidence which is only gained by rapid and brilliant successes. In the case of General McClellan the faith of his friends and of the Government had no nourishment for a long time except his own promises, and several incidents during the late summer and autumn made heavy drafts upon the general confidence which was accorded him.

From the beginning of hostilities the blockade of the Potomac River below Washington was recognized on both sides as a great advantage to be gained by the Confederates, and a great danger to be guarded against by the national Government. For a while the navy had been able to keep the waters of the river clear by the employment of a few powerful light-draft steamers; but it soon became evident that this would not permanently be a sufficient protection, and even before the battle of Bull Run the Navy Department suggested a combined occupation, by the army and the navy, of Mathias Point, a bold and commanding promontory on the Virginia side, where the Potomac, after a horse-shoe bend to the east, flows southward again with its width greatly increased. On the 20th of August the Navy Department renewed its importunities to the War Department to coöperate in the seizure of this most important point, which was "absolutely essential to the unobstructed navigation of the Potomac."§ Eleven days later these suggestions were still more pressingly presented, without effect. In October, however, when rebel batteries were already appearing at different points on the river, and when it was in contemplation to send to Port Royal the steamers which had been policing the Potomac, an arrangement was entered into between the army and the navy to occupy Mathias Point. Orders were sent to Captain Craven to collect at that place the necessary boats for landing a force of 4000 men. He waited all night and no troops appeared. Captain Fox, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, who had taken a great deal of interest in the expedition, went in deep chagrin to the President, who at once accompanied him to General McClellan's quarters to ask some explanation of this failure. The general informed him that he had become convinced it would not be practicable to land the troops, and that he had therefore not sent them. Captain Fox assured him that the navy would be responsible for that; and, after some discussion, it was concluded that the troops should go the next

\* McClellan to Cameron. War Records.

† McClellan to Thomas A. Scott, Oct. 17, 1861. War Records.

‡ Lincoln to Sherman, October 18, 1861. War Records.

§ Welles to Cameron. War Records.

night. Captain Craven was again ordered to be in readiness; the troops did not go. Craven came to Washington in great agitation, threw up his command, and applied for sea-service, on the ground that his reputation as an officer would be ruined by the closing of the river while he was in command of the flotilla.\* The vessels went out one by one; the rebels put up their batteries at their leisure, and the blockade of the river was complete. When General McClellan was examined as to this occurrence by the Committee on the Conduct of the War, he did not remember the specific incidents as recited by Captain Fox, and as reported above, but said he never regarded the obstruction of the Potomac as of vital importance; its importance was more moral than physical.†

General McClellan was perhaps inclined to underrate moral effects. The affair at Ball's Bluff, which occurred on the 21st of October, produced an impression on the public mind and affected his relations with the leading spirits in Congress to an extent entirely out of proportion to its intrinsic importance. He had hitherto enjoyed unbounded popularity. The country saw the army rapidly growing in numbers and improving in equipment and discipline, and was content to allow the authorities their own time for accomplishing their purposes. The general looked forward to no such delays as afterward seemed to him necessary. He even assumed that the differences between himself and Scott arose from Scott's preference "for inaction and the defensive."‡ On the 10th of October he said to the President: "I think we shall have our arrangements made for a strong reconnaissance about Monday to feel the strength of the enemy. I intend to be careful and do as well as possible. Don't let them hurry me, is all I ask." The President, pleased with the prospect of action, replied: "You shall have your own way in the matter, I assure you."§ On the 12th he sent a dispatch to Mr. Lincoln from the front, saying that the enemy was before him in force, and would probably attack in the morning. "If they attack," he added, "I shall beat them."|| Nothing came of this. On the 16th the President was, as usual, at headquarters for a moment's conversation with General McClellan, who informed him that the enemy was massing at Manassas, and said that he was "not such a fool as to buck against that place in the spot designated by the rebels." But he seemed continually to be waiting merely for some slight additional

increment of his force, and never intending any long postponement of the offensive; while he was apparently always ready, and even desirous, for the enemy to leave their works and attack him, being confident of defeating them.

In this condition of affairs, with all his force well in hand, he ordered, on the 19th of October, that General McCall should march from his camp at Langley to Dranesville, to cover a somewhat extensive series of reconnaissances for the purpose of learning the position of the enemy, and of protecting the operations of the topographical engineers in making maps of that region. The next day he received a dispatch from General Banks's adjutant-general, indicating that the enemy had moved away from Leesburg. This information turned out to be erroneous; but upon receiving it General McClellan sent a telegram to General Stone at Poolesville informing him that General McCall had occupied Dranesville the day before and was still there, that heavy reconnaissances would be sent out the same day in all directions from that point, and directing General Stone to keep a good lookout upon Leesburg, to see if that movement had the effect to drive them away. "Perhaps," he adds, "a slight demonstration on your part would have the effect to move them."¶ General McClellan insists that this order contemplated nothing more than that General Stone should make some display of an intention to cross, and should watch the enemy more closely than usual. But General Stone gave it a much wider range, and at once reported to General McClellan that he had made a feint of crossing at Poolesville, and at the same time started a reconnoitering party towards Leesburg from Harrison's Island, and that the enemy's pickets had retired to their intrenchments. Although General McClellan virtually holds that this was in effect a disobedience of his orders, he did not direct General Stone to retire his troops—on the contrary, he congratulated him upon the movement; but thinking that McCall would not be needed to coöperate with him, he ordered the former to fall back from Dranesville to his camp near Prospect Hill, which order, though contradicted by later instructions which did not reach him until his return to Langley, was executed during the morning of the 21st. But while McCall, having completed his reconnaissance, was marching at his leisure back to his camp, the little detachment which General Stone had sent across the river had blundered into battle.

A careful reading of all the accounts in the

\* Report Committee on Conduct of the War. G. V. Fox, Testimony.

† Report Committee on Conduct of the War. McClellan, Testimony.

‡ "McClellan's Own Story," p. 170.

§ J. H., Diary.

|| Ibid.

¶ McClellan, Report, p. 32.

archives of the War Department relating to this affair affords the best possible illustration of the lack of discipline and intelligent organization prevailing at that time in both armies. The reports of the different commanders seem hardly to refer to the same engagement; each side enormously exaggerates the strength of the enemy, and the descriptions of the carnage at critical moments of the fight read absurdly enough when compared with the meager official lists of killed and wounded. We will briefly state what really took place.

On the evening of the 20th General Gorman made a demonstration of crossing at Edwards Ferry, and a scouting party of the 20th Massachusetts crossed from Harrison's Island and went to within about a mile of Leesburg, returning with the report that they had found a small camp of the enemy in the woods. General Stone then ordered Colonel Charles Devens, commanding the 20th Massachusetts, to take four companies of his regiment over in the night to destroy this camp at daybreak. Colonel Devens proceeding to execute this order found that the report of the scouting party was erroneous, and reporting this fact waited in the woods for further orders. General Stone sent over a small additional detachment which he afterward reënforced by a larger body, the whole being in command of Colonel E. D. Baker of the California regiment—a Senator from Oregon, an officer of the highest personal and political distinction, and, as we have already related, not without experience in the Mexican war. General Stone had now evidently resolved upon a reconnaissance in force, and in case an engagement should result he confidently expected Colonel Baker to drive the enemy from his front, at which juncture General Stone expected to come in upon their right with Gorman's troops, which he was pushing over at Edwards Ferry, and capture or rout the entire command. He gave Colonel Baker discretionary authority to advance or to retire after crossing the river, as circumstances might seem to dictate.

Colonel Baker entered upon the work assigned to him with the greatest enthusiasm and intrepidity. The means of transportation were lamentably inadequate; but working energetically, though without system, the greater part of the troops assigned for the service were at last got over, and Baker took command on the field a little after 2 o'clock. The battle was already lost, though the brave and high-spirited orator did not suspect it, any more than did General Stone, who, at Edwards Ferry, was waiting for the moment to arrive when he should attack the enemy's right and convert his defeat into rout. Colonel Devens,

who had been skirmishing briskly with continually increasing numbers of the Confederates all the morning, had by this time fallen back in line with Baker's, Lee's, and Cogswell's regiments, and a new disposition was made of all the troops on the ground to resist the advancing enemy. The disposition was as bad as it could well be made; both flanks were exposed, and the reserves were placed in an unprotected position immediately in rear of the center, where they were shot down without resistance, and were only dangerous to their comrades in front of them. Colonel Baker, whose bravery marked him for destruction, was killed about 4 o'clock, being struck at the same moment by several bullets while striving to encourage his men, and after a brief and ineffectual effort by Colonel Cogswell to move to the left, the National troops retreated to the river bank. They were closely followed by the Confederates; the wretched boats into which many of them rushed were swamped; some strong swimmers reached the Maryland shore, some were shot in the water, a large number threw their arms into the stream and, dispersing in the bushes, escaped in the twilight; but a great proportion of the entire command was captured. The losses on the Union side were 10 officers and 39 enlisted men killed, 15 officers and 143 enlisted men wounded, 26 officers and 688 enlisted men missing.\* The Confederate loss in killed and wounded was almost as great—36 killed and 117 wounded.\*

As soon as the news of the disaster began to reach General Stone, he hurried to the right, where the fugitives from the fight were arriving, did what he could to reëstablish order there, and sent instructions to Gorman to intrench himself at Edwards Ferry and act on the defensive. General Banks arrived with reinforcements at 3 o'clock in the morning of the 22d and assumed command. The Confederates made an attack upon Gorman the same day and were easily repulsed; but General McClellan, thinking "that the enemy were strengthening themselves at Leesburg, and that our means of crossing and recrossing were very insufficient," withdrew all the troops to the Maryland side.† It seems from the Confederate reports that he was mistaken in concluding that the enemy were strengthening themselves; they were also getting out of harm's way as rapidly as possible. General Evans, their commander, says:

Finding my brigade very much exhausted, I left Colonel Barksdale with his regiment, with 2 pieces

\* War Records.

† McClellan to Secretary of War. War Records.

of artillery and a cavalry force, as a grand guard, and I ordered the other 3 regiments to fall back towards Carter's Mills to rest and to be collected in order.\*

The utter inadequacy of means for crossing was of course a sufficient reason to justify the cessation of active operations at that time and place.

Insignificant as was this engagement in itself, it was of very considerable importance in immediate effect and ultimate results. It was the occasion of enormous encouragement to the South. The reports of the Confederate officers engaged exaggerated their own prowess, and the numbers and losses of the National troops tenfold. General Beauregard, in his congratulatory order of the day, claimed that the result of this action proved that no disparity of numbers could avail anything as against Southern valor assisted by the "manifest aid of the God of battles."† It will probably never be possible to convince Confederate soldiers that here, as at Bull Run, the numbers engaged and the aggregate killed and wounded were about equal on both sides—a fact clearly shown by the respective official records. At the North the gloom and affliction occasioned by the defeat were equally out of proportion to the event. Among the killed and wounded were several young men of brilliant promise and distinguished social connections in New England, and the useless sacrifice of their lives made a deep impression upon wide circles of friends and kindred. The death of Colonel Baker greatly affected the public mind. He had been little known in the East when he came as Senator from Oregon, but from the moment that he began to appear in public his fluent and impassioned oratory, his graceful and dignified bearing, a certain youthful energy and fire which contrasted pleasantly with his silver hair, had made him extremely popular with all classes. He was one of Mr. Lincoln's dearest friends; he was especially liked in the Senate; he was one of the most desirable and effective speakers at all great mass-meetings. A cry of passionate anger went up from every part of the country over this precious blood wasted, this dishonor inflicted upon the National flag.

The first and most evident scape-goat was, naturally enough, General Stone. He cannot be acquitted of all blame, even in the calmest review of the facts; there was a lack of preparation for the fight, a lack of thorough supervision after it had begun. But these were the least of the charges made against him. The suspicions which civil war always breeds, and the calumnies resulting from them, were let loose upon

him. They grew to such proportions by constant repetition, during the autumn and winter following, that many people actually thought he was one of a band of conspirators in the Union army working in the interest of rebellion. This impression seized upon the minds of some of the most active and energetic men in Congress, friends and associates of Colonel Baker. They succeeded in convincing the Secretary of War that General Stone was dangerous to the public welfare, and on the 28th of January an order was issued from the War Department to General McClellan directing him to arrest General Stone. He kept it for several days without executing it; but at last, being apparently impressed by the evidence of a refugee from Leesburg that there was some foundation for the charges made by the committee of Congress, he ordered the arrest of General Stone, saying at the same time to the Secretary of War that the case was too indefinite to warrant the framing of charges.‡ The arrest was made without consulting the President. When Mr. Stanton announced it to him the President said: "I suppose you have good reasons for it; and having good reasons, I am glad I knew nothing of it until it was done." General Stone was taken to Fort Lafayette, where he remained in confinement six months; he was then released and afterward restored to duty, but never received any satisfaction to his repeated demands for reparation or trial.

For the moment, at least, there seemed no disposition to censure General McClellan for this misfortune. Indeed, it was only a few days after the battle of Ball's Bluff that he gained his final promotion to the chief command of the armies of the United States. A brief review of his relations to his predecessor may be necessary to a proper understanding of the circumstances under which he succeeded to the supreme command.

Their intercourse, at first marked by great friendship, had soon become clouded by misunderstandings. The veteran had always had a high regard for his junior, had sent him his hearty congratulations upon his appointment to command the Ohio volunteers, and although he had felt compelled on one occasion to rebuke him for interference with matters beyond his jurisdiction,§ their relations remained perfectly friendly, and the old general warmly welcomed the young one to Washington. But once there, General McClellan began to treat the General-in-Chief with a neglect which, though probably unintentional, was none the less galling. On the 8th of August, General McClellan sent to

\* Evans to Jordan, Oct. 3, 1861. War Records.

† Beauregard, Orders, Oct. 23, 1861. War Records.

‡ McClellan to Stone, Dec. 5, 1862. War Records.

§ War Records.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN:

General Scott a letter\* to the effect that he believed the capital "not only insecure," but "in imminent danger." As General McClellan had never personally communicated these views to his chief, but had, as Scott says, "propagated them in high quarters," so that they had come indirectly to the old general's ears, his temper, which was never one of the meekest, quite gave way, and declining to answer General McClellan's letter, he addressed an angry note to the Secretary of War, scouting the idea of Washington being in danger, calling attention to "the stream of new regiments pouring in upon us," complaining bitterly of the reticence and neglect with which his junior treated him, and begging the President, as soon as possible, to retire him from the active command of the army, for which his age, his wounds, and his infirmities had unfitted him.

Mr. Lincoln was greatly distressed by this altercation between the two officers. He prevailed upon General McClellan to write him a conciliatory note, withdrawing the letter of the 8th; and armed with this, he endeavored to soothe the irritation of Scott, and to induce him to withdraw his angry rejoinder of the 9th. But youth, sure of itself and the future, forgives more easily than age; and Scott refused, respectfully but firmly, to comply with the President's request. He waited two days and wrote again to the Secretary of War, giving his reasons for this refusal. He believed General McClellan had deliberately, and with the advice of certain members of the Cabinet, offended him by the letter in question, and

that for the last week, though many regiments had arrived and several more or less important movements of troops had taken place, General McClellan had reported nothing to him, but had been frequently in conversation with various high officers of the Government. "That freedom of access and consultation," he continued, "has, very naturally, deluded the junior general into a feeling of indifference towards his senior." He argues that it would be "against the dignity of his years to be filing daily complaints against an ambitious junior," and closes by reiterating his unfitness for command.†

The two generals never became reconciled. The bickerings between them continued for two months, marked with a painful and growing bitterness on the part of Scott, and on the part of McClellan by a neglect akin to contempt. The elder officer, galled by his subordinate's persistent disrespect, published a general order on the 16th of September, which he says was intended "to suppress an irregularity more conspicuous in Major-General McClellan than in any other officer," forbidding junior officers on duty from corresponding with their superiors except through intermediate commanders; the same rule applying to correspondence with the President and the Secretary of War, unless by the President's request. General McClellan showed how little he cared for such an order by writing two important letters to the Secretary of War within three days after it was issued. On the same day a special order was given General

\* This letter deserves a careful reading. It is extremely characteristic, as showing, in the first place, how early McClellan began to exaggerate the number of the enemy in front of him, and how large were his ideas as to the force necessary for the protection of Washington so long as the duty of protecting the capital devolved upon him.

HEADQUARTERS DIVISION OF THE POTOMAC,  
WASHINGTON, Aug. 8, 1861.

LIEUT.-GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT,  
*Commanding U. S. Army.*

GENERAL: Information from various sources reaching me to-day, through spies, letters, and telegrams, confirms my impressions, derived from previous advices, that the enemy intend attacking our positions on the other side of the river, as well as to cross the Potomac north of us. I have also received a telegram from a reliable agent just from Knoxville, Tenn., that large reinforcements are still passing through there to Richmond. I am induced to believe that the enemy has at least 100,000 men in front of us. Were I in Beauregard's place with that force at my disposal, I would attack the positions on the other side of the Potomac, and at the same time cross the river above this city in force. I feel confident that our present army in this vicinity is entirely insufficient for the emergency, and it is deficient in all the arms of the service — infantry, artillery, and cavalry. I therefore respectfully and most earnestly urge that the garrisons of all places in our rear be reduced at once to the minimum absolutely necessary to hold them, and that all the

troops thus made available be forthwith forwarded to this city; that every company of regular artillery within reach be immediately ordered here to be mounted; that every possible means be used to expedite the forwarding of new regiments of volunteers to this capital without one hour's delay. I urge that nothing be left undone to bring up our force for the defense of this city to 100,000 men, before attending to any other point. I advise that at least eight or ten good Ohio and Indiana regiments may be telegraphed for from western Virginia, their places to be filled at once by the new troops from the same States, who will be at least reliable to fight behind the intrenchments which have been constructed there. The vital importance of rendering Washington at once perfectly secure, and its imminent danger, impel me to urge these requests with the utmost earnestness, and that not an hour be lost in carrying them into execution. A sense of duty which I cannot resist compels me to state that in my opinion military necessity demands that the departments of North-eastern Virginia, Washington, the Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, including Baltimore, and the one including Fort Monroe, should be merged into one department, under the immediate control of the commander of the main army of operations, and which should be known and designated as such.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
GEO. B. McCLELLAN,  
*Major-General, Commanding.*

[War Records.]

† Scott to the President, Aug. 12, 1861.

McClellan to report to army headquarters the number and position of troops under his command, to which order he paid no attention whatever. General Scott felt himself helpless in the face of this mute and persistent disobedience, but he was not able to bear it in silence. On the 4th of October he addressed another passionate remonstrance to the Secretary of War, setting forth these facts, asking whether there were no remedy for such offenses, adverting once more to his physical infirmities, and at last divulging the true reason why he had borne so long the contumely of his junior—that he was only awaiting the arrival of General Halleck, whose presence would give him increased confidence in the preservation of the Union, and thus permit him to retire.\* On the 31st of October he took his final resolution, and addressed the following letter to the Secretary of War:

For more than three years I have been unable, from a hurt, to mount a horse or to walk more than a few paces at a time, and that with much pain. Other and new infirmities—dropsy and vertigo—admonish me that repose of mind and body, with the appliances of surgery and medicine, are necessary to add a little more to a life already protracted much beyond the usual span of man. It is under such circumstances, made doubly painful by the unnatural and unjust rebellion now raging in the Southern States of our so late prosperous and happy Union, that I am compelled to request that my name be placed on the list of army officers retired from active service. As this request is founded on an absolute right granted by a recent act of Congress, I am entirely at liberty to say it is with deep regret that I withdraw myself, in these momentous times, from the orders of a President who has treated me with distinguished kindness and courtesy, whom I know among much personal intercourse to be patriotic, without sectional partialities or prejudices, to be highly conscientious in the performance of every duty, and of unrivaled activity and perseverance. And to you, Mr. Secretary, whom I now officially address for the last time, I beg to acknowledge my many obligations for the uniform high consideration I have received at your hands.\*

His request was granted, with the usual compliments and ceremonies, the President and Cabinet waiting upon him in person at his residence. General McClellan succeeded him in command of the armies of the United States, and in his order of the 1st of November he praised in swelling periods the war-worn veteran† whose latest days of service he had so annoyed and embittered. When we consider the relative positions of the two officers—the years, the infirmities, the well-earned glory of Scott, his former friendship and kindness towards his junior; and, on the other hand, the youth, the strength, the marvelous good fortune of McClellan, his great promotion, his certainty of almost immediate succession to supreme command—it cannot be said that his demeanor towards his chief was magnanimous. Although General Scott's unfitness for com-

mand had become obvious, although his disposition, which in his youth had been arrogant and haughty, had been modified but not improved by age into irascibility, it would certainly not have been out of place for his heir presumptive to dissemble an impatience which was not unnatural, and preserve some appearance at least of a respect he did not feel. Standing in the full sunshine, there was something due from him to an old and illustrious soldier stepping reluctant into hopeless shadow.

The change was well received in all parts of the country. At Washington there was an immediate feeling of relief. The President called at General McClellan's headquarters on the night of the 1st of November and gave him warm congratulations. "I should feel perfectly satisfied," he said, "if I thought that this vast increase of responsibility would not embarrass you." "It is a great relief, sir," McClellan answered. "I feel as if several tons were taken from my shoulders to-day. I am now in contact with you and the Secretary. I am not embarrassed by intervention." "Very well," said the President; "draw on me for all the sense and information I have. In addition to your present command the supreme command of the army will entail an enormous labor upon you." "I can do it all," McClellan quickly answered.‡ Ten days later Blenker's brigade organized a torchlight procession, a sort of *Fackel-tanz*, in honor of the event. The President, after the show was over, went as usual to General McClellan's, and referring to the Port Royal expedition thought this "a good time to feel the enemy." "I have not been unmindful of that," McClellan answered; "we shall feel them tomorrow."§ Up to this time there was no opportunity on the part of the President for an advance of the army, although for several weeks some of the leading men in Congress had been urging it. As early as the 26th of October, Senators Trumbull, Chandler, and Wade called upon the President and earnestly represented to him the importance of immediate action. Two days later they had another conference with the President and Mr. Seward, at the house of the latter. They spoke with some vehemence of the absolute necessity for energetic measures to drive the enemy from in front of Washington. The President and the Secretary of State both defended the general in his deliberate purpose not to move until he was ready. The zealous senators did not confine their visits to the civil authorities. They called upon General McClellan also,

\* Scott to Cameron. War Records.

† McClellan, Order, Nov. 1, 1861. War Records.

‡ J. H., Diary, Nov. 1, 1861.

§ Ibid., Nov. 11, 1861.

and in the course of an animated conversation Mr. Wade said an unsuccessful battle was preferable to delay; a defeat would be easily repaired by the swarming recruits — a thrust which McClellan neatly parried by saying he would rather have a few recruits before a victory than a good many after a defeat.\* There was as yet no apparent hostility to McClellan, even among "these wretched politicians," as he calls them. On the contrary, this conference of the 26th was not inharmonious; McClellan represented General Scott as the obstacle to immediate action, and skillfully diverted the zeal of the senators against the General-in-Chief. He wrote that night:

For the last three hours I have been at Montgomery Blair's, talking with Senators Wade, Trumbull, and Chandler about war matters. They will make a desperate effort to-morrow to have General Scott retired at once; until this is accomplished, I can effect but little good. He is ever in my way, and I am sure does not desire effective action.†

The President, while defending the generals from the strictures of the senators, did not conceal from McClellan the fact of their urgency. He told him it was a reality not to be left out of the account; at the same time he was not to fight till he was ready. "I have everything at stake," the general replied. "If I fail, I will never see you again." At this period there was no question of more than a few days' delay.

The friendly visits of the President to army headquarters were continued almost every night until the 13th of November, when an incident occurred which virtually put an end to them.‡ On that evening Mr. Lincoln walked across the street as usual, accompanied by one of his household, to the residence of the Secretary of State, and after a short visit there both of them went to General McClellan's house, in H street. They were there told that the general had gone to the wedding of an officer and would soon return. They waited nearly an hour in the drawing-room, when the general returned, and, without paying any special attention to the orderly who told him the President was waiting to see him, went upstairs. The President, thinking his name had not been announced to the general, again sent a servant to his room and received the answer that he had gone to bed. Mr. Lincoln attached no special importance to this incident, and, so far as we know, never asked nor received any explanation of it. But it was not unnatural that he should conclude his frequent visits had become irksome to the general, and that he should discontinue them. There was no cessation of their friendly relations, though

after this most of their conferences were held at the Executive Mansion.

On the 20th of November a grand review of the Army of the Potomac took place at Upton's Hill. There were about 50,000 men in line, drawn up on a wide, undulating plain, which displayed them to the best advantage, and a finer army has rarely been seen. The President, accompanied by Generals McClellan and McDowell, and followed by a brilliant cavalcade of a hundred general and staff officers, rode up and down the entire extent of the embattled host. Mr. Lincoln was a good horseman, and was received with hearty cheers by the troops, thousands of whom saw him that day for the first and last time. The reviewing officers then took their stand upon a gentle acclivity in the center of the plain, and the troops filed past in review through the autumnal afternoon until twilight. It had certainly all the appearance of a great army ready for battle, and there was little doubt that they would speedily be led into action. But after the review drilling was resumed; recruits continued to pour in, to be assigned and equipped and instructed. The general continued his organizing work; many hours of every day he passed in the saddle, riding from camp to camp with tireless industry, until at last he fell seriously ill, and for several weeks the army rested almost with folded hands awaiting his recovery.

#### EUROPEAN NEUTRALITY.

ONE of the gravest problems which beset the Lincoln administration on its advent to power was how foreign nations would deal with the fact of secession and rebellion in the United States; and the people of the North endured a grievous disappointment when they found that England and France were by active sympathy favorable to the South. This result does not seem strange when we consider by what insensible steps the news from America had shaped their opinion.

Europeans were at first prepared to accept the disunion threats of Southern leaders as mere transient party bravado. The non-coercion message of President Buchanan, however, was in their eyes an indication of serious import. Old World statesmanship had no faith in unsupported public sentiment as a lasting bond of nationality. The experience of a thousand years teaches them that, under their monarchical system, governments and laws by "divine right" are of accepted and permanent force only when competent physical power stands behind them to compel obedience. Mr. Buchanan's dogma that the Federal Government had no authority to keep a State in the Union was to them, in

\* J. H., Diary, Oct. 26, 27, 1861. † J. H., Diary.

‡ "McClellan's Own Story," p. 171.

theory at least, the end of the Government of the United States. When, further, they saw that this theory was being translated into practice by acquiescence in South Carolina's revolt; by the failure to reinforce Sumter; by the President's quasi-diplomacy with the South Carolina commissioners as foreign agents; and finally by his practical abdication of executive functions, in the message of January 8,\* "referring the whole subject to Congress," and throwing upon it all "the responsibility,"—they naturally concluded that the only remaining question for them was one of new relations with the divided States. From the election of Lincoln until three days preceding his inauguration, a period of nearly four months, embracing the whole drama of public secession and the organization of the Montgomery confederacy, not a word of information, explanation, or protest on these momentous proceedings was sent by the Buchanan cabinet to foreign powers. They were left to draw their inferences exclusively from newspapers, the debates of Congress, and the President's messages till the last day of February, 1861, when Secretary Black, in a diplomatic circular, instructed our ministers at foreign courts "that this Government has not relinquished its constitutional jurisdiction within the territory of those seceded States and does not desire to do so," and that a recognition of their independence must be opposed. France and England replied courteously that they would not act in haste, but quite emphatically that they could give no further binding promise.

Mr. Seward, on assuming the duties of Secretary of State, immediately transmitted a circular, repeating the injunction of his predecessor and stating the confidence of the President in the speedy restoration of the harmony and unity of the Government. Considerable delay occurred in settling upon the various foreign appointments. The new minister to France, Mr. Dayton, and the new minister to Great Britain, Mr. Adams, did not sail for Europe till about the 1st of May. Before either of them arrived at his post, both governments had violated in spirit their promise to act in no haste. On the day Mr. Adams sailed from Boston, his predecessor, Mr. Dallas, yet in London, was sent for by Lord John Russell, her Britannic Majesty's Minister of Foreign Affairs. "He told me," wrote Mr. Dallas, "that the three representatives of the Southern Confederacy were here; that he had not seen them, but was not unwilling to do so, *unofficially*; that there existed an understanding between this Government and that of France which would

lead both to take the same course as to recognition, whatever that course might be." The step here foreshadowed was soon taken. Three days later Lord Russell did receive the three representatives of the Southern Confederacy; and while he told them he could not communicate with them "officially," his language indicated that when the South could maintain its position England would not be unwilling to hear what terms they had to propose. When Mr. Adams landed in England he found, evidently to forestall his arrival, that the Ministry had published the Queen's proclamation of neutrality, raising the Confederate States at once to the position and privilege of a belligerent power; and France soon followed the example.

In taking this precipitate action, both powers probably thought it merely a preliminary step: the British ministers believed disunion to be complete and irrevocable, and were eager to take advantage of it to secure free trade and cheap cotton; while Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, already harboring far-reaching colonial designs, expected not only to recognize the South, but to assist her at no distant day by an armed intervention. For the present, of course, all such meditations were veiled under the bland phraseology of diplomatic regret at our misfortune. The object of these pages is, however, not so much to discuss international relations as to show what part President Lincoln personally took in framing the dispatch which announced the answering policy of the United States.

When the communication which Lord Russell made to Mr. Dallas was received at the State Department, the unfriendly act of the English Government, and more especially the half-insulting manner of its promulgation, filled Mr. Seward with indignation. In this mood he wrote a dispatch to Mr. Adams, which, if transmitted and delivered in its original form, could hardly have failed to endanger the peaceful relations of the two countries. The general tone and spirit of the paper were admirable; but portions of it were phrased with an exasperating bluntness, and certain directions were lacking in diplomatic prudence. This can be accounted for only by the irritation under which he wrote. It was Mr. Seward's ordinary habit personally to read his dispatches to the President before sending them. Mr. Lincoln, detecting the defects of the paper, retained it, and after careful scrutiny made such material corrections and alterations with his own hand as took from it all offensive crudeness without in the least lowering its tone, but, on the contrary, greatly increasing its dignity.

\* "Globe," Jan. 9, 1861, p. 294.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN:

SEWARD'S ORIGINAL DISPATCH, SHOWING MR. LINCOLN'S CORRECTIONS.

[All words by Lincoln in margin or in text are in italics. All matter between brackets was marked out.]

NO. 10.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,  
WASHINGTON, May 21st, 1861.

SIR:

Mr. Dallas in a brief dispatch of May 2d (No. 333) tells us that Lord John Russell recently requested an interview with him on account of the solicitude which His Lordship felt concerning the effect of certain measures represented as likely to be adopted by the President. In that conversation the British Secretary told Mr. Dallas that the three Representatives of the Southern Confederacy were then in London, that Lord John Russell had not yet seen them, but that he was not unwilling to see them unofficially. He farther informed Mr. Dallas that an understanding exists between the British and French Governments which would lead both to take one and the same course as to recognition. His Lordship then referred to the rumor of a meditated blockade by us of Southern ports, and a discontinuance of them as ports of entry. Mr. Dallas answered that he knew nothing on those topics and therefore could say nothing. He added that you were expected to arrive in two weeks. Upon this statement Lord John Russell acquiesced in the expediency of waiting for the full knowledge you were expected to bring.

Mr. Dallas transmitted to us some newspaper reports of Ministerial explanations made in Parliament.

You will base no proceedings on parliamentary debates farther than to seek explanations when necessary and communicate them to this Department. [We intend to have a clear and simple record of whatever issue may arise between us and Great Britain.]

*Leave out.* The President [is surprised and grieved] regrets that Mr. Dallas did not protest against the proposed unofficial intercourse between the British Government and the missionaries of the insurgents, [as well as against the demand for explanations made by the British Government]. It is due however to Mr. Dallas to say that our instructions had been given only to you and not to him, and that his loyalty and fidelity, too rare in these times [among our late representatives abroad are confessed and] are appreciated.

Intercourse of any kind with the so-called Commissioners is liable to be construed as a recognition of the authority which appointed them. Such intercourse would be none the less [wrongful] hurtful to us, for being called unofficial, and it might be even more injurious, because we should have no means of knowing what points might be resolved by it. Moreover, unofficial intercourse is useless and meaningless, if it is not expected to ripen into official intercourse and direct recognition. It is left doubtful here whether the proposed unofficial intercourse has yet actually begun. Your own [present] antecedent instructions are deemed explicit enough, and it is hoped that you have not misunderstood them. You will in any event desist from all intercourse whatever, unofficial as well as official with the British Government, so long as it shall continue intercourse of either kind with the domestic enemies of this country, [confining yourself simply to a delivery of a copy of this paper to the Secretary of State. After doing this]\* you will communicate with this Department and receive farther directions.

*Leave out.*

\* When intercourse shall have been arrested for this cause,

Lord John Russell has informed us of an understanding between the British and French Governments that they will act together in regard to our affairs. This communication however loses something of its value from the circumstance that the communication was withheld until after knowledge of the fact had been acquired by us from other sources. We know also another fact that has not yet been officially communicated to us, namely that other European States are apprized by France and England of their agreement and are expected to concur with or follow them in whatever measures they adopt on the subject of recognition. The United States have been impartial and just in all their conduct towards the several

nations of Europe. They will not complain however of the combination now announced by the two leading powers, although they think they had a right to expect a more independent if not a more friendly course from each of them. You will take no notice of that or any other alliance. Whenever the European governments shall see fit to communicate directly with us we shall be as heretofore frank and explicit in our reply.

As to the blockade, you will say that by [the] *our own laws* [of nature] and *the laws* of nature and the laws of nations this government has a clear right to suppress insurrection. An exclusion of commerce from national ports which have been seized by the insurgents, in the equitable form of blockade, is a proper means to that end. You will [admit] not insist that our blockade is [not] to be respected if it be not maintained by a competent force—but passing by that question as not now a practical or at least an urgent one you will add that [it] the blockade is now and it will continue to be so maintained, and therefore we expect it to be respected by Great Britain. You will add that we have already revoked the exequatur of a Russian Consul who had enlisted in the Military service of the insurgents, and we shall dismiss or demand the recall of every foreign agent, Consular or Diplomatic, who shall either disobey the Federal laws or disown the Federal authority.

As to the recognition of the so-called Southern Confederacy it is not to be made a subject of technical definition. It is of course [*quasi*] direct recognition to publish an acknowledgment of the sovereignty and independence of a new power. It is [*quasi*] direct recognition to receive its ambassadors, Ministers, agents, or commissioners officially. A concession of belligerent rights is liable to be construed as a recognition of them. No one of these proceedings will [be borne] *pass [unnoticed]* unquestioned by the United States in this case.

Hitherto recognition has been moved only on the assumption that the so-called Confederate States are *de facto* a self-sustaining power. Now after long forbearance, designed to soothe discontent and avert the need of civil war, the land and naval forces of the United States have been put in motion to repress the insurrection. The true character of the pretended new State is at once revealed. It is seen to be a Power existing in pronunciamento only. It has never won a field. It has obtained no forts that were not virtually betrayed into its hands or seized in breach of trust. It commands not a single port on the coast nor any highway out from its pretended Capital by land. Under these circumstances Great Britain is called upon to intervene and give it body and independence by resisting our measures of suppression. British recognition would be British intervention to create within our own territory a hostile state by overthrowing this Republic itself. [When this act of intervention is distinctly performed, we from that hour shall cease to be friends and become once more, as we have twice before been forced to be enemies of Great Britain.]

As to the treatment of privateers in the insurgent service, you will say that this is a question exclusively our own. We treat them as pirates. They are our own citizens, or persons employed by our citizens, preying on the commerce of our country. If Great Britain shall choose to recognize them as lawful belligerents, and give them shelter from our pursuit and punishment, the laws of nations afford an adequate and proper remedy, [and we shall avail ourselves of it. *And while you need not to say this in advance, be sure that you say nothing inconsistent with it.*]

Happily, however, Her Britannic Majesty's Government can avoid all these difficulties. It invited us in 1856 to accede to the declaration of the Congress of Paris, of which body Great Britain was herself a member, abolishing privateering everywhere in all cases and for ever. You already have our authority to propose to her our accession to that declaration. If she refuse to receive it, it can only be because she is willing to become the patron of privateering when aimed at our devastation.

These positions are not elaborately defended now, because to vindicate them would imply a possibility of our waiving them.

[Leave out.]

[Drop all from  
this line to the end,  
and in lieu of it  
write

"This paper is  
for your own guid-  
ance only, and not  
[sic] to be read or  
shown to any one.]

We are not insensible of the grave importance of this occasion. We see how, upon the result of the debate in which we are engaged, a war may ensue between the United States, and one, two, or even more European nations. War in any case is as exceptionable from the habits as it is revolting from the sentiments of the American people. But if it come it will be fully seen that it results from the action of Great Britain, not our own, that Great Britain will have decided to fraternize with our domestic enemy, either without waiting to hear from you our remonstrances, and our warnings, or after having heard them. War in defense of national life is not immoral, and war in defense of independence is an inevitable part of the discipline of nations.

The dispute will be between the European and the American branches of the British race. All who belong to that race will especially deprecate it, as they ought. It may well be believed that men of every race and kindred will deplore it. A war not unlike it between the same parties occurred at the close of the last century. Europe atoned by forty years of suffering for the error that Great Britain committed in provoking that contest. If that nation shall now repeat the same great error the social convulsions which will follow may not be so long but they will be more general. When they shall have ceased, it will, we think, be seen, whatever may have been the fortunes of other nations, that it is not the United States that will have come out of them with its precious Constitution altered or its honestly obtained dominion in any degree abridged. Great Britain has but to wait a few months and all her present inconveniences will cease with all our own troubles. If she take a different course she will calculate for herself the ultimate as well as the immediate consequences, and will consider what position she will hold when she shall have forever lost the sympathies and the affections of the only nation on whose sympathies and affections she has a natural claim. In making that calculation she will do well to remember that in the controversy she proposes to open we shall be actuated by neither pride, nor passion, nor cupidity, nor ambition; but we shall stand simply on the principle of self-preservation, and that our cause will involve the independence of nations, and the rights of human nature.

I am Sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,  
CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Esq., etc., etc., etc.

W. H. S.

[It is quite impossible to reproduce in type the exact form of the manuscript of the dispatch with all its interlineations and corrections; but the foregoing shows those made by Mr. Lincoln with sufficient accuracy. Such additional verbal alterations of Mr. Seward's as merely corrected ordinary slips of the pen or errors of the copyist are not noted. When the President returned the manuscript to his hands, Mr. Seward somewhat changed the form of the dispatch by prefixing to it two short introductory paragraphs in which he embodied, in his own phraseology, the President's direction that the paper was to be merely a confidential instruction not to be read or shown to any one, and that he should not in advance say anything inconsistent with its spirit. This also rendered unnecessary the President's direction to omit the last two paragraphs, and accordingly they remained in the dispatch as finally sent.]

THE mere perusal of this document shows how ill-advised was Mr. Seward's original di-

rection to deliver a copy of it to the British foreign office without further explanation, or without requesting a reply in a limited time. Such a course would have left the American minister in a position of uncertainty whether he was still in diplomatic relations or not, and whether the point had been reached which would justify him in breaking off intercourse; nor would he have had any further pretext upon which to ascertain the disposition or intention of the British Government. It would have been wiser to close the legation at once and return to America. Happily, Mr. Lincoln saw the weak point of the instruction, and by his changes not only kept it within the range of personal and diplomatic courtesy, but left Mr. Adams free to choose for himself the best way of managing the delicate situation.

The main point in question, namely, that the United States would not suffer Great Britain to carry on a double diplomacy with Washington and with Montgomery at the same time — that if she became the active friend of the re-

bellion she must become the enemy of the United States, was partly disposed of before the arrival of the amended dispatch at London. Several days before it was written Mr. Adams had his first official interview (May 18) with Lord John Russell, and in the usual formal phraseology, but with emphatic distinctness, told him that if there existed on the part of Great Britain "an intention more or less marked to extend the struggle" by encouragement in any form to the rebels, "I was bound to acknowledge in all frankness that in that contingency I had nothing further left to do in Great Britain." The British minister denied any intention to aid the rebellion, and explained that the Queen's proclamation was issued merely to define their own attitude of strict neutrality, so that British naval officers and other officials might understand how to regulate their conduct.\*

When the dispatch finally reached Mr. Adams, he obtained another interview with Lord John Russell, to ascertain definitely the status of the rebel commissioners in London. He told him that a continuance of their apparent relation with the British Government "could scarcely fail to be viewed by us as hostile in spirit, and to require some corresponding action accordingly." Lord John Russell replied that he had only seen the rebel commissioners twice, and "had no expectation of seeing them any more."†

So early as the year 1854, when the shadow of the Crimean war was darkening over Europe, the Government of the United States submitted to the principal maritime nations the propositions, first, that free ships should make free goods, and second, that neutral property on board an enemy's vessel should not be subject to confiscation unless contraband of war. These propositions were not immediately accepted, but when the powers assembled in congress at Paris in 1856, for the purpose of making peace, Great Britain and the other nations which took part in the congress gave them their assent, adding to them, as principles of international law, the abolition of privateering and the obligation that blockades, to be respected, must be effective. The adhesion of the United States having been invited to these four propositions, the Government of that day answered that they would accede to them if the other powers would accept a fifth principle—that the goods of private persons, non-combatants, should be exempt from confiscation in maritime war. This proposition was rejected by the British Government, and the negotiations were then suspended until after Mr. Lincoln became President. A few weeks after his inauguration

the suspended negotiations were taken up by Mr. Seward, who directed Mr. Adams to signify to the British Government that the United States were now ready to accept without reserve the four propositions adopted at the Congress of Paris.‡ After some delay, Lord John Russell remarked to Mr. Adams that in case of the adhesion of the United States to the Declaration of Paris, the engagement on the part of Great Britain would be prospective and would not invalidate anything done. This singular reserve Mr. Adams reported to his Government, and was directed by Mr. Seward to ask some further elucidation of its meaning. But before this dispatch was received, the strange attitude of the British Government was explained by Lord Russell's§ submitting to Mr. Adams a draft of a supplementary declaration on the part of England that her Majesty did not intend, by the projected convention for the accession of the United States to the articles of the Congress of Paris, "to undertake any engagement which shall have any bearing, direct or indirect, on the internal differences now prevailing in the United States." The President, having been informed of this proposed declaration, at once instructed Mr. Adams|| that it was inadmissible, as the Government of the United States could not accede to this great international act except upon the same equal footing upon which all the other parties stood. It afterward transpired that the British Government had, at the same time that these important negotiations were going on with the Government of the United States, approached the new Confederate Government upon the same subject, sending communications in a clandestine manner through the British Legation in Washington to Mr. Bunch, the English consul at Charleston, through whom they were in the same furtive and unofficial manner laid before the authorities at Richmond. The French Government joined in this proceeding, at the invitation of England. Mr. Davis at once recognized the great importance of such quasi-recognition of his Government, and he himself drafted resolutions declaring the purpose of the Confederates to observe the principles towards neutrals embodied in the second and third rules of the Declaration of Paris—that blockades to be binding must be effectual, but

\* Adams to Seward, May 21, 1861.

† Adams to Seward, June 14, 1861.

‡ See Mr. Seward's dispatch to Mr. Adams, April 24, 1861; Seward to Adams, May 17, 1861; and papers relating to Treaty of Washington, Vol. I., p. 33, et seq.

§ Lord John Russell was raised to the peerage, under the title of Earl Russell, July 30, 1861.

|| Seward to Adams, Sept. 7, 1861.

that they "maintained the right of privateering."\* These resolutions were passed in the Confederate Congress, and Mr. Bunch, conveying the news of this result to Lord Lyons, said:

The wishes of her Majesty's Government would seem to have been fully complied with, for as no proposal was made that the Confederate Government should abolish privateering, it could not be expected that they should do so of their own accord, particularly as it is the arm upon which they most rely for the injury of the extended commerce of their enemy.

The American Government held itself justly aggrieved, therefore, that its accession to the Declaration of Paris was impeded by conditions which it could not, consistently with its dignity, accept; that the British Government was secretly negotiating at the same time with the insurgents upon the same subject; that while the United States were invited to accede to all four of the articles of Paris the Confederate Government was given its choice by the British Cabinet to accept only three. The Government of the United States said afterward in its case at Geneva that

The practical effect of this diplomacy, had it been successful, would have been the destruction of the commerce of the United States or its transfer to the British flag, and the loss of the principal resource of the United States upon the ocean should a continuation of this course of insincere neutrality unhappy force the United States into a war. Great Britain was thus to gain the benefit to its neutral commerce of the recognition of the second and third articles, the rebel privateers and cruisers were to be protected and their devastation legalized, while the United States were to be deprived of a dangerous weapon of assault upon Great Britain.

The action of Mr. Bunch in this matter was properly regarded by the President as a violation of the laws of the United States to which he was accredited, and his exequatur was revoked. A long discussion followed, in which neither side succeeded in convincing the other of its wrong; and the next year, pending an attack upon Charleston, a British man-of-war entered that port and took Mr. Bunch away.

#### THE "TRENT" AFFAIR.

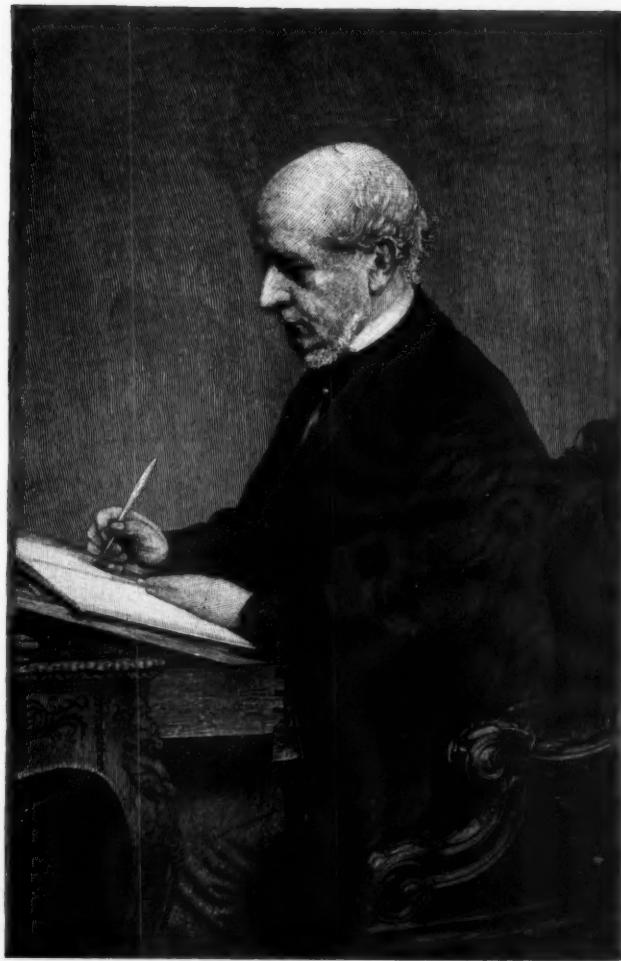
THE public mind would probably have dwelt with more impatience and dissatisfaction upon the present and prospective inaction of the armies but for an event which turned all thoughts with deep solicitude into an entirely different channel. This was what is known as the *Trent* affair, which seriously threatened to embroil the nation in a war with Great Britain. The Confederate Gov-

\*Papers relating to the Treaty of Washington, Vol. I., p. 36.

ernment had appointed two new envoys to proceed to Europe and renew its application for recognition, which its former diplomatic agents had so far failed to obtain. For this duty ex-Senator Mason of Virginia and ex-Senator Slidell of Louisiana were selected, on account of their political prominence, as well as their recognized abilities. On the blockade runner *Theodora*, they, with their secretaries and families, succeeded in eluding the Union cruisers around Charleston, and in reaching Havana, Cuba. Deeming themselves beyond danger of capture, they made no concealment of their presence or mission, but endeavored rather to "magnify their office." The British consul showed them marked attention, and they sought to be presented officially to the Captain-General of Cuba; but that wary functionary explained that he received them only as "distinguished gentlemen." They took passage on board the British mail steamer *Trent* for St. Thomas, intending there to take the regular packet to England.

Captain Wilkes, commanding the United States war steamer *San Jacinto*, just returned from an African cruise, heard of the circumstance, and, going to Havana, fully informed himself of the details of their intended route. The *Trent*, he learned, was to leave Havana on November 7. That day found him stationed in the old Bahama channel, near the northern coast of Cuba, where he had reason to believe she would pass. At about noon of the 8th the lookout announced the approach of the *Trent*, and when she was sufficiently near, the *San Jacinto* fired a round-shot across her course, and displayed the American colors. The British steamer did not seem disposed to accept the warning and failed to slacken her speed, whereupon Captain Wilkes ordered a shell to be fired across her bows, which at once brought her to. Lieutenant Fairfax, with two officers and a guard of marines, left the *San Jacinto* and rowed to the mail steamer; the lieutenant mounted to the deck alone, leaving his officers and men in the boat. He was shown to the quarter-deck, where he met Captain Moir of the *Trent*, and, informing him who he was, asked to see his passenger-list. Captain Moir declined to show it. Lieutenant Fairfax then told him of his information that the rebel commissioners were on board and that he must satisfy himself on that point before allowing the steamer to proceed. The envoys and their secretaries came up, and, hearing their names mentioned, asked if they were wanted. Lieutenant Fairfax now made known in full the purport of his orders and the object of his visit.

The altercation and commotion called a



CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL, LENT BY THEODORE F. DWIGHT, ESQ.)

considerable number of passengers around the group. All of them manifested open secession sympathy, and some indulged in abusive language so loud and demonstrative that the lieutenant's two officers, and six or eight armed men from the boat, without being called, mounted to the lieutenant's assistance. In these unfriendly demonstrations the mail agent of the *Trent*, one Captain Williams, a retired British naval officer, made himself especially conspicuous with the declaration that he was the "Queen's representative," and with various threats of the consequences of the affair. The captain of the *Trent* firmly but quietly opposed all compliance or search, and the envoys and their secretaries protested

against arrest, whereupon Lieutenant Fairfax sent one of his officers back to the *San Jacinto* for additional force. In perhaps half an hour the second boat returned from the *San Jacinto* with some twenty-four additional men. Lieutenant Fairfax now proceeded to execute his orders without actual violence, and with all the politeness possible under the circumstances. Mason and Slidell, and their secretaries, foreseeing the inevitable, had retired to their state-rooms to pack their luggage; thither it was necessary to follow them, and there the presence of the families of Slidell and Eustis created some slight confusion, and a few armed marines entered the cabin, but were sent back. The final act of capture and

removal was then carried out with formal stage solemnity.\*

Captain Wilkes's first instruction to Lieutenant Fairfax was to seize the *Trent* as a prize, but, as he afterward explained :

I forbore to seize her, however, in consequence of my being so reduced in officers and crew, and the derangement it would cause innocent persons, there being a large number of passengers, who would have been put to great loss and inconvenience as well as disappointment from the interruption it would have caused them in not being able to join the steamer from St. Thomas for Europe.†

The *Trent* was allowed to proceed on her voyage, while the *San Jacinto* steamed away for Boston, where she arrived on the 24th of



REAR-ADmiral CHARLES WILKES, U. S. N.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.)

November, and transferred her prisoners to Fort Warren.

The whole country rang with exultation

\* "When the marines and some armed men had been formed," reports Lieutenant Fairfax, "just outside of the main deck cabin, where these four gentlemen had gone to pack up their baggage, I renewed my efforts to induce them to accompany me on board, they still refusing to accompany me unless force was applied. I called in to my assistance four or five officers, and first taking hold of Mr. Mason's shoulder, with another officer on the opposite side, I went as far as the gang-way of the steamer, and delivered him over to Lieutenant Greer, to be placed in the boat. I then returned for Mr. Slidell, who insisted that I must apply considerable force to get him to go with me. Calling in at last three officers, he also was taken in charge and handed over to Mr. Greer. Mr. McFarland and Mr. Eustis, after protesting, went quietly into the boat." "There was a great deal of excitement on board at this time," says another report, "and the officers and passengers

over the exploit. The feeling was greatly heightened by the general public indignation at the unfriendliness England had so far manifested to the Union cause; but perhaps more especially because the two persons seized had been among the most bitter and active of the secession conspirators. The public press lauded Captain Wilkes, Boston gave him a banquet, and the Secretary of the Navy wrote him a letter of emphatic approval. He congratulated him "on the great public service" he had rendered in the capture, and expressed only the reservation that his conduct in omitting to capture the vessel must not be allowed to constitute a precedent.‡ When Congress met on the 2d of December following, the House of Representatives immediately passed a resolution, without a dissenting voice, thanking Captain Wilkes for his "brave, adroit, and patriotic conduct"; while by other resolutions the President was requested to order the prisoners into close confinement, in retaliation for similar treatment by the rebels of certain prisoners of war. The whole strong current of public feeling approved the act without qualification, and manifested an instant and united readiness to defend it.

President Lincoln's usual cool judgment at once recognized the dangers and complications that might grow out of the occurrence. A well-known writer has recorded what he said in a confidential interview on the day the news was received :

I fear the traitors will prove to be white elephants. We must stick to American principles concerning the rights of neutrals. We fought Great Britain for insisting, by theory and practice, on the right to do precisely what Captain Wilkes has done. If Great Britain shall now protest against the act, and demand their release, we must give them up, apologize for the act as a violation of our doctrines, and thus forever bind her over to keep the peace in relation to neutrals, and so acknowledge that she has been wrong for sixty years.§ ||

The Cabinet generally coincided in expressing gratification and approval. The international questions involved came upon them so suddenly that they were not ready with de-

tails of the steamer were addressing us by numerous opprobrious epithets, such as calling us pirates, villains, traitors, etc." (Report Secretary of the Navy, Dec. 2, 1861.) The families of Slidell and Eustis had meanwhile been tendered the use of the cabin of the *San Jacinto*, if they preferred to accompany the prisoners; but they declined, and proceeded in the *Trent*.

† Report Secretary of the Navy, Dec. 2, 1861.

‡ Welles, in "The Galaxy," May, 1873, pp. 647-649.

§ Lossing, "Civil War in the United States," Vol.

II., p. 156.

|| Secretary of the Navy Welles corroborated the statement in "The Galaxy" for May, 1873, p. 647: "The President, with whom I had an interview immediately on receiving information that the emissaries were captured and on board the *San Jacinto*, before consultation with any other member of the Cabinet discussed with me some of the difficult points presented. His chief

cided opinions concerning the law and policy of the case; besides, the true course obviously was to await the action of Great Britain.

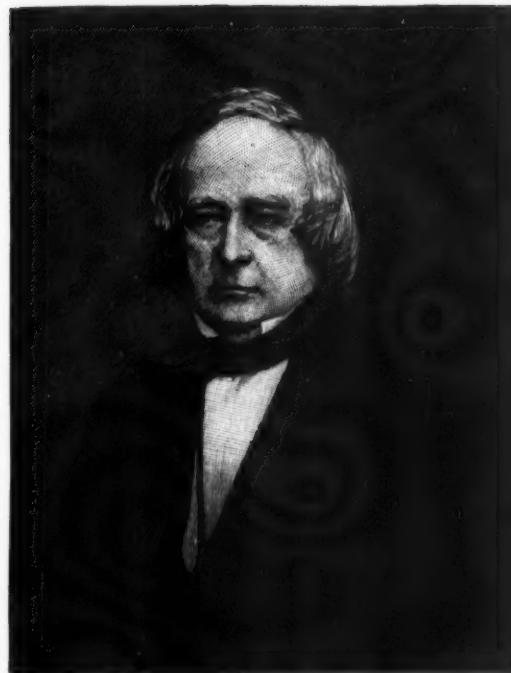
The passengers on board the *Trent*, as well as the reports of her officers, carried the news of the capture directly to England, where the incident raised a storm of public opinion even more violent than that in the United States, and very naturally on the opposite side. The Government of England relied for its information mainly upon the official report of the mail agent, Captain Williams, who had made himself so officious as the "Queen's representative," and who, true to the secession sympathies manifested by him on shipboard, gave his report a strong coloring of the same character. English public feeling, popular and official, smarted under the idea that the United States had perpetrated a gross outrage, and the clamor for instant redress left no room for any calm consideration of the far-reaching questions of international law involved. There seemed little possibility that a war could be avoided, and England began immediate preparations for such an emergency. Some eight thousand troops were dispatched to Canada, ships were ordered to join the English squadrons in American waters, and the usual proclamation issued prohibiting the export of arms and certain war supplies.

Two days after the receipt of the news Lord Palmerston, in a note to the Queen, formulated the substance of a demand to be sent to the United States. He wrote:

The general outline and tenor which appeared to meet the opinions of the Cabinet would be, that the Washington Government should be told that what has been done is a violation of international law and of the rights of Great Britain, and that your Majesty's Government trusts that the act will be disavowed, and the prisoners set free and restored to British protection; and that Lord Lyons should be instructed that, if this demand is refused, he should retire from the United States.\*

On the following day the formal draft of the proposed dispatch to Lord Lyons was laid before the Queen, who, together with Prince Albert, examined it with unusual care. The critical character of the communication, and the imminent danger—the almost certainty

anxiety—for his attention had never been turned to admiralty law and naval captures—was as to the disposition of the prisoners, who, to use his own expression, would be elephants on our hands, that we could not easily dispose of. Public indignation was so over-



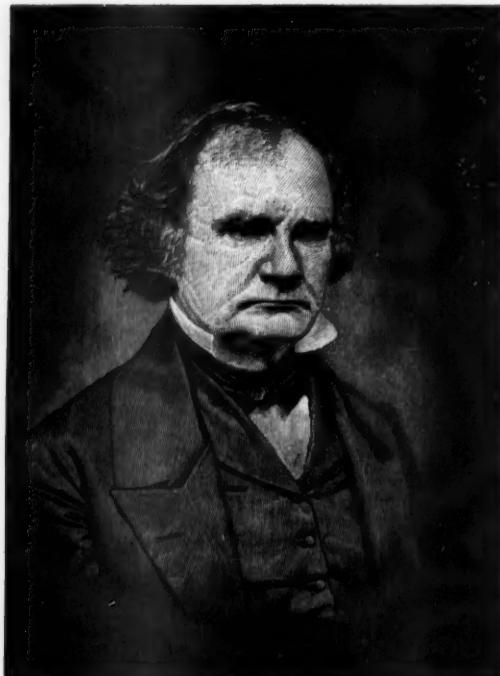
JOHN SLIDELL.

—of a rupture and war with America which it revealed, made a profound impression upon both. Prince Albert was already suffering from the illness which terminated his life two weeks afterward. This new and grave political question gave him a sleepless night. "He could eat no breakfast," is the entry in her Majesty's diary, "and looked very wretched. But still he was well enough on getting up to make a draft for me to write to Lord Russell, in correction of his draft to Lord Lyons, sent me yesterday, which Albert did not approve."

The Queen returns these important drafts, which upon the whole she approves; but she cannot help feeling that the main draft—that for communication to the American Government—is somewhat meager. She should have liked to have seen the expression of a hope that the American captain did not act under instructions, or, if he did, that he misapprehended them—that the United States Government must be fully aware that the British Government could not allow its flag to be insulted, and the security of her mail communications to be placed in jeopardy; and her Majesty's Government are unwilling to believe that the United States Government intended wantonly to put an insult upon this country, and to add to their many distressing

whelming against the chief conspirators that he feared it would be difficult to prevent severe and exemplary punishment, which he always deprecated."

\* Martin, "Life of the Prince Consort," Vol. V., p. 420.



J. M. MASON.

complications by forcing a question of dispute upon us; and that we are therefore glad to believe that upon a full consideration of the circumstances of the undoubtedly breach of international law committed, they would spontaneously offer such redress as alone could satisfy this country, *viz.*, the restoration of the unfortunate passengers and a suitable apology.\*

It proved to be the last political memorandum he ever wrote. The exact language of his correction, had it been sent, would not have been well calculated to soothe the irritated susceptibilities of Americans. To the charge of "violating international law," to which Palmerston's cold note confined itself, he added the accusation of "wanton insult," though disclaiming a belief that it was intended. But a kind and pacific spirit shines through his memorandum as a whole, and it is evident that both the Queen and himself, gratefully remembering the welcome America had lately accorded the Prince of Wales, shrank from the prospect of an angry war. In this the Queen unconsciously responded to the impulse of amity and goodwill which had induced the President to modify so materially his foreign secretary's dispatch of the 21st of May, the unpremeditated thought of the ruler, in each case, being at once wiser and more humane than the first intention of the diplomatists. It was from the intention rather than the words of the Prince that the

Queen's ministers took their cue and modified the phraseology into more temperate shape. Earl Russell wrote:

Her Majesty's Government, bearing in mind the friendly relations which have long subsisted between Great Britain and the United States, are willing to believe that the United States' naval officer who committed this aggression was not acting in compliance with any authority from his Government, or that if he conceived himself to be so authorized, he greatly misunderstood the instructions he had received. For the Government of the United States must be fully aware that the British Government could not allow such an affront to the national honor to pass without full reparation, and her Majesty's Government are unwilling to believe that it could be the deliberate intention of the Government of the United States unnecessarily to force into discussion between the two Governments a question of so grave a character, and with regard to which the whole British nation would be sure to entertain such unanimity of feeling. Her Majesty's Government, therefore, trust that when this matter shall have been brought under the consideration of the Government of the United States, that Government will of its own accord offer to the British Government such redress as alone would satisfy the British nation, namely, the liberation of the four gentlemen and their delivery to your Lordship, in order that they may again be placed under British protection, and a suitable apology for the aggression which has been committed. Should these terms not be offered by Mr. Seward, you will propose them to him.†

In the private note accompanying this formal dispatch further instruction was given, that if the demand were not substantially complied with in seven days, Lord Lyons should break off diplomatic relations and return with his whole legation to London. Yet at the last moment Lord Russell himself seems to have become impressed with the brow-beating precipitancy of the whole proceeding, for he added another private note, better calculated than even the Queen's modification to soften the disagreeable announcement to the American Government. He wrote to Lord Lyons:

My wish would be, that at your first interview with Mr. Seward you should not take my dispatch with you, but should prepare him for it and ask him to settle it with the President and the Cabinet what course they will propose. The next time you should bring my dispatch and read it to him fully. If he asks what will be the consequence of his refusing compliance, I think you should say that you wish to leave him and the President quite free to take their own course, and that you desire to abstain from anything like menace.‡

\* Martin, "Life of the Prince Consort," Vol. V., p. 422.

† Earl Russell to Lord Lyons, Nov. 30, 1861. British "Blue Book."

‡ Inclosure in No. 49. British "Blue Book."

This last diplomatic touch reveals that the Ministry, like the Queen, shrank from war, but that it desired to reap all the advantages of a public menace, even while privately disclaiming one.

The British demand reached Washington on the 19th of December. It happened, fortunately, that Lord Lyons and Mr. Seward were on excellent terms of personal friendship, and the British envoy was therefore able to present the affair with all the delicacy which had been suggested by Lord Russell. The Government at Washington had carefully abstained from any action other than that already mentioned. Lord Lyons wrote:

Mr. Seward received my communication seriously and with dignity, but without any manifestation of dissatisfaction. Some further conversation ensued in consequence of questions put by him with a view to ascertain the exact character of the dispatch. At the conclusion he asked me to give him to-morrow to consider the question, and to communicate with the President.\*

Another dispatch from Lord Lyons shows that Mr. Seward asked a further delay, and that Lord Russell's communication was not formally read to him till Monday, the 23d of December.†

If we may credit the statement of Secretary Welles, Mr. Seward had not expected so serious a view of the affair by the British Government; and his own language implies as much when, in a private letter some months afterward, he mentions Lord Lyons's communication as "our first knowledge that the British Government proposed to make it a question of offense or insult, and so of war," adding: "If I had been as tame as you think would have been wise in my treatment of affairs with that country, I should have no standing in my own."‡ But while Mr. Seward, like most other Americans, was doubtless elated by the first news that the rebel envoys were captured, he readily discerned that the incident was one of great diplomatic gravity and likely to be fruitful of prolonged diplomatic contention. Evidently in this spirit, and for the purpose of reserving to the United States every advantage in the serious discussion which was unavoidable, he prudently wrote in a confidential dispatch to Mr. Adams, on November 27:

I forbear from speaking of the capture of Messrs. Mason and Slidell. The act was done by Commodore Wilkes without instructions, and even without the knowledge of the Government. Lord Lyons has judiciously refrained from all communication with me on

the subject, and I thought it equally wise to reserve ourselves until we hear what the British Government may have to say on the subject.

Of the confidential first interviews between the Secretary of State and the President on this important topic there is no record. From what remains we may easily infer that the President clearly saw the inevitable necessities surrounding the question, and was anxiously searching some method of preserving to the United States whatever of indirect advantage might accrue from compliance with the British demand, and of making that compliance as palatable as might be to American public opinion. In this spirit we may presume he wrote the following experimental draft of a dispatch, preserved in his autograph manuscript. Its chief proposal is to arbitrate the difficulty, or in the alternative seriously to examine the question in all its aspects, and out of them to formulate a binding rule for both nations to govern similar cases. It was an honest and practical suggestion to turn an accidental quarrel into a great and durable transaction for the betterment of international law.

The dispatch of her Majesty's Secretary for Foreign Affairs, dated the 30th of November, 1861, and of which your Lordship kindly furnished me a copy, has been carefully considered by the President; and he directs me to say that if there existed no fact or facts pertinent to the case, beyond those stated in said dispatch, the reparation sought by Great Britain from the United States would be justly due, and should be promptly made. The President is unwilling to believe that her Majesty's Government will press for a categorical answer upon what appears to him to be only a partial record, in the making up of which he has been allowed no part. He is reluctant to volunteer his view of the case, with no assurance that her Majesty's Government will consent to hear him; yet this much he directs me to say, that this Government has intended no affront to the British flag, or to the British nation; nor has it intended to force into discussion an embarrassing question, all which is evident by the fact hereby asserted, that the act complained of was done by the officer without orders from, or expectation of, the Government. But being done, it was no longer left to us to consider whether we might not, to avoid a controversy, waive an unimportant though a strict right; because we too, as well as Great Britain, have a people justly jealous of their rights, and in whose presence our Government could undo the act complained of only upon a fair showing that it was wrong, or at least very questionable. The United States Government and people are still willing to make reparation upon such showing.

Accordingly I am instructed by the President to inquire whether her Majesty's Government will hear the United States upon the matter in question. The President desires, among other things, to bring into view, and have considered, the existing rebellion in the United States; the position Great Britain has assumed, including her Majesty's proclamation in relation thereto; the relation the persons whose seizure is the subject of complaint bore to the United States, and the object of their voyage at the time they were seized; the knowledge which the master of the *Trent* had of their relation to the United States, and of the object of their voyage, at the time he received them on board for the

\* Lyons to Russell, Dec. 19, 1861.

† Lyons to Russell, Dec. 23, 1861. British "Blue Book."

‡ Seward to Weed, March 2, 1862. "The Galaxy," August, 1870.

voyage; the place of the seizure; and the precedents and respective positions assumed, in analogous cases, between Great Britain and the United States.

Upon a submission, containing the foregoing facts, with those set forth in the before-mentioned dispatch to your Lordship, together with all other facts which either party may deem material, I am instructed to say, the Government of the United States will, if agreed to by her Majesty's Government, go to such friendly arbitration as is usual among nations, and will abide the award.

Or, in the alternative, her Majesty's Government may, upon the same record, determine whether any, and if any, what, reparation is due from the United States; provided no such reparation shall be different in character from, nor transcend, that proposed by your Lordship, as instructed in and by the dispatch aforesaid; and provided further, that the determination thus made shall be the law for all future analogous cases between Great Britain and the United States.\*

We may suppose that upon consultation with Mr. Seward, Mr. Lincoln decided that, desirable as this proceeding might be, it was precluded by the impatient, inflexible terms of the British demand. Only three days of the seven-days' grace remained; if they should not by the coming Thursday agree to deliver Mason and Slidell, the British legation would close its doors, and the consternation of a double war would fill the air. It is probable, therefore, that even while writing this draft, Lincoln had intimated to his Secretary of State the need of finding good diplomatic reasons for surrendering the prisoners.

A note of Mr. Seward shows us that the Cabinet meeting to consider finally the *Trent* question was appointed for Tuesday morning, December 24; but the Secretary says that, availing himself of the President's permission, he had postponed it to Wednesday morning at 10 A. M., adding, "I shall then be ready." It is probably true, as he afterward wrote, † that the whole framing of his dispatch was left to his own ingenuity and judgment, and that neither the President nor any member of the Cabinet had arrived at any final determination. The private diary of Attorney-General Bates supplies us some additional details:

Cabinet council at 10 A. M., December 25, to consider the relations with England on Lord Lyons's demand of the surrender of Mason and Slidell; a long and interesting session, lasting till 2 P. M. The instructions of the British Minister to Lord Lyons were read. . . . There was read a draft of answer by the Secretary of State.

The President's experimental draft quoted above was not read; there is no mention of

\* Lincoln, unpublished MS.

† The consideration of the *Trent* case was crowded out by pressing domestic affairs until Christmas Day. It was considered on my presentation of it on the 25th and 26th of December. The Government, when it took the subject up, had no idea of the grounds upon which it would explain its action, nor did it believe it would

either the reading or the points it raised. The whole discussion appears to have been confined to Seward's paper. There was some desultory talk, a general comparing of rumors and outside information, a reading of the few letters which had been received from Europe. Mr. Sumner, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, was invited in, and read letters he had received from John Bright and Richard Cobden, liberal members of the British Parliament and devoted friends of the Union. During the session also there was handed in and read the dispatch just received from his Government by M. Mercier, the French minister, and which, in substance, took the English view of the matter. The diary continues:

Mr. Seward's draft of letter to Lord Lyons was submitted by him, and examined and criticised by us with apparently perfect candor and frankness. All of us were impressed with the magnitude of the subject, and believed that upon our decision depended the dearest interest, probably the existence, of the nation. I, waiving the question of legal right,—upon which all Europe is against us, and also many of our own best jurists,—urged the necessity of the case; that to go to war with England now is to abandon all hope of suppressing the rebellion, as we have not the possession of the land, nor any support of the people of the South. The maritime superiority of Britain would sweep us from all the Southern waters. Our trade would be utterly ruined, and our treasury bankrupt; in short, that we must not have war with England.

There was great reluctance on the part of some of the members of the Cabinet — and even the President himself — to acknowledge these obvious truths; but all yielded to, and unanimously concurred in, Mr. Seward's letter to Lord Lyons, after some verbal and formal amendments. The main fear, I believe, was the displeasure of our own people — lest they should accuse us of timidly truckling to the power of England. ‡

The published extracts from the diary of Secretary Chase give somewhat fully his opinion on the occasion:

Mr. Chase thought it certainly was not too much to expect of a friendly nation, and especially of a nation of the same blood, religion, and characteristic civilization as our own, that in consideration of the great rights she would overlook the little wrong; nor could he then persuade himself that, were all the circumstances known to the English Government as to ours, the surrender of the rebel commissioners would be insisted upon. The Secretary asserted that the technical right was undoubtedly with England. . . . Were the circumstances reversed, our Government would, Mr. Chase thought, accept the explanation, and let England keep her rebels; and he could not divest himself of the belief that, were the case fairly understood, the British Government would do likewise. "But," continued Secretary Chase, "we cannot afford delays. While

concede the case. Yet it was heartily unanimous in the actual result after two days' examination, and in favor of the release. Remember that in a council like ours there are some strong wills to be reconciled. [Seward to Weed, Jan. 22, 1862. Weed, "Autobiography," Vol. II., p. 409.]

‡ Bates, Diary. Unpublished MS.

the matter hangs in uncertainty the public mind will remain disquieted, our commerce will suffer serious harm, our action against the rebels must be greatly hindered, and the restoration of our prosperity — largely identified with that of all nations — must be delayed. Better, then, to make now the sacrifice of feeling involved in the surrender of these rebels, than even avoid it by the delays which explanations must occasion. I give my adhesion, therefore, to the conclusion at which the Secretary of State has arrived. It is gall and wormwood to me. Rather than consent to the liberation of these men, I would sacrifice everything I possess. But I am consoled by the reflection that while nothing but severest retribution is due to them, the surrender under existing circumstances is but simply doing right — simply proving faithful to our own ideas and traditions under strong temptations to violate them; simply giving to England and the world the most signal proof that the American nation will not under any circumstances, for the sake of inflicting just punishment on rebels, commit even a technical wrong against neutrals."\*

In these two recorded opinions are reflected the substantial tone and temper of the Cabinet discussion, which ended, as both Mr. Bates and Mr. Seward have stated, in a unanimous concurrence in the letter of reply as drawn up by the Secretary of State. That long and remarkably able document must be read in full, both to understand the wide range of the subject which he treated and the clearness and force of his language and argument. It constitutes one of his chief literary triumphs. There is room here only to indicate the conclusions arrived at in his examination. First, he held that the four persons seized and their dispatches were contraband of war; secondly, that Captain Wilkes had a right by the law of nations to detain and search the *Trent*; thirdly, that he exercised the right in a lawful and proper manner; fourthly, that he had a right to capture the contraband found. The real issue of the case centered in the fifth question: "Did Captain Wilkes exercise the right of capturing the contraband in conformity with the law of nations?" Reciting the deficiency of recognized rules on this point, Mr. Seward held that only by taking the vessel before a prize court could the existence of contraband be lawfully established; and that Captain Wilkes having released the vessel from capture, the necessary judicial examination was prevented, and the capture left unfinished or abandoned.

Mr. Seward's dispatch continued:

I trust that I have shown to the satisfaction of the British Government, by a very simple and natural statement of the facts and analysis of the law applicable to them, that this Government has neither mediated, nor practiced, nor approved any deliberate wrong

in the transaction to which they have called its attention, and, on the contrary, that what has happened has been simply an inadvertency, consisting in a departure by the naval officer, free from any wrongful motive, from a rule uncertainly established, and probably by the several parties concerned either imperfectly understood or entirely unknown. For this error the British Government has a right to expect the same reparation that we, as an independent State, should expect from Great Britain or from any other friendly nation in a similar case. . . . If I decide this case in favor of my own Government, I must disavow its most cherished principles, and reverse and forever abandon its essential policy. The country cannot afford the sacrifice. If I maintain those principles and adhere to that policy, I must surrender the case itself. . . . The four persons in question are now held in military custody at Fort Warren, in the State of Massachusetts. They will be cheerfully liberated.<sup>t</sup>

With the formal delivery of Mason and Slidell and their secretaries to the custody of the British minister, the diplomatic incident was completed on the part of the United States. Lord Russell, on his part, while announcing that her Majesty's Government differed from Mr. Seward in some of the conclusions<sup>f</sup> at which he had arrived, nevertheless acknowledged that the action of the American Government constituted "the reparation which her Majesty and the British nation had a right to expect."<sup>g</sup> It is not too much to say that not merely the rulers and Cabinets of both nations, but also those of all the great European powers, were relieved from an oppressive apprehension by this termination of the affair.

If from one point of view the United States suffered a certain diplomatic defeat and humiliation, it became, in another light, a real international victory. The turn of affairs placed not only England, but France and other nations as well, distinctly on their good behavior. In the face of this American example of moderation they could no longer so openly brave the liberal sentiment of their own people by the countenance they had hitherto given the rebellion. So far from improving or enhancing the hostile mission of Mason and Slidell, the adventure they had undergone served to diminish their importance and circumscribe their influence. The very act of their liberation compelled the British authorities sharply to define the hollow pretense under which they were sent. In his instructions to the British Government vessel which received them at Provincetown and conveyed them to England, Lord Lyons wrote:

It is hardly necessary that I should remind you that these gentlemen have no official character. It will be

\* Warden, "Life of Chase," pp. 393, 394.

<sup>f</sup> Seward to Lyons, Dec. 26, 1861.

<sup>g</sup> In a dispatch to Lord Lyons of Jan. 23, 1862, in which he discusses the questions at some length, Lord Russell held: first, that Mason and Slidell and their supposed dispatches, under the circumstances of their

seizure, were not contraband; secondly, that the bringing of the *Trent* before a prize court, though it would alter the character would not diminish the offense against the law of nations.

<sup>g</sup> Russell to Lyons, Jan. 10, 1862.

right for you to receive them with all courtesy and respect as private gentlemen of distinction; but it would be very improper to pay to them any of those honors which are paid to official persons.\*

The same result in a larger degree awaited their advent in Europe. Under the intense publicity of which they had been the subject, officials of all degrees were in a measure com-

elled to avoid them as political "suspects." Mason was received in England with cold and studied neglect; while Slidell in France, though privately encouraged by the Emperor Napoleon III., finally found himself a victim instead of a beneficiary of his selfishness.

\* Lyons to Commander Hewett, Dec. 30, 1861. British "Blue Book."

## BIRD MUSIC: SPARROWS.

## THE SONG SPARROW.

THE sparrow family is a large one. There may be twenty species, half of which, at least, spend their summer in New England. The song sparrows are the most numerous, sing the most, and exhibit the greatest variety of melody. Standing near a small pond recently, I heard a song sparrow sing four distinct songs within twenty minutes, repeating each several times.



I have more than twenty songs of this sparrow, and have heard him in many other forms. He generally gives a fine trill at the beginning or end of his song. Sometimes, however, it is introduced in the middle, and occasionally is omitted, especially in the latter part of the season. There is a marked difference in the quality and volume of the voices of different individuals. During the season of 1885 I listened almost daily to the strongest and best sparrow voice that I have ever heard. There was a fullness and richness, particularly in the trills, that reminded one of the bewitching tones of the wood-thrush. These are some of his songs:



That the singers of any species sing exactly alike, with the same voice and style, and in the same key always, is a great mistake.

There is a wide difference between the singing of old and young birds. This is especially true of the oriole, the tanager, and the bobolink. The voice of a bird four years old is very much fuller and better than that of a yearling; just as his plumage is deeper and richer in color.

The song sparrow comes soon after the bluebird and the robin, and sings from the time of his coming till the close of summer. Unlike his cousin, the field sparrow, he seems to seek the companionship of man. Sitting near an open window one day last summer, as was my habit, my attention was attracted by the singing of a song sparrow perched upon a twig not far away. Fancying that he addressed himself to me individually, I responded with an occasional whistle.

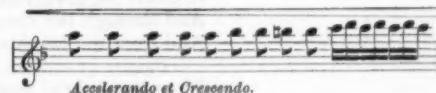
He listened with evident interest, his head on one side and his eye rolled up. For many days in succession he came at about the same hour in the afternoon, and perching in the same place sung his cheery and varied songs, listening in turn to my whistles.

#### THE FIELD SPARROW.

THIS sparrow, less common than the song or the chipping sparrow, resembles these in appearance and habits. He is not so social, preferring the fields and pastures and bushy lots. When Wilson wrote, "None of our birds have been more imperfectly described than the family of the finch tribe usually called sparrows," he wrote well; but when he wrote of this one, "It has no song," he brought himself under his own criticism. And when Dr. Coues, on the contrary, describes him as "very melodious, with an extensive and varied

score to sing from," and further, as possessing "unusual compass of vocal powers," he much better describes the song sparrow. The field sparrow is surely a fine singer, and he may have several songs. I have heard him in one only; but that one, though short, it would be hard to equal. As a scientific composition it stands nearly if not quite alone. Dr. Coues quotes Mr. Minot on the singing of this bird. "They open with a few exquisitely modulated whistles, each higher and a little louder than the preceding, and close with a sweet trill." The song does begin with two or three well-separated tones—or "whistles," if you please; but I discover no modulation, nor is each higher than the preceding, the opening tones being on the same pitch. However, the song, both in power and rapidity, increases from beginning to end. It by no means requires "unusual compass"; simply the interval of a minor third.

When we consider the genius displayed in combining so beautifully the essence of the three grand principles of sound, length, pitch, and power, its brevity and limited compass make it all the more wonderful. Scarcely anything in rhythmics and dynamics is more difficult than to give a perfect *accelerando* and *crescendo*, and the use of the chromatic scale by which the field sparrow rises in his lyric flight involves the very pith of melodic ability. This little musician has explored the whole realm of sound, and condensed its beauties in perfection into one short song.



Simeon Pease Cheney.

#### MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse! . . .

. . . a hidden ground  
Of thought and of austerity within."

MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Austerity of Poetry*.

**A**USTERE, sedate, the chisel in his hand,  
He carved his statue from a flawless stone,  
That faultless verse, whose earnest undertone  
Echoes the music of his Grecian land.  
Like Sophocles on that Aegean strand  
He walked by night, and watched life's sea alone,  
Amid a temperate, not the tropic zone,  
Girt round by cool waves and a crystal sand.  
And yet the world's heart in his pulses stirred;  
He looked abroad across life's wind-swept plain,  
And many a wandering mariner has heard  
His warning hail, and as the blasts increase,  
Has listened, till he passed the reefs again,  
And floated safely in his port of Peace.

William P. Andrews.

### WAITING FOR THE BUGLE.

WE wait for the bugle ; the night-dews are cold,  
The limbs of the soldiers feel jaded and old,  
The field of our bivouac is windy and bare,  
There is lead in our joints, there is frost in our hair,  
The future is veiled and its fortunes unknown  
As we lie with hushed breath till the bugle is blown.

At the sound of that bugle each comrade shall spring  
Like an arrow released from the strain of the string :  
The courage, the impulse of youth shall come back  
To banish the chill of the drear bivouac,  
And sorrows and losses and cares fade away  
When that life-giving signal proclaims the new day.

Though the bivouac of age may put ice in our veins,  
And no fiber of steel in our sinew remains ;  
Though the comrades of yesterday's march are not here,  
And the sunlight seems pale and the branches are sear,—  
Though the sound of our cheering dies down to a moan,  
We shall find our lost youth when the bugle is blown.

*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

### THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG.

BY AN EX-CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

A CLOUD possessed the hollow field,  
The gathering battle's smoky shield.  
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,  
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,  
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee  
Moved out that matchless infantry,  
With Pickett leading grandly down,  
To rush against the roaring crown  
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns  
A cry across the tumult runs,—  
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods  
And Chickamauga's solitudes,  
The fierce South cheering on her sons !

Ah, how the withering tempest blew  
Against the front of Pettigrew !  
A Kamsin wind that scorched and singed  
Like that infernal flame that fringed  
The British squares at Waterloo !

A thousand fell where Kemper led ;  
A thousand died where Garnett bled :  
In blinding flame and strangling smoke  
The remnant through the batteries broke  
And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"  
 Virginia cried to Tennessee:  
 "We two together, come what may,  
 Shall stand upon these works to-day!"  
 (The reddest day in history.)

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way  
 Virginia heard her comrade say:  
 "Close round this rent and riddled rag!"  
 What time she set her battle-flag  
 Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait  
 Before the awful face of Fate?  
 The tattered standards of the South  
 Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth,  
 And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennessean set  
 His breast against the bayonet!  
 In vain Virginia charged and raged,  
 A tigress in her wrath uncaged,  
 Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,  
 Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost  
 Receding through the battle-cloud,  
 And heard across the tempest loud  
 The death-cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace  
 They leaped to Ruin's red embrace.  
 They only heard Fame's thunders wake,  
 And saw the dazzling sun-burst break  
 In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell, who lifted up a hand  
 And bade the sun in heaven to stand!  
 They smote and fell, who set the bars  
 Against the progress of the stars,  
 And stayed the march of Motherland!

They stood, who saw the future come  
 On through the fight's delirium!  
 They smote and stood, who held the hope  
 Of nations on that slippery slope  
 Amid the cheers of Christendom!

God lives! He forged the iron will  
 That clutched and held that trembling hill.  
 God lives and reigns! He built and lent  
 The heights for Freedom's battlement  
 Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!  
 Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.  
 A mighty mother turns in tears  
 The pages of her battle years,  
 Lamenting all her fallen sons!

*Will H. Thompson.*

## THE CAREER OF THE CONFEDERATE RAM "ALBEMARLE."

### I. HER CONSTRUCTION AND SERVICE.

BY HER BUILDER.



PART OF THE SMOKE-STACK  
OF THE "ALBEMARLE."

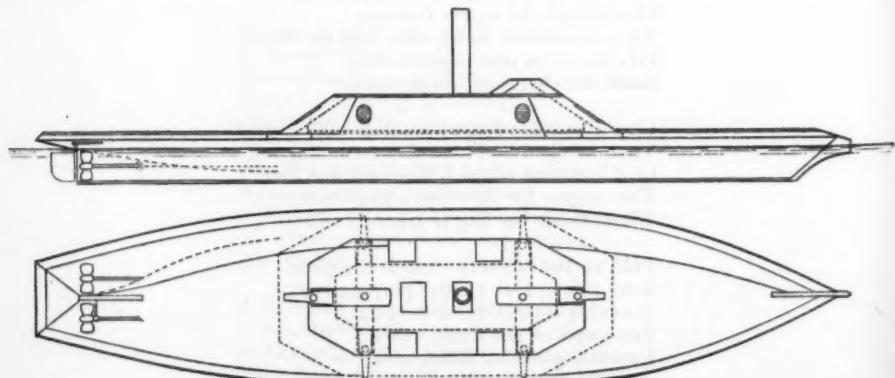
DURING the spring of 1863, having been previously engaged in unsuccessful efforts to construct war vessels, of one sort or another, for the Confederate Government, at different points in eastern North Carolina and Virginia, I undertook a contract with the Navy Department to build an iron-clad gun-boat, intended, if ever completed, to operate on the waters of Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds. A point on the Roanoke River, in Halifax County, North Carolina, about thirty miles below the town of Weldon, was fixed upon as the most suitable for the purpose. The river rises and falls, as is well known, and it was necessary to locate the yard on ground sufficiently free from overflow to admit of uninterrupted work for at least twelve months. No vessel was ever constructed under more adverse circumstances. The ship-yard was established in a corn-field, where the ground had already been marked out and planted for the coming crop, but the owner of the land was in hearty sympathy with the enterprise, and aided me then and afterwards, in a thousand ways, to accomplish the end I had in view. It was next to impossible to obtain machinery suitable for the work in

hand. Here and there, scattered about the surrounding country, a portable saw-mill, blacksmith's forge, or other apparatus was found, however, and the citizens of the neighborhoods on both sides of the river were not slow to render me assistance, but coöperated, cordially, in the completion of the iron-clad, and at the end of about one year from the laying of the keel, during which innumerable difficulties were overcome by constant application, determined effort, and incessant labor, day and night, success crowned the efforts of those engaged in the undertaking.

Seizing an opportunity offered by comparatively high water, the boat was launched, though not without misgivings as to the result, for the yard being on a bluff she had to take a jump, and as a matter of fact was "hogged" in the attempt, but to our great gratification did not thereby spring a leak.

The plans and specifications were prepared by John L. Porter, Chief Constructor of the Confederate Navy, who availed himself of the advantage gained by his experience in converting the frigate *Merrimac* into the iron-clad *Virginia* at the Gosport Navy Yard.

The *Albemarle* was 152 feet long between perpendiculars; her extreme width was 45 feet; her depth from the gun-deck to the keel was 9 feet, and when launched she drew  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet of water, but after being ironed and completed her draught was about 8 feet. The

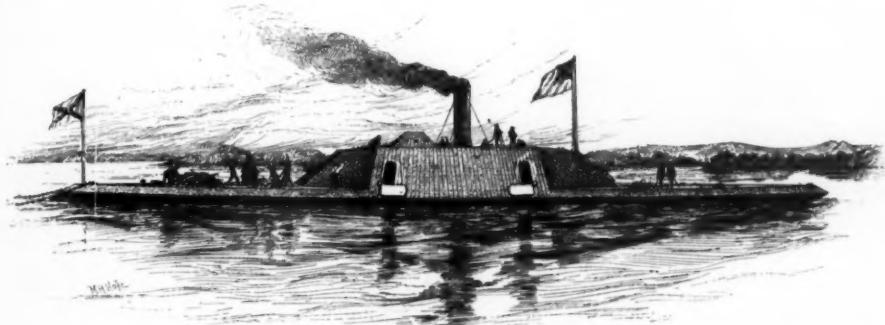


PLAN OF THE "ALBEMARLE."

keel was laid, and construction was commenced by bolting down, across the center, a piece of frame timber, which was of yellow pine, eight by ten inches. Another frame of the same size was then dovetailed into this, extending outwardly at an angle of 45 degrees, forming the side, and at the outer end of this the frame for the shield was also dovetailed, the angle

Oak knees were bolted in, to act as braces and supports for the shield.

The armament consisted of two rifled "Brooke" guns mounted on pivot-carriages, each gun working through three port-holes, as occasion required, there being one port-hole at each end of the shield and two on each side. These were protected by iron



THE "ALBEMARLE" GOING DOWN THE ROANOKE.

being 35 degrees, and then the top deck was added, and so on around to the other end of the bottom beam. Other beams were then bolted down to the keel, and to the one first fastened, and so on, working fore and aft, the main-deck beams being interposed from stem to stern. The shield was 60 feet in length and octagonal in form. When this part of the work was completed she was a solid boat, built of pine frames, and if calked would have floated in that condition, but she was afterwards covered with 4-inch planking, laid on longitudinally, as ships are usually planked, and this was properly calked and pitched, cotton being used for calking instead of oakum, the latter being very scarce and the former almost the only article to be had in abundance. Much of the timber was hauled long distances. Three portable saw-mills were obtained, one of which was located at the yard, the others being moved about from time to time to such growing timber as could be procured.

The iron plating consisted of two courses, 7 inches wide and 2 inches thick, mostly rolled at the Tredegar Iron Works, Richmond. The first course was laid lengthwise, over a wooden backing, 16 inches in thickness, a 2-inch space, filled in with wood, being left between each two layers to afford space for bolting the outer course through the whole shield, and the outer course was laid flush, forming a smooth surface, similar to that of the *Virginia*. The inner part of the shield was covered with a thin course of planking, nicely dressed, mainly with a view to protection from splinters.

covers lowered and raised by a contrivance worked on the gun-deck. She had two propellers driven by two engines of 200-horse power each, with 20-inch cylinders, steam being supplied by two flue boilers, and the shafting was geared together.

The sides were covered from the knuckle, four feet below the deck, with iron plates two inches thick.

The prow was built of oak, running 18 feet back, on center keelson, and solidly bolted, and it was covered on the outside with iron plating, 2 inches thick and, tapering off to a 4-inch edge, formed the ram.

The work of putting on the armor was prosecuted for some time under the most disheartening circumstances, on account of the difficulty of drilling holes in the iron intended for her armor. But one small engine and drill could be had, and it required, at the best, twenty minutes to drill an inch and a quarter hole through the plates, and it looked as if we would never accomplish the task. But "necessity is the mother of invention," and one of my associates in the enterprise, Peter E. Smith, of Scotland Neck, North Carolina, invented and made a twist-drill with which the work of drilling a hole could be done in four minutes, the drill cutting out the iron in shavings instead of fine powder.

For many reasons it was thought judicious to remove the boat to the town of Halifax, about twenty miles up the river, and the work of completion, putting in her machinery, armament, etc., was done at that point, although



CAPTAIN J. W. COOKE, C. S. N.

the actual finishing touches were not given until a few days before going into action at Plymouth.

Forges were erected on her decks, and blacksmiths and carpenters were kept hard at work as she floated down the river to her destination.

Captain James W. Cooke, of the Confederate Navy, was detailed by the department to watch the construction of the vessel and to take command when she went into commission. He made every effort to hasten the completion of the boat. He was a bold and gallant officer, and in the battles in which he subsequently engaged he proved himself a hero. Of him it was said that "he would fight a powder magazine with a coal of fire," and if such a necessity could by any possibility have existed he would, doubtless, have been equal to the occasion.

In the spring of 1864 it had been decided at headquarters that an attempt should be made to recapture the town of Plymouth. General Hoke was placed in command of the land forces, and Captain Cooke received orders to coöperate. Accordingly Hoke's division proceeded to the vicinity of Plymouth and surrounded the town from the river above to the river below, and preparation was made to storm the forts and breastworks as soon as the *Albemarle* could clear the river front of the Federal war vessels protecting the place with their guns.

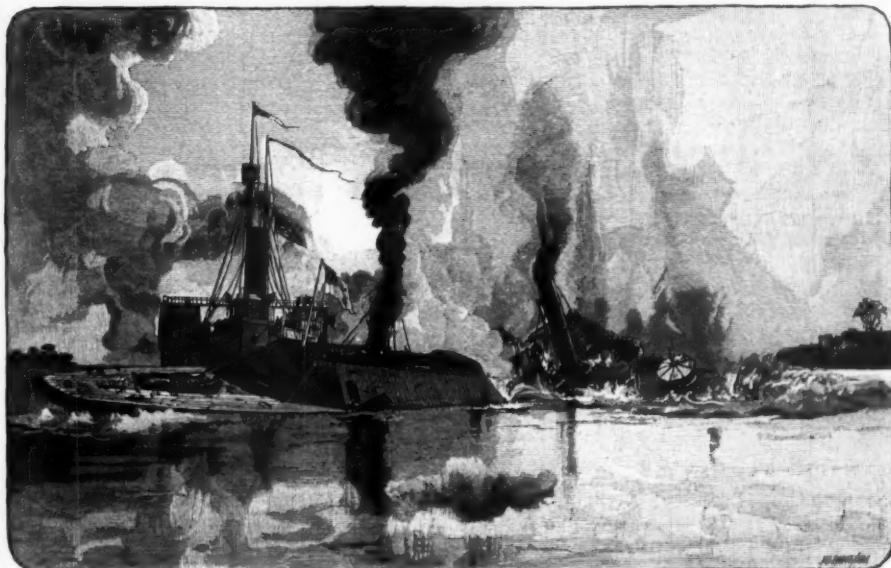
On the morning of April 18, 1864, the *Albemarle* left the town of Hamilton and proceeded down the river towards Plymouth, going stern foremost, with chains dragging from the bow, the rapidity of the current making it impracticable to steer with her head

down-stream. She came to anchor about three miles above Plymouth, and a mile or so above the battery on the bluff at Warren's Neck, near Thoroughfare Gap, where torpedoes, sunken vessels, piles, and other obstructions had been placed. An exploring expedition was sent out, under command of one of the lieutenants, which returned in about two hours, with the report that it was considered impossible to pass the obstructions. Thereupon the fires were banked, and the officers and crew not on duty retired to rest.

Having accompanied Captain Cooke as a volunteer aide, and feeling intensely dissatisfied with the apparent intention of lying at anchor all that night, and believing that it was "then or never" with the ram if she was to accomplish anything, and that it would be foolhardy to attempt the passage of the obstructions and batteries in the day-time, I requested permission to make a personal investigation. Captain Cooke cordially assenting, and Pilot John Luck and two of the few experienced seamen on board volunteering their services, we set forth in a small lifeboat, taking with us a long pole, and arriving at the obstructions proceeded to take soundings. To our great joy it was ascertained that there was ten feet of water over and above the obstructions. This was due to the remarkable freshet then prevailing; the proverbial "oldest inhabitant" said, afterwards, that such high water had never before been seen in Roanoke River. Pushing on down the stream to Plymouth, and taking



COMMANDER C. W. FLUSSER, U. S. N.



THE SINKING OF THE "SOUTHFIELD."

advantage of the shadow of the trees on the north side of the river, opposite the town, we watched the Federal transports taking on board the women and children who were being sent away for safety, on account of the approaching bombardment. With muffled oars, and almost afraid to breathe, we made our way back up the river, hugging close to the northern bank, and reached the ram about 1 o'clock, reporting to Captain Cooke that it was practicable to pass the obstructions provided the boat was kept in the middle of the stream. The indomitable commander instantly aroused his men, gave the order to get up steam, slipped the cables in his impatience to be off, and started down the river. The obstructions were soon reached and safely passed, under a fire from the fort at Warren's Neck which was not returned. Protected by the iron-clad shield, to those on board the noise made by the shot and shell as they struck the boat sounded no louder than pebbles thrown against an empty barrel. At Boyle's Mill, lower down, there was another fort upon which was mounted a very heavy gun. This was also safely passed, and we then discovered two steamers coming up the river. They proved to be the *Miami* and the *Southfield*.\*

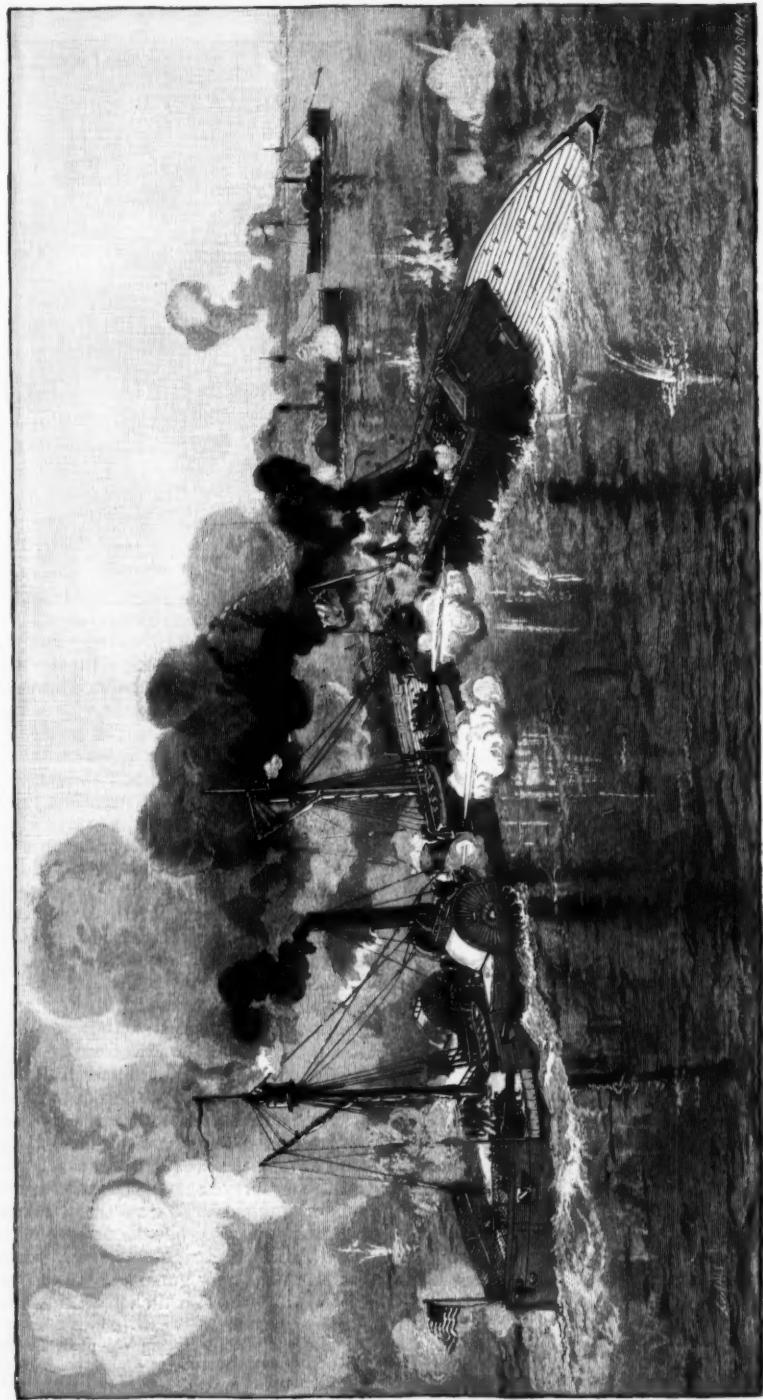
\* The *Miami* carried 6 9-inch guns, 1 100-pounder Parrott rifle, and 1 24-pounder S. B. howitzer, and the ferry-boat *Southfield* 5 9-inch, 1 100-pounder Parrott, and 1 12-pounder howitzer.—EDITOR.

t Of the officers and men of the *Southfield*, seven of

The two ships were lashed together with long spars, and with chains festooned between them. The plan of Captain Flusser, who commanded, was to run his vessels so as to get the *Albemarle* between the two, which would have placed the ram at a great disadvantage, if not altogether at his mercy; but Pilot John Luck, acting under orders from Captain Cooke, ran the ram close to the southern shore; and then suddenly turning toward the middle of the stream, and going with the current, the throttles, in obedience to his bell, being wide open, he dashed the prow of the *Albemarle* into the side of the *Southfield*, making an opening large enough to carry her to the bottom in much less time than it takes to tell the story. Part of her crew went down with her.†

The chain-plates on the forward deck of the *Albemarle* became entangled in the frame of the sinking vessel, and her bow was carried down to such a depth that water poured into her port-holes in great volume, and she would soon have shared the fate of the *Southfield*, had not the latter vessel reached the bottom, and then, turning over on her side, released the ram, thus allowing her to come up on an even keel. The *Miami*, right alongside, had opened fire with her heavy guns, and so close were the vessels together that a shell with a ten-second

the former, including Acting Volunteer Lieutenant C. A. French, her commander, and forty-two of her men were rescued by the *Miami* and the other Union vessels; the remainder were either drowned or captured.—EDITOR.



THE "SASSACUS" RAMMING THE "ALEMBARLE."

J. M. WOOD

fuse, fired by Captain Flusser, after striking the *Albemarle* rebounded and exploded, killing the gallant man who pulled the laniard, tearing him almost to pieces. Notwithstanding the death of Flusser, an attempt was made to board the ram, which was heroically resisted by as many of the crew as could be crowded on the top deck, who were supplied with loaded muskets passed up by their comrades below. The *Miami*, a powerful and very fast side-wheeler, succeeded in eluding the *Albemarle* without receiving a blow from her ram, and retired below Plymouth, into Albemarle Sound.\*

Captain Cooke having successfully carried out his part of the programme, General Hoke attacked the fortifications the next morning and carried them; not, however, without heavy loss, Ransom's brigade alone leaving 500 dead and wounded on the field, in their most heroic charge upon the breastworks protecting the eastern front of the town. General Wessells, commanding the Federal forces, made a gallant resistance, and surrendered only when further effort would have been worse than useless. During the attack the *Albemarle* held the river front, according to contract, and all day long poured shot and shell into the resisting forts with her two guns.

On May 5, 1864, Captain Cooke left the Roanoke River with the *Albemarle* and two

tenders, the *Bombshell* and *Cotton Plant*, and entered the Sound with the intention of recovering, if possible, the control of the two Sounds, and ultimately of Hatteras Inlet. He proceeded about sixteen miles on an east-north-easterly course, when the Federal squadron, consisting of seven well-armed gun-boats, the *Mattabesett*, *Sassacus*, *Wyalusing*, *Whitehead*, *Miami*, *Commodore Hull*, and *Ceres*, all under the command of Captain Melancton Smith, hove in sight, and at 2 o'clock that afternoon approached in double line of battle, the *Mattabesett* being in advance. They proceeded to surround the *Albemarle*, and hurled at her their heaviest shot,† at distances averaging less than one hundred yards. The *Albemarle* responded effectively, but her boats were soon shot away, her smoke-stack was riddled, many iron plates in her shield were injured and broken, and the after-gun was broken off eighteen inches from the muzzle, and rendered useless. This terrible fire continued, without intermission, until about 5 P. M., when the commander of the double-ender *Sassacus* selected his opportunity, and with all steam on struck the *Albemarle* squarely just abaft her starboard beam, causing every timber in the vicinity of the blow to groan, though none gave way. The pressure from the revolving wheel of the *Sassacus* was so great that it forced the after deck of the ram several feet below the

\* The following admirably clear and succinct account of the fight is given by Acting Master William N. Wells, of the *Miami*, in his report of April 23 to Admiral Lee:

"The siege commenced Sabbath afternoon, April 17, by an artillery fire upon Fort Gray. Early in the morning of April 18, between the hours of 3 and 5, the enemy tried to carry by storm Fort Gray, but were repulsed. In the afternoon of the 18th heavy artillery opened fire upon the town and breastworks. Then the fight became general. Up to this time the gun-boats *Southfield* and *Miami* were chained together in preparation to encounter the ram. They were then separated. The *Southfield*, moving up the river, opened fire over the town. The *Miami*, moving down the river, opened a cross-fire upon the enemy, who were charging upon Fort Williams. The firing, being very exact, caused the enemy to fall back. After three attempts to storm the fort, at 9 o'clock the firing ceased from the enemy, they having withdrawn from range. Commander Flusser dispatched a messenger to General Wessells to learn the result of the day's fight. The messenger returned at 10 P. M., having delivered the message, and bearing one from General Wessells to Commander Flusser, stating that the fire from the naval vessels was very satisfactory and effective — so much so that the advancing columns of the enemy broke and retreated; also desired that the *Miami* might be kept below the town to prevent a flank movement by the enemy. At 10:30 P. M., steamer *Southfield* came down and anchored near. At 12:20 A. M., April 19, the *Southfield* came alongside to rechain the two steamers as speedily as possible; the ram having been seen by Captain Barrett, of the *Whitehead*, and reported by him as coming down the river. At 3:45 A. M. the gun-boat *Ceres* came down, passing near, giving

the alarm that the ram was close upon her. I immediately hastened to acquaint Commander Flusser of the information. He immediately came on deck, and ordered both vessels to steam ahead as far as possible and run the ram down. No sooner than given was the order obeyed. Our starboard chain was slipped and bells rung to go ahead fast. In obedience to the order, the steamers were in one minute moving up the river, the ram making for us. In less than two minutes from the time she was reported, she struck us upon our port bow near the water-line, gouging two planks nearly through for ten feet; at the same time striking the *Southfield* with her prow upon the starboard bow, causing the *Southfield* to sink rapidly. As soon as the battery could be brought to bear upon the ram, both steamers, the *Southfield* and *Miami*, commenced firing solid shot from the 100-pound Parrott rifles and 11-inch Dahlgren guns; they making no perceptible indentations in her armor. Commander Flusser fired the first three shots personally from the *Miami*, the third being a ten-second Dahlgren shell, 11-inch. It was directly after that fire that he was killed by pieces of shell; several of the gun's crew were wounded at the same time. Our bow hawser being stranded, the *Miami* swung round to starboard, giving the ram a chance to pierce us. Necessity required the engine to be reversed in motion to straighten the vessel in the river, to prevent going upon the bank of the river, and to bring the rifle gun to bear upon the ram. During the time of straightening the steamer the ram had also straightened, and was making for us. From the fatal effects of her prow upon the *Southfield* and of our sustaining injury, I deemed it useless to sacrifice the *Miami* in the same way."

† The Union fleet had 32 guns and 23 howitzers, a total of 55.—EDITOR.

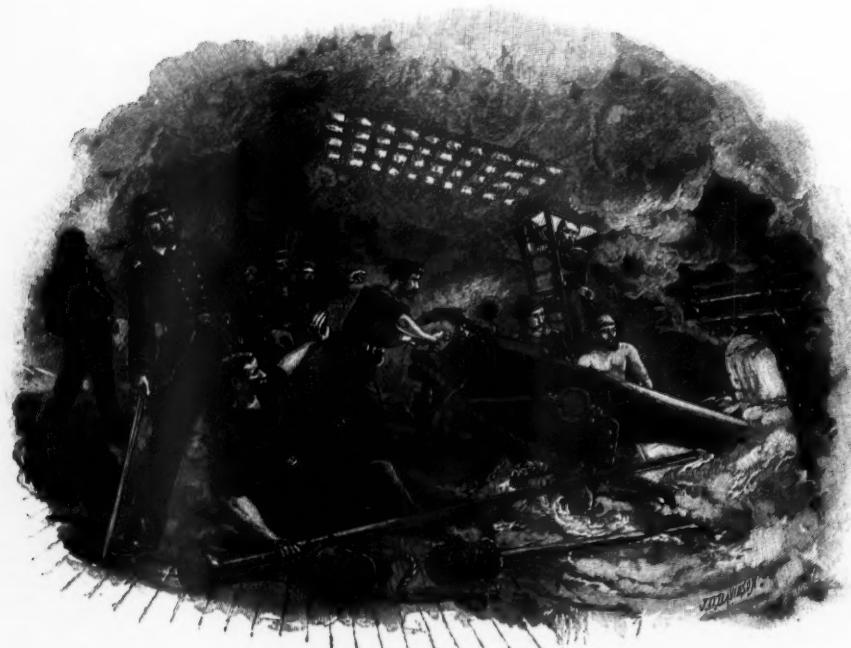
surface of the water, and created an impression on board that she was about to sink. Some of the crew became demoralized, but the calm voice of the undismayed captain checked the incipient disorder, with the command, "Stand to your guns, and if we must sink let us go down like brave men."

The *Albemarle* soon recovered, and sent a shot at her assailant which passed through one of the latter's boilers, the hissing steam disabling a number of the crew. Yet the discipline on the *Sassacus* was such that, notwithstanding the natural consternation under these appalling circumstances, two of her guns continued to fire on the *Albemarle* until she drifted out of the arena of battle. Two of the fleet attempted to foul the propellers of the ram with a large fishing-seine which they had previously procured for the purpose, but the line parted in paying it out. Then they tried to blow her up with a torpedo, but failed. No

equal conflict continued until night. Some of the Federal vessels were more or less disabled, and both sides were doubtless well content to draw off. Captain Cooke had on board a supply of bacon and lard, and this sort of fuel being available to burn without draught from a smoke-stack, he was able to make sufficient steam to get the boat back to Plymouth, where she tied up to her wharf covered with wounds and with glory.

The *Albemarle* in her different engagements was struck a great many times by shot and shell,\* and yet but one man lost his life, and that was caused by a pistol-shot from the *Miami*, the imprudent sailor having put his head out of one of the port-holes to see what was going on outside.

Captain Cooke was at once promoted and placed in command of all the Confederate naval forces in eastern North Carolina. The *Albemarle* remained tied to her wharf at Plym-



INSIDE THE "ALBEMARLE" CASEMATE.

better success attended an effort to throw a keg of gunpowder down her smoke-stack, or what was left of it, for it was riddled with holes from shot and shell. This smoke-stack had lost its capacity for drawing, and the boat lay a helpless mass on the water. While in this condition every effort was made by her numerous enemies to destroy her. The un-

outh until the night of October 27, 1864, when Lieutenant William B. Cushing, of the United States Navy, performed the daring feat of destroying her with a torpedo. Having procured a torpedo-boat so constructed as to be very fast, for a short distance, and with the

\* The upper section alone of the smoke-stack has 114 holes made by shot and shell.—G. E.

exhaust steam so arranged as to be noiseless, he proceeded, with a crew of fourteen men, up the Roanoke River. Guards had been stationed by the Confederate military commander on the wreck of the *Southfield*, whose top deck was then above water, but they failed to see the boat. A boom of logs had been arranged around the *Albemarle*, distant about thirty feet from her side. Captain Cooke had planned and superintended the construction of this arrangement before giving up the command of the vessel to Captain A. F. Warley. Cushing ran his boat up to these logs, and there, under a hot fire, lowered and exploded the torpedo under the *Albemarle's* bottom, causing her to settle down and finally to sink at the wharf. The torpedo-boat and crew were captured; but Cushing refusing to surrender, though twice called upon so to do, sprang into the river, dived to the bottom, and swam across to a swamp opposite the town, thus making his escape; and on the next night, after having experienced great suffering, wandering through the swamp, he succeeded in obtaining a small canoe, and made his way back to the fleet.

The river front being no longer protected, and no appliances for raising the sunken vessel



CAPTAIN ALEXANDER F. WARLEY, C. S. N.

being available, on October 31 the Federal forces attacked and captured the town of Plymouth.\*

Gilbert Elliott.

## II. THE "ALBEMARLE" AND THE "SASSACUS."

### AN ATTEMPT TO RUN DOWN AN IRON-CLAD WITH A WOODEN SHIP.

THE United States steamer *Sassacus* was one of several wooden side-wheel ships, known as "double-enders," built for speed, light draught, and ease of manoeuvre in battle, as they could go ahead or back with equal facility. She carried four 9-inch Dahlgren guns and two 100-pounder Parrott rifles. On the 5th of May, 1864, this ship, while engaged, together with the *Mattabesett*, *Wyalusing*, and several smaller vessels, with the Confederate iron-clad *Albemarle* in Albemarle Sound, was, under the command of Lieutenant-Commander F. A. Roe, and with all the speed attainable, driven down upon the ram, striking full and square at the junction of its armored roof and deck. It was the first attempt of the kind and deserves a place in history. This sketch is an endeavor to recall only the part taken in the engagement by the *Sassacus* in her attempt to run down the ram.

One can obtain a fair idea of the magnitude of such an undertaking by remembering that on a ship in battle you are on a floating target, through which the enemy's shell may bring not only the carnage of explosion but

an equally unpleasant visitor — the sea. To hurl this egg-shell target against a rock would be dangerous, but to hurl it against an iron-clad bristling with guns, or to plant it upon the muzzles of 100-pounder Brooke or Parrott rifles, with all the chances of a sheering off of the iron-clad, and a subsequent ramming process about which no two opinions ever existed, is more than dangerous.

On the 17th of April, 1864, Plymouth, N. C., was attacked by the Confederates by land and river. On the 20th it was captured, the ram *Albemarle* having sunk the *Southfield* and driven off the other Union vessels.

On the 5th of May the *Albemarle*, with the captured steamer *Bombshell*, and the steamer *Cotton Plant*, laden with troops, came down the river. The double-enders *Mattabesett*, *Sassacus*, *Wyalusing*, and *Miami*, together with the smaller vessels, *Whitehead*, *Ceres*, and *Commodore Hull*, steamed up to give battle.

The Union plan of attack was for the large vessels to pass as close as possible to the ram without endangering their wheels, deliver their fire, and then round to for a second discharge.

\* The *Albemarle* was subsequently raised and towed to the Norfolk Navy Yard, and after being stripped of her armament, machinery, etc., she was sold, Oct. 15, 1867, to J. N. Leonard & Co., for \$3200.—EDITOR.

The smaller vessels were to take care of thirty armed launches, which were expected to accompany the iron-clad. The *Miami* carried a torpedo to be exploded under the enemy, and a strong net or seine to foul her propeller.

All eyes were fixed on this second *Merrimac* as, like a floating fortress, she came down the bay. A puff of smoke from her bow port opened the ball, followed quickly by another, the shells aimed skillfully at the pivot-rifle of the leading ship, *Mattabesett*, cutting away



REAR-ADmiral F. A. ROE, U. S. N.

rail and spars, and wounding six men at the gun. The enemy then headed straight for her, in imitation of the *Merrimac*, but by a skillful management of the helm the *Mattabesett* rounded her bow,\* closely followed by our own ship, the *Sassacus*, which at close quarters gave her a broadside of solid 9-inch shot. The guns might as well have fired blank cartridges, for the shot skimmed off into the air, and even the 100-pound solid shot from the pivot-rifle glanced from the sloping roof into space with no apparent effect. The feeling of helplessness that comes from the failure of heavy guns to make any mark on an advancing foe can never be described. One is like a man with a bodkin before a Gorgon or a Dragon, a man with straws before the wheels of Juggernaut.

To add to the feeling in this instance, the

rapid firing from the different ships, the clouds of smoke, the changes of position to avoid being run down, the watchfulness to get a shot into the ports of the ram, as they quickly opened to deliver their well-directed fire, kept alive the constant danger of our ships firing into or entangling each other. The crash of bulwarks and rending of exploding shells which were fired by the ram, but which it was utterly useless to fire from our own guns, gave confused sensations of a general and promiscuous mêlée, rather than a well-ordered attack; nevertheless the plan designed was being carried out, hopeless as it seemed. As our own ship delivered her broadside, and fired the pivot-rifle with great rapidity at roof, and port, and hull, and smoke-stack, trying to find a weak spot, the ram headed for us and narrowly passed our stern. She was foiled in this attempt, as we were under full headway, and swiftly rounding her with a hard-port helm, we delivered a broadside at her consort, the *Bombshell*, each shot hulling her. We now headed for the latter ship, going within hail.

Thus far in the action our pivot-rifle astern had had but small chance to fire, and the captain of the gun, a broad-shouldered, brawny fellow, was now wrought up to a pitch of desperation at holding his giant gun in leash, and as we came up to the *Bombshell* he mounted the rail, and, naked to the waist, he brandished a huge boarding-pistol and shouted, "Haul down your flag and surrender, or we'll blow you out of the water!" The flag came down, and the *Bombshell* was ordered to drop out of action and anchor, which she did. Of this surrender I shall have more to say farther on.

Now came the decisive moment, for by this action, which was in reality a manœuvre of our commander, we had acquired a distance from the ram of about four hundred yards, and the latter, to evade the *Mattabesett*, had sheered off a little and lay broadside to us. The Union ships were now on both sides of the ram with engines stopped. Commander Roe saw the opportunity, which an instant's delay would forfeit, and boldly met the crisis of the engagement. To the engineer he cried, "Crowd waste and oil in the fires and back slowly! Give her all the steam she can carry!" To Acting-Master Boutelle he said, "Lay her course for the junction of the casemate and the hull!" Then came four bells, and with full steam and open throttle the ship sprang forward like a living thing. It was a moment

\* If the *Mattabesett* rounded the bow of the *Albemarle*, the latter must have been heading up the sound at the time; in other words, she must have turned previous to the advance of the Union fleet. Upon this point the reports of the captains of the double-enders give conflicting testimony. Commander Febiger rep-

resents the ram as retreating towards the Roanoke, while Lieutenant-Commander Roe describes her as in such a position that she would necessarily have been heading towards the advancing squadron. The conflict of opinion was doubtless due to the similarity in the two ends of the ram.—EDITOR.

of intense strain and anxiety. The guns ceased firing, the smoke lifted from the ram, and we saw that every effort was being made to evade the shock. Straight as an arrow we shot forward to the designated spot. Then came the order, "All hands lie down!" and with a crash that shook the ship like an earthquake, we struck full and square on the iron hull, careen-

## UNION FORCE IN THE ACTION IN ALBEMARLE SOUND, MAY 5, 1864.

CAPTAIN MELANCTON SMITH, COMMANDING.

DOUBLE-ENDERS: *Mattabesett*, Commander John C. Febiger; *Sassacus*, Lieutenant-Commander Francis A. Roe; *Wyalusing*, Lieutenant-Commander Walter W. Queen; *Miami*, Acting Volunteer Lieutenant Charles A. French. FERRY-BOAT: *Commodore Hull*, Acting Master Francis Josselyn. GUNBOATS: *Whitehead*, Acting Ensign G. W. Barrett; *Ceres*, Acting Master H. H. Foster.

VESSELS.	LOSS.			BATTERY.									
	Killed	Wounded	Total	GUNS.				HOWITZERS.					
				9-in. S. B.	100-pdr. R.	30-pdr. R.	20-pdr. R.	Total Guns	24-pdr. S. B.	12-pdr. S. B.	12-pdr. R.	Total Howitzers	Total GUNS and Howitzers.
<i>Mattabesett</i>	3	6	9	4	2	..	..	6	2	1	1	4	20
<i>Sassacus</i>	1	19 <sup>*</sup>	20	4	2	..	..	8	2	..	1	3	11
<i>Wyalusing</i>	1	0	1	4	2	..	..	6	4	2	0	8	14
<i>Miami</i>	..	..	..	6	1	..	..	7	2	..	..	1	8
<i>Whitehead</i>	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	1	3	..	..	3	4
<i>Commodore Hull</i>	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	2	4	..	..	4	6
<i>Ceres</i>	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	0	..	..	..	..	0
				4	25	99	18	8	2	4	16	3	55

\* Thirteen of these were scalded.

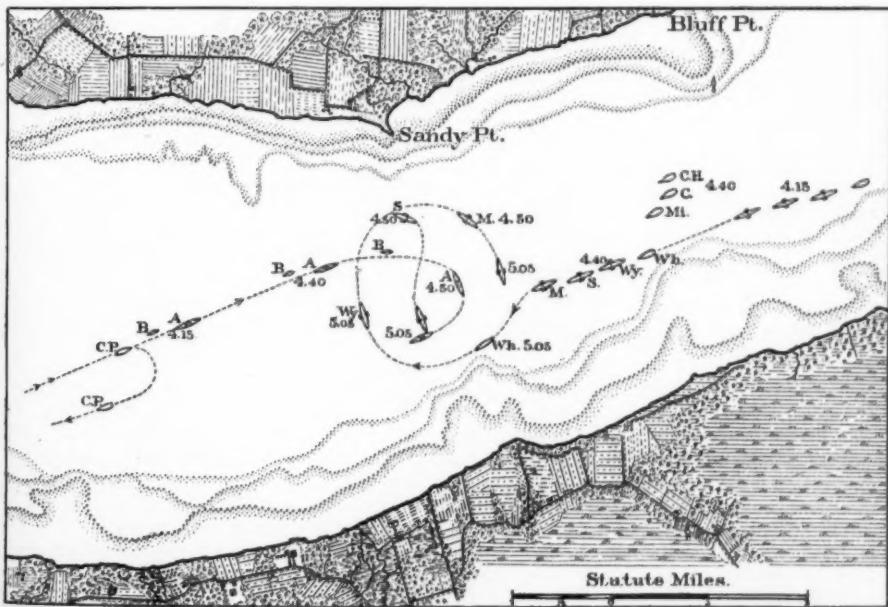


CHART OF THE ENGAGEMENT IN ALBEMARLE SOUND.

A, Albemarle; B, Bombahell; C P, Cotton Plant; M, Mattabesett; S, Sassacus; Wy, Wyalusing; Mi, Miami; C, Ceres; Wh, Whitehead; C H, Commodore Hull.

ing it over and tearing away our own bows, ripping and straining our timbers at the water-line. The enemy's lights were put out, and his men hurled from their feet, and, as we learned afterward, it was thought for a moment that it was all over with them. Our ship quivered for an instant, but held fast, and the swift splash of the paddles showed that the engines were uninjured. My own station was in the bow, on the main-deck, on a line with the

The men below, wild with the boiling steam, sprang to the ladder with pistol and cutlass, and gained the bulwarks; but men in the rigging with muskets and hand grenades, and the well-directed fire from the crews of the guns, soon baffled the attempt of the Confederates to gain our decks. To send our crew on the grated top of the iron-clad would have been madness.

The horrid tumult, always characteristic of battle, was intensified by the cries of agony from the scalded and frantic men. Wounds may rend, and blood flow, and grim heroism keep the teeth set firm in silence; but to be boiled alive — to have the flesh drop from the face and hands, to strip off in sodden mass from the body as the clothing is torn away in savage eagerness for relief, will bring screams from the stoutest lips. In the midst of all this, when every man had left the engine room, our chief engineer, Mr. Hobby, although badly scalded, stood with heroism at his post; nor did he leave it till after the action, when he was brought up, blinded and helpless, to the deck. I had often before been in battle; had stepped over the decks of a steamer in the *Merrimac* fight when a shell had exploded, covering the deck with fragments of human bodies, literally tearing to pieces the men on the small vessel as she lay alongside the *Minnesota*, but never before had I experienced such a sickening sensation of horror as on this occasion, when the bow of the *Sassacus* lay for thirteen minutes on the roof of the *Albemarle*. An officer of the *Wyalusing* says that when the dense smoke and steam enveloped us they thought we had sunk, till the flash of our guns burst through the clouds, followed by flash after flash in quick succession as our men recovered from the shock of the explosion.

In Commander Febiger's report the time of our contact was said to be "some few minutes." To us, at least, there seemed time enough for the other ships to close in on the ram and sink her, or sink beside her, and it was thirteen minutes as timed by an officer, who told me; but the other ships were silent, and with stopped engines looked on as the clouds closed over us in the grim and final struggle.

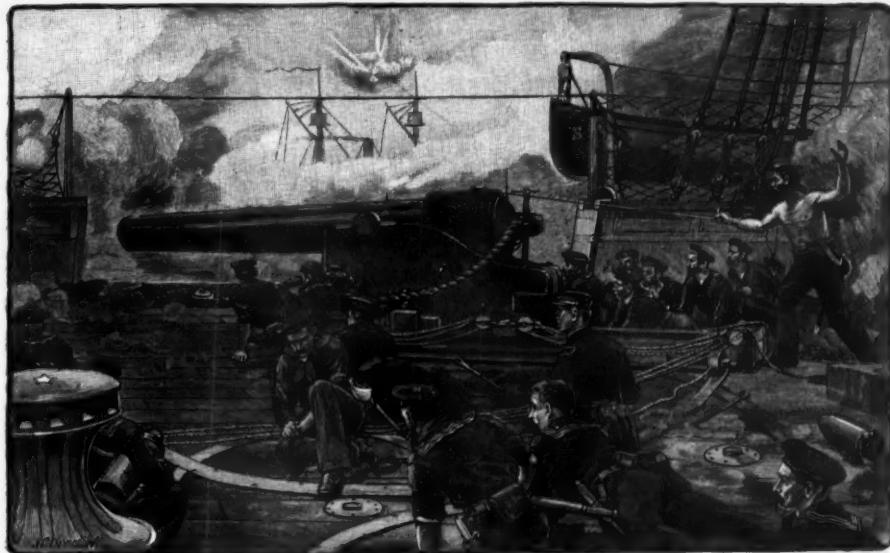
Captain French of the *Miami*, who had bravely fought his ship at close quarters, and often at the ship's length, vainly tried to get bows on, to come to our assistance and use his torpedo; but his ship steered badly, and he was unable to reach us before we dropped away. In the mean time the *Wyalusing* signaled that she was sinking — a mistake, but one that affected materially the outcome of the battle. We struck exactly at the spot for which we had aimed; and, contrary to the diagram given in the naval report for that year, the headway of

ACTING MASTER CHARLES A. BOUTELLE, U. S. N.

enemy's guns. Through the starboard shutter, which had been partly jarred off by the concussion, I saw the port of the ram not ten feet away. It opened; and like a flash of lightning I saw the grim muzzle of a cannon, the straining gun's-crew naked to the waist and blackened with powder; then a blaze, a roar and rush of the shell as it crashed through, whirling me round and dashing me to the deck.

Both ships were under headway, and as the ram advanced, our shattered bows clinging to the iron casemate were twisted round, and a second shot from a Brooke gun almost touching our side crashed through, followed immediately by a cloud of steam and boiling water that filled the forward decks as our overcharged boilers, pierced by the shot, emptied their contents with a shrill scream that drowned for an instant the roar of the guns. The shouts of command and the cries of scalded, wounded, and blinded men mingled with the rattle of small-arms that told of a hand-to-hand conflict above. The ship surged heavily to port as the great weight of water in the boilers was expended, and over the cry, "The ship is sinking!" came the shout, "All hands repel boarders on starboard bow!"





"ALL HANDS LIE DOWN!"

both ships twisted our bows, and brought us broadside to broadside — our bows at the enemy's stern and our starboard paddle-wheel on the forward starboard angle of his casemate. Against the report mentioned, I not only place my own observation, but I have in my possession the written statement of the navigator, Boutelle, now a member of Congress from Maine.

At length we drifted off the ram, and our pivot-gun, which had been fired incessantly by Ensign Mayer, almost muzzle to muzzle with the enemy's guns, was kept at work till we were out of range.

The official report says that the other ships were then got in line and fired at the enemy, also attempting to lay the seine to foul his propeller — a task that proved, alas, as impracticable as that of injuring him by the fire of the guns. While we were alongside, and had drifted broadside to broadside, our 9-inch Dahlgren guns had been depressed till the shot would strike at right angles, and the solid iron would bound from the roof into the air like marbles, and with as little impression. Fragments even of our 100-pound rifle-shots, at close range, came back on our own decks.

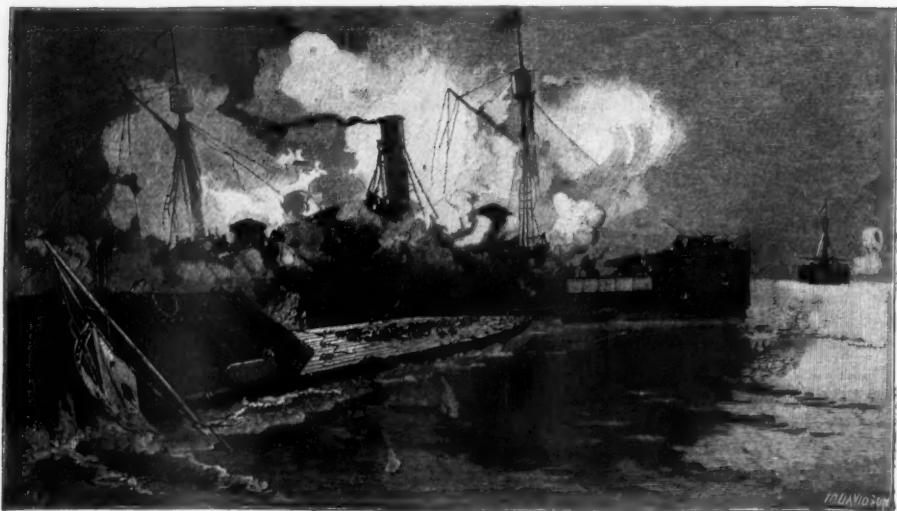
At dusk the ram steamed into the Roanoke River. Had assistance been rendered during the long thirteen minutes that the *Sassacus* lay over the ports of the *Albemarle*, the heroism of Commander Roe would have electrified the public and made his name, as it should be, imperishable in the annals of naval warfare. There was no lack of courage on the

other ships, and the previous loss of the *Southfield*, the signal from the *Wyalusing* that she was sinking, the apparent loss of our ship, and the loss of the sounds of North Carolina if more were disabled, dictated the prudent course they adopted.

Of the official reports, which gave no prominence to the achievement of Commander Roe and have placed an erroneous record on the page of history, I speak only with regret. He was asked to correct his report as to the speed of our ship. He had said we were going at a speed of ten knots, and the naval report says, "He was not disposed to make the original correction." I should think not! — when the speed could only be estimated by his own officers, and the navigator says clearly in his report *eleven* knots. We had perhaps the swiftest ship in the navy. We had backed slowly to increase the distance; with furious fires and a gagged engine working at the full stroke of the pistons, — a run of over four hundred yards, with eager and excited men counting the revolutions of our paddles; who should give the more correct statement?

The ship first in the line claimed the capture of the *Bombshell*. The captain of that vessel, afterward a prisoner on our ship, said he surrendered to the *second* ship in the line, viz., the *Sassacus*; that the flag was not hauled down till he was ordered to do so by Commander Roe; and that no surrender had been intended till the order came from the second vessel in the line.

Another part of the official report states that



THE "SASSACUS" DISABLED AFTER RAMMING.

the bows of the double-enders were all frail, and had they been armed would have been insufficient to have sunk the ram. If this were so, then was the heroism of the trial the greater. Our bow, however, was shod with a *bronze beak*, weighing fully three tons, well secured to prow and keel; and this was twisted and almost entirely torn away in the collision.

But what avails it to a soldier to dash over the parapet and seize the colors of the enemy if his regiment halts outside the *chevaux-de-*

*frise*? We have always felt that a similar blow on the other side, or a close environment of the heavy guns of the other ships, would have captured or sunk the ram. As it was, she retired, never again to emerge for battle from the Roanoke River, and the object of her coming on the day of our engagement, viz., to aid the Confederates in an attack on New Berne, was defeated; but her ultimate destruction was reserved for the gallant Lieutenant Cushing, of glorious memory.

Edgar Holden, M. D., late U. S. N.

NOTE. The Navy Department was not satisfied with the first official reports, and new and special reports were called for. As a result of investigation, promotions of many of the officers were made.—EDITOR.

#### THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "ALBEMARLE."

UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT BY THE LATE W. B. CUSHING, COMMANDER, U. S. N.

IN September, 1864, the Government was laboring under much anxiety in regard to the condition of affairs in the sounds of North Carolina. Some months previous (April 19th) a rebel iron-clad had made her appearance, attacking Plymouth, beating our fleet, sinking the *Southfield*, and killing the gallant Captain Flusser, who commanded the flotilla. General Wessells's brigade had been forced to surrender, and all that section of country and the line of Roanoke River had fallen again into rebel hands. Little Washington and the Tar River were thus outflanked and lost to us. Some time after (May 5th), this iron-clad, the *Albemarle*, had steamed out into the open sound and engaged seven of our steamers, doing much dam-

age and suffering little. The *Sassacus* had attempted to run her down, but had failed, and had had her boiler exploded by one of the 100-pound shells fired from the Confederate.

The Government had no iron-clad that could cross Hatteras bar and enter the sounds,\* and it seemed likely that our wooden ships would be defeated, leaving New Berne, Roanoke Island, and other points endangered. At all events, it was impossible for any number of our vessels to injure her at Plymouth, and the expense of our squadron kept to watch her was very great.

At this stage of affairs Admiral S. P. Lee

\* Several light-draught monitors were in course of construction at this time, but were not yet completed.—ED.

spoke to me of the case, when I proposed a plan for her capture or destruction. I submitted in writing two plans, either of which I was willing to undertake.

The first was based upon the fact that through a thick swamp the iron-clad might be approached to within a few hundred yards, whence India-rubber boats, to be inflated, and carried upon men's backs, might transport a boarding-party of a hundred men; in the second plan the offensive force was to be conveyed in two low-pressure and very small steamers, each armed with a torpedo and howitzer.

In this last named plan (which had my preference), I intended that one boat should dash in, while the other stood by to throw canister and renew the attempt if the first should fail. It would also be useful to pick up our men if the attacking boat were disabled. Admiral Lee believed that the plan was a good one, and ordered me to Washington to submit it to the Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, doubted the merit of the project, but concluded to order me to New York to "purchase suitable vessels."

Finding some boats building for picket duty, I selected two, and proceeded to fit them out. They were open launches, about thirty feet in length, with small engines, and propelled by a screw. A 12-pounder howitzer was fitted to the bow of each, and a boom was rigged out, some fourteen feet in length, swinging by a goose-neck hinge to the bluff of the bow. A topping lift, carried to a stanchion inboard, raised or lowered it, and the torpedo was fitted into an iron slide at the end. This was intended to be detached from the boom by means of a heel-jigger leading inboard, and to be exploded by another line, connecting with a pin, which held a grape-shot over a nipple and cap. The torpedo was the invention of Engineer Lay of the navy, and was introduced by Chief-Engineer Wood.

Everything being completed, we started to the southward, taking the boats through the canals to Chesapeake Bay, and losing one in going down to Norfolk. This was a great misfortune, and I have never understood how it occurred. I forgot the name of the volunteer ensign to whose care it was intrusted; he was taken prisoner with his crew.

My best boat being thus lost, I proceeded with one alone to make my way through the Chesapeake and Albemarle canals into the sounds.

Half-way through, the canal was filled up, but finding a small creek that emptied into it below the obstruction, I endeavored to feel

my way through. Encountering a mill-dam, we waited for high water, and ran the launch over it; below she grounded, but I got a flat-boat, and, taking out gun and coal, succeeded in two days in getting her through. Passing with but seven men through the canal, where for thirty miles there was no guard or Union inhabitant, I reached the sound, and ran before a gale of wind to Roanoke Island. Here I pretended that we were going to Beaufort, and engaged to take two passengers along. This deception became necessary, in consequence of the close proximity of the rebel forces. If any person had known our destination, the news would have reached Plymouth long before we arrived to confirm it.

So, in the middle of the night, I steamed off into the darkness, and in the morning was out of sight. Fifty miles up the sound, I found the fleet anchored off the mouth of the river, and awaiting the ram's appearance. Here, for the first time, I disclosed to my officers and



COMMANDER W. B. CUSHING, U. S. N.

men our object, and told them that they were at liberty to go or not, as they pleased. These, seven in number, all volunteered. One of them, Mr. Howarth of the *Monticello*, had been with me repeatedly in expeditions of peril. Eight were added to my original force, among whom was Assistant Paymaster Francis H. Swan, who came to me as we were about to start and urged that he might go, as he had never been in a fight. Disregarding my remark that "it was a bad time for initiation," he still made the request, and joined us. He found an event-

ful night of it, being wounded, and spending his next four months in Libby Prison.

The Roanoke River is a stream averaging 150 yards in width, and quite deep. Eight miles from the mouth was the town of Plymouth, where the ram was moored. Several thousand soldiers occupied town and forts, and held both banks of the stream. A mile below the ram was the wreck of the *Southfield*, with hurricane deck above water, and on this a guard was stationed, to give notice

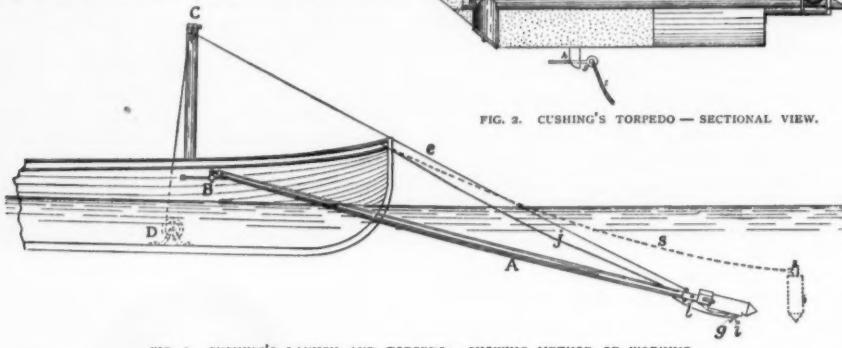


FIG. 1. CUSHING'S LAUNCH AND TORPEDO -- SHOWING METHOD OF WORKING.

A long spar A (Fig. 1) was pivoted by means of a universal joint on its inboard end into the bracket B, the bracket being securely fastened to the outside of the boat. The spar was raised or lowered by means of a haliard e, which passed through a block at the head of the stanchion C, and thence down to the drum of a small windlass D, situated in the bottom of the boat, directly abaft the stanchion. On the outboard end of the spar was a socket, or head, which carried the shell. The shell was held in place only by a small pin g, which passed through a lug h, protruding from the lower side of the shell, and thence through an inclined plane i, which was attached to the socket. The lug and pin are clearly shown in Fig. 2. To detach the shell the pin g was pulled, which forced the shell gently out of the socket. This was accomplished by a laniard j, which led from the boat to the head of the socket, passing back of the head of the shell through the lugs h, so that when the laniard was tautened it would force the shell out. A smaller laniard l, leading to the pin g, was spliced to the laniard j in such a manner that when the laniard j was pulled, first the pin and then the shell would come out.

of anything suspicious, and to send up fire-rockets in case of an attack. Thus it seemed impossible to surprise them, or to attack, with hope of success.

Impossibilities are for the timid: we determined to overcome all obstacles. On the night of the 27th of October\* we entered the river, taking in tow a small cutter with a few men, the duty of whom was to dash aboard the [wreck of the] *Southfield* at the first hail, and prevent any rocket from being ignited.

Fortune was with our little boat, and we actually passed within thirty feet of the pickets without discovery and neared the wharf, where the rebels lay all unconscious. I now thought that it might be better to board her, and "take

\* The first attempt was made on the previous night, but after proceeding a short distance the launch grounded, and the time lost in getting her off made it too late to carry out the purpose of the expedition.—EDITOR.

her alive," having in the two boats twenty men well armed with revolvers, cutlasses, and hand-grenades. To be sure, there were ten times our number on the ship and thousands near by; but a surprise is everything, and I thought if her fasts were cut at the instant of boarding, we might overcome those on board, take her

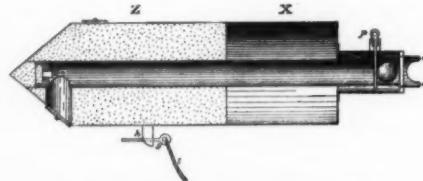


FIG. 2. CUSHING'S TORPEDO -- SECTIONAL VIEW.

The shell (Fig. 2) contained an air chamber X and a powder chamber Z. The result of this arrangement was that when the shell was detached it assumed a vertical position, with the air chamber uppermost, and, being lighter than its volume of water, it floated gradually towards the surface. At the top of its central shaft or tube was a grape-shot, held in place by a pin f, to which was attached the lanyard s. The pin was a trigger, and the lanyard was known as the trigger-line. Upon pulling the lanyard the pin came out, the shot fell by its own weight upon the nipple n, which was covered by a percussion cap and connected directly with the powder chamber, and the torpedo exploded.

When the spar was not in use it was swung around by means of a stern line, bringing the head of the spar to the stern of the boat. To use the apparatus, the shell was put in place and the spar was swung around head forward; it was then lowered by means of the haliard e to the required depth; the laniard j was pulled, withdrawing the pin g, and forcing out the shell; finally, when the floating shell had risen to its place, the trigger-line s was pulled and the torpedo fired.

into the stream, and use her iron sides to protect us afterward from the forts. Knowing the town, I concluded to land at the lower wharf, creep around and suddenly dash aboard from the bank; but just as I was sheering in close to the wharf, a hail came, sharp and quick, from the iron-clad, and in an instant was repeated. I at once directed the cutter to cast off, and go down to capture the guard left in our rear, and ordering all steam went at the dark mountain of iron in front of us. A heavy fire was at once opened upon us, not only from the ship, but from men stationed on the shore. This did not disable us, and we neared them rapidly. A large fire now blazed upon the bank, and by its light I discovered the unfortunate fact that there was a circle of logs around the *Albemarle*, boomed well out from her side, with the very intention of preventing the action of torpedoes. To examine them more closely,

I ran alongside until amidships, received the enemy's fire, and sheered off for the purpose of turning, a hundred yards away, and going at

against the iron ribs and into the mass of men standing by the fire upon the shore. In another instant we had struck the logs and were



THE BLOWING-UP OF THE "ALBEMARLE."

the booms squarely, at right angles, trusting to their having been long enough in the water to have become slimy—in which case my boat, under full headway, would bump up against them and slip over into the pen with the ram. This was my only chance of success, and once over the obstruction my boat would never get out again; but I was there to accomplish an important object, and to die, if needs be, was but a duty. As I turned, the whole back of my coat was torn out by buckshot, and the sole of my shoe was carried away. The fire was very severe.

In a lull of the firing, the captain hailed us, again demanding what boat it was. All my men gave some comical answers, and mine was a dose of canister, which I sent among them from the howitzer, buzzing and singing

over, with headway nearly gone, slowly forging up under the enemy's quarter-port. Ten feet from us the muzzle of a rifle gun looked into our faces, and every word of command on board was distinctly heard.

My clothing was perforated with bullets as I stood in the bow, the heel-jigger in my right hand and the exploding-line in the left. We were near enough then, and I ordered the boom lowered until the forward motion of the launch carried the torpedo under the ram's overhang. A strong pull of the detaching-line, a moment's waiting for the torpedo to rise under the hull, and I hauled in the left hand, just cut by a bullet.\*

The explosion took place at the same instant that 100 pounds of grape, at 10 feet range, crashed in our midst, and the dense

\* In considering the merits of Cushing's success with this exceedingly complicated instrument, it must be remembered that nothing short of the utmost care in

preparation could keep its mechanism in working-order; that in making ready to use it, it was necessary to keep the end of the spar elevated until the boat had

mass of water thrown out by the torpedo came down with choking weight upon us.

Twice refusing to surrender, I commanded the men to save themselves; and throwing off sword, revolver, shoes, and coat, struck out from my disabled and sinking boat into the river. It was cold, long after the frosts, and the water chilled the blood, while the whole surface of the stream was plowed up by grape and musketry, and my nearest friends, the fleet, were twelve miles away, but anything was better than to fall into rebel hands. Death was better than surrender. I swam for the opposite shore, but as I neared it a man,\* one of my crew, gave a great gurgling yell and went down.

The rebels were out in boats, picking up my men; and one of these, attracted by the sound, pulled in my direction. I heard my own name mentioned, but was not seen. I now "struck out" down the stream, and was soon far enough away to again attempt landing. This time, as I struggled to reach the bank, I heard a groan in the river behind me, and, although very much exhausted, concluded to turn and give all the aid in my power to the officer or seaman who had bravely shared the danger with me and in whose peril I might in turn partake.

Swimming in the night, with eye at the level of the water, one can have no idea of distance, and labors, as I did, under the discouraging thought that no headway is made. But if I were to drown that night, I had at least an opportunity of dying while struggling to aid another. Nearing the swimmer, it proved to be Acting Master's Mate Woodman, who said that he could swim no longer. Knocking his cap from his head, I used my right arm to sustain him, and ordered him to strike out. For ten minutes at least, I think, he managed to keep afloat, when, his presence of mind and physical force being completely gone, he gave a yell and sunk like a stone, fortunately not seizing upon me as he went down.

Again alone upon the water, I directed my

surmounted the boom of logs, and to judge accurately the distance in order to stop the boat's headway at the right point; that the spar must then be lowered with the same precision of judgment; that the detaching laniard must then be pulled firmly, but without a jerk; that, finally, the position of the torpedo under the knuckle of the ram must be calculated to a nicety, and that by a very gentle strain on a line some twenty-five or thirty feet long the trigger-pin must be withdrawn. When it is reflected that Cushing had attached to his person four separate lines, viz., the detaching laniard, the trigger-line, and two lines to direct the movements of the boat, one of which was fastened to the wrist and the other to the ankle of the engineer; that he was also directing the adjustment of the spar

course towards the town side of the river, not making much headway, as my strokes were now very feeble, my clothes being soaked and heavy, and little chop-seas splashing with a choking persistence into my mouth every time that I gasped for breath. Still, there was a determination not to sink, a will not to give up; and I kept up a sort of mechanical motion long after my bodily force was in fact expended.

At last, and not a moment too soon, I touched the soft mud, and in the excitement of the first shock I half raised my body and made one step forward; then fell, and remained half in the mud and half in the water until daylight, unable even to crawl on hands and knees, nearly frozen, with brain in a whirl, but with one thing strong in me—the fixed determination to escape. The prospect of drowning, starvation, death in the swamps—all seemed lesser evils than that of surrender.

As day dawned, I found myself in a point of swamp that enters the suburbs of Plymouth, and not forty yards from one of the forts. The sun came out bright and warm, proving a



THE WRECK OF THE "ALBEMARLE."

most cheering visitant, and giving me back a good portion of the strength of which I had been deprived before. Its light showed me the town swarming with soldiers and sailors, who moved about excitedly, as if angry at some sudden shock. It was a source of satisfaction to me to know that I had pulled the

by the halliard; that the management of all these lines, requiring as much exactness and delicacy of touch as a surgical operation, where a single error in their employment, even a pull too much or too little, would render the whole expedition abortive, was carried out under a fire of musketry so hot that several bullets passed through his clothing and directly in front of the muzzle of a 100-pounder rifle, and carried out with perfect success, it is safe to say that the naval history of the world affords no other example of such marvelous coolness and professional skill as that shown by Cushing in the destruction of the *Albemarle*.—J. R. SOLEY.

\* Samuel Higgins, fireman.

wire that set all these figures moving (in a manner quite as interesting as the best of theatricals), but as I had no desire of being discovered by any of the rebels who were so plentiful around me, I did not long remain a spectator. My first object was to get into a dry fringe of rushes that edged the swamp; but to do this required me to pass over thirty or forty feet of open ground, right under the eye of the sentinel who walked the parapet.

Watching until he turned for a moment, I made a dash to cross the space, but was only half-way over when he turned, and forced me to drop down right between two paths, and almost entirely unshielded. Perhaps I was unobserved because of the mud that covered me, and made me blend in with the earth; at all events the soldier continued his tramp for some time, while I, flat on my back, awaited another chance for action. Soon a party of four men came down the path at my right, two of them being officers, and passed so close to me as almost to tread upon my arm. They were conversing upon the events of the previous night, and were wondering "how it was done," entirely unconscious of the presence of one who could give them the information. This proved to me the necessity of regaining the swamp, which I did by sinking my heels and elbows into the earth and forcing my body, inch by inch, towards it. For five hours then, with bare feet, head, and hands, I made my way where I venture to say none ever did before, until I came at last to a clear place, where I might rest upon solid ground. The cypress swamp was a network of thorns and briars, that cut into the flesh at every step like knives, and frequently, when the soft mire would not bear my weight, I was forced to throw my body upon it at length, and haul it along by the arms. Hands and feet were raw when I reached the clearing, and yet my difficulties were but commenced. A working-party of soldiers was in the opening, engaged in sinking some schooners in the river to obstruct the channel. I passed twenty yards in their rear through a corn furrow, and gained some woods below. Here I encountered a negro, and after serving out to him twenty dollars in greenbacks and some texts of Scripture (two powerful arguments with an old darky), I had confidence enough in his fidelity to send him into town for news of the ram.

When he returned, and there was no longer doubt that she had gone down, I went on again, and plunged into a swamp so thick that I had only the sun for a guide and could not see ten feet in advance. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon I came out from the dense mass of reeds upon the bank of one of the deep,

narrow streams that abound there, and right opposite to the only road in the vicinity. It seemed providential that I should come just there, for, thirty yards above or below, I never should have seen the road, and might have struggled on until worn out and starved—found a never-to-be-discovered grave. As it was, my fortune had led me to where a picket party of seven soldiers were posted, having a little flat-bottomed, square-ended skiff toggled to the root of a cypress-tree that squirmed like a snake into the inky water. Watching them until they went back a few yards to eat, I crept into the stream and swam over, keeping the big tree between myself and them, and making for the skiff.

Gaining the bank, I quietly cast loose the boat and floated behind it some thirty yards around the first bend, where I got in and paddled away as only a man could where liberty was at stake.

Hour after hour I paddled, never ceasing for a moment, first on one side, then on the other, while sunshine passed into twilight and that was swallowed up in thick darkness, only relieved by the few faint star rays that penetrated the heavy swamp curtain on either side. At last I reached the mouth of the Roanoke, and found the open sound before me.

My frail boat could not have lived a moment in the ordinary sea there, but it chanced to be very calm, leaving only a slight swell, which was, however, sufficient to influence my boat, so that I was forced to paddle all upon one side to keep her on the intended course.

After steering by a star for perhaps two hours for where I thought the fleet might be, I at length discovered one of the vessels, and after a long time got within hail. My "Ship ahoy!" was given with the last of my strength, and I fell powerless, with a splash, into the water in the bottom of my boat, and awaited results. I had paddled every minute for ten successive hours, and for four my body had been "asleep," with the exception of my two arms and brain. The picket vessel, *Valley City*,—for it was she,—upon hearing the hail at once slipped her cable and got under way, at the same time lowering boats and taking precaution against torpedoes.

It was some time before they would pick me up, being convinced that I was the rebel conductor of an infernal machine, and that Lieutenant Cushing had died the night before.

At last I was on board, had imbibed a little brandy and water, and was on my way to the flag-ship, commanded by Commander Macomb.

As soon as it became known that I had returned, rockets were thrown up and all hands

called to cheer ship; and when I announced success, all the commanding officers were summoned on board to deliberate upon a plan of attack.

In the morning I was again well in every way, with the exception of hands and feet, and had the pleasure of exchanging shots with the batteries that I had inspected on the day previous.

I was sent in the *Valley City* to report to Admiral Porter at Hampton Roads, and soon after Plymouth and the whole district of the Albemarle, deprived of the iron-clad's protection, fell an easy prey to Commander Macomb and our fleet.\*

I again received the congratulations of the Navy Department, and the thanks of Congress, and was also promoted to the grade of Lieutenant-Commander.

---

Engineer-in-Chief William W. Wood, of the United States Navy, in describing the construction and fitting out of the launch with which Captain Cushing blew up the *Albemarle*, says:

When I was on duty in New York in connection with the construction of the iron-clad fleet and other vessels, I was also engaged in devising means to destroy the Confederate iron-clads, and to remove the harbor obstructions improvised by the Southerners to prevent

\* Lieutenant Cushing reached the *Valley City* about midnight on the night of October 28-29, and announced the destruction of the *Albemarle*. On the next day, the 29th, at 11.15 A. M., Commander Macomb got under way, and his fleet proceeded up the Roanoke River in the following order: *Commodore Hull*, *Shamrock* (flag-ship), *Chicopee*, *Otsego*, *Wyalusing*, and *Tacony*; the *Valley City* being sent at the same time up Middle River, which joined the Roanoke above Plymouth, to intercept any vessels coming out with stores. Upon the arrival of the fleet at the wreck of the *Southfield*, after exchanging shots with the lower batteries, it was found that the enemy had effectually obstructed the channel by sinking schooners alongside of the wreck, and the expedition was therefore compelled to return. The *Valley City*, hearing the firing cease, concluded that Plymouth had been captured, and continuing her course up Middle River reached the Roanoke; but on approaching the enemy's works, and learning her mistake, she withdrew as she had come. It was upon her course up Middle River, shortly after noon, that the *Valley City* picked up Houghton, the only member of the crew of the picket-boat, beside Cushing, who escaped death or capture. He had swum across the river, and had remained hidden for thirty-six hours in the swamp that separates the two streams.

On the next day, Commander Macomb, having ascertained from the experience of the *Valley City* that Middle River offered a clear passage, determined to approach Plymouth by that route. The fleet was preceded by the tug *Basley*, with Pilot Alfred Everett, of the *Wyalusing*, on board. Following the *Basley* were the *Shamrock*, *Otsego*, *Wyalusing*, *Tacony*, and *Commodore Hull*. The *Valley City* had been detailed to take Lieutenant Cushing to Hampton Roads, and the *Chicopee* had gone to New Berne for repairs. The expedition threaded successfully the channel, shelling Plymouth across the woods on the intervening neck of

access of our vessels to the harbors and approaches in Southern waters.

About this time experiment had developed the feasibility of using torpedoes from the bows of ordinary steam-launches, and there had been already two such launches constructed, which were then lying at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, N. Y., having torpedoes fitted to them.

While sitting at my desk at the iron-clad office in Canal street, New York (the office of Rear-Admiral F. H. Gregory, the general superintendent), a young man (a mere youth) came in and made himself known as Lieutenant W. B. Cushing, United States Navy.

He stated to me, in strict confidence, that he was North on a secret mission, under the sanction of the Honorable Secretary of the Navy, the object being to cut out or destroy the rebel iron-clad ram *Albemarle*, then lying at Plymouth, N. C., and he had been looking for small and swift low-pressure tug-boats for the purpose of throwing a force on board, capturing, and cutting her out, and that, should he fail in this object, to destroy her; that so far he had been unable to find just such vessels as he required; and, further, he had been at the Navy Yard and there saw a steam-launch being fitted with a torpedo, and had called on me to make inquiry as to what was designed to be accomplished by its use, etc.

I gave him all the particulars and urged him to avail himself of the opportunity presented, which he without hesitation did. He sat down at my desk and wrote to the Secretary, stating that he had found what he desired for his purpose, and requested an order from the Department to be furnished with two of the torpedo boats or launches; and in going out said: "I will visit my mother at Fredonia, N. Y., and when they are ready inform me, and I will come down and learn how to use this thing."

land on its way up, until it reached the head of Middle River and passed into the Roanoke, where it lay all night.

At 9.30 on the morning of the 31st of October the line was formed, the *Commodore Hull* being placed in advance, as her ferry-boat construction enabled her to fire ahead. The *Whitehead*, which had arrived with stores just before the attack, was lashed to the *Tacony*, and the tugs *Basley* and *Belle* to the *Shamrock* and *Otsego*, to afford motive power in case of accident to the machinery. Signal was made to "Go ahead fast," and soon after the fleet was hotly engaged with the batteries on shore, which were supported by musketry from rifle-pits and houses. After a spirited action of an hour at short range, receiving and returning a sharp fire of shell, grape, and canister, the *Shamrock* planted a shell in the enemy's magazine, which blew up, and the Confederates hastily abandoned their works. A landing-party was at once sent ashore and occupied the batteries, capturing the last of the retreating garrison. In a short time Plymouth was entirely in possession of the Union forces. Twenty-two cannon were captured, with a large quantity of small-arms, stores, and ammunition. The casualties on the Union side were six killed and nine wounded.

The vessels engaged were as follows: DOUBLE-ENDERS: *Shamrock*, Commander W. H. Macomb, commanding division, Lieutenant Rufus K. Duer, executive officer; *Otsego*, Lieutenant-Commander H. N. T. Arnold; *Wyalusing*, Lieutenant-Commander Earl English; *Tacony*, Lieutenant-Commander W. T. Truxton. FERRY-BOAT: *Commodore Hull*, Acting-Master Francis Josselyn. GUN-BOAT: *Whitehead*, Acting-Master G. W. Barrett. TUGS: *Belle*, Acting-Master James G. Green; *Basley*, Acting-Master Mark D. Ames. The *Chicopee*, Commander A. D. Harrell, and *Valley City*, Acting-Master J. A. Brooks, as already stated, were not present at the second and final demonstration.—J. R. SOLEY.

I did so. Lieutenant Cushing came to New York, the launch was taken out into the North River, and one or more torpedo shells exploded by Lieutenant Cushing himself.

We stopped at the same hotel (the old United States, corner of Pearl and Fulton streets) until his departure, where I became well acquainted with this gallant and brave officer, and discussed frequently the resources of the torpedo steam-launches.

I was not disappointed when, a short time afterwards, Barry, the clerk of the hotel, told me one morning on my making my appearance that "Cushing had done the work," and handed me the morning paper containing Cushing's report to the Honorable Secretary of the Navy.

The dimensions of these two launches were as follows: 45 to 47 feet long; 9 feet 6 inches beam, and carried a howitzer forward. Draught of water, about 40 to 42 inches.\*

Cushing's visit to his mother, referred to by Engineer-in-Chief Wood, is thus described by Mrs. Cushing:

Well do I remember that dreary day in the fall of 1864 when Will, home on a brief visit, invited me to ride with him over the Arkwright hills; the only time I was there, but in memory forever associated with the destruction of the *Albemarle*. It was a dark, cloudy day, and looked lonely; but where no one could hear or see us Will said to me, "Mother, I have undertaken a great project, and no soul must know until it is accomplished. I *must* tell you, for I need your prayers." He then informed me that the Navy Department had commissioned him to destroy the rebel ram *Albemarle*. How, when, and where, he told me all particulars, while I tried to still the beatings of my heart and listen in silence. At last I said, "My son, I believe you will accomplish it, but you *cannot* come out alive. Why did they call upon you to do this?" I felt that it was asking too much. "Mother, it shall be done or you will have no son Will. If I die, it will be in a good cause." After that I spoke only words of encouragement, but oh! those days of suspense, shared by no one, every hour an age of agony, until from my son Howard came the glad telegram, "William is safe and successful."

#### NOTE ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "ALBEMARLE."

BY HER CAPTAIN, A. F. WARLEY, C. S. N.

WHEN I took command of the Confederate States iron-clad *Albemarle*, I found her made fast to the river bank nearly abreast of the town of Plymouth. She was surrounded by a cordon of single cypress logs chained together, about ten feet from her side.

I soon found why the very able officer whom I succeeded (Captain J. N. Maffitt) was willing to give up the command. There was no reason why the place might not be recaptured any day: the guns commanding the river were in no condition for use, and the troops in charge of them were worn down by ague, and were undrilled and worthless.

On the other side of the river, at pistol range, was a low island heavily timbered, and said to be almost impenetrable. As it fully commanded our position, I sent an active officer with a few hardy men to "explore it."

His report on his return showed that we were under constant espionage. Acting on this information the same officer (Mr. Long), with ten men, ambuscaded and captured a Federal man-of-war boat, and for the time being put a stop to the spy system.

When I had been about a month at Plymouth the troops were relieved by a new set. On the day of their arrival I heard of a steam-launch having been seen in the river, and I informed the officer in command of the fact, and at the same time told him that the safety of the place depended on the *Albemarle*, and the safety of the *Albemarle* depended on the watchfulness of his pickets.

The crew of the *Albemarle* numbered but sixty, too small a force to allow me to keep an armed watch on deck at night and to do outside picketing besides. Moreover, to break the monotony of the life and keep

\* The two "picket-boats," as they were officially designated, were delivered completely fitted to Lieutenant Cushing, in New York, on the 20th of September, by Admiral F. H. Gregory, Superintendent of Construction, with orders to send them directly to Hampton Roads by way of the canals. Cushing, not having any desire to make a canal voyage in an open launch, had obtained permission to proceed by land. Picket-boat No. 1 was under the command of Acting Ensign William L. Howarth, and No. 2 under Acting Ensign Andrew Stockholm. The two boats left New York on the 22d. Both of them struck on the rocks near Bergen Point, N. J., and remained there sunk for some hours. They arrived on the 25th, badly damaged, at New Brunswick, where they were repaired. No. 2 sank again in the canal, and was again repaired in Philadelphia, where the boats arrived on the 28th. Leaving Philadelphia, they reached Baltimore in safety; and after having been inspected by Cushing, they resumed their voyage on the 4th of October down Chesapeake Bay.

Soon after leaving Baltimore, No. 1's engine broke down, and she was towed into Annapolis by No. 2 on the 5th. Leaving Annapolis the next day in a heavy sea, the boats worked over first to one shore and then to the other. Presently the machinery of No. 2 was disabled, and she put into Great Wicomico Bay for repairs. Howarth's anxiety to reach Fort Monroe led him to press on, leaving his consort to follow as soon as possible. On the 8th, however, when the repairs had been completed, and just as Stockholm was

about to get away, he was attacked by guerrillas. In trying to get out into the open water the boat unfortunately grounded; and Stockholm, after using up his ammunition, set her on fire and surrendered. The prisoners were sent to Richmond, but were soon after paroled, and Stockholm on his return was dismissed. No. 1 arrived safely at her destination, and was used by Cushing in the expedition against the *Albemarle*. The list of officers and men on board Picket-boat No. 1, on the expedition of October 27, 1864, with the vessels to which they were officially attached, was as follows: Lieutenant William B. Cushing, commanding, *Monticello*; Acting Assistant Paymaster Francis H. Swan, *Otsego*; Acting Ensign William L. Howarth, *Monticello*; Acting Master's Mate John Woodman, *Commodore Hull*; Acting Master's Mate Thomas S. Gay, *Otsego*; Acting Third Assistant Engineer William Stotesbury, Picket-boat; Acting Third Assistant Engineer Charles L. Steever, *Otsego*; Samuel Higgins, first-class fireman, Picket-boat; Richard Hamilton, coal-heaver, *Shamrock*; William Smith, ordinary seaman, *Chicopee*; Bernard Harley, ordinary seaman, *Chicopee*; Edward J. Houghton, ordinary seaman, *Chicopee*; Lorenzo Deming, landsman, Picket-boat; Henry Wilkes, landsman, Picket-boat; Robert H. King, landsman, Picket-boat. Cushing and Howarth, together with those designated as attached to the "Picket-boat," were the original seven who brought the boat down from New York. Cushing and Houghton escaped, Woodman and Higgins were drowned, and the remaining eleven were captured.

## A NOTE OF PEACE.

down ague, I had always out an expedition of ten men, who were uniformly successful in doing a fair amount of damage to the enemy. All were anxious to be on these expeditions and to keep out of the hospital.

The officer in command of the troops was inclined to give me all assistance, and sent a picket of twenty-five men under a lieutenant; they were furnished with rockets and had a field-piece. This picket was stationed on board of a schooner about gun-shot below the *Albemarle*, where an attempt was being made to raise a vessel (the *Southfield*) sunk at the time of Commander Cooke's dash down the river. Yet on the night of the 27th of October Cushing's steam-launch ran quietly alongside of the schooner unobserved by the picket, without a sound or signal, and then steamed up to the *Albemarle*.

It was about 3 A. M. The night was dark and slightly rainy, and the launch was close to us when we haled and the alarm was given — so close that the gun could not be depressed enough to reach her; so the crew were sent in the shield with muskets, and kept up a heavy fire on the launch as she slowly forced her way over the chain of logs and ranged by us within a few feet. As she reached the bow of the *Albemarle* I heard a report as of an unshot gun, and a piece of wood fell at my feet. Calling the carpenter, I told him a torpedo had been exploded, and ordered him to examine and report to me, saying nothing to any one else. He soon reported "a hole in her bottom big enough to drive a wagon in."

By this time I heard voices from the launch — "We surrender," etc., etc., etc. I stopped our fire and sent out Mr. Long, who brought back all those who had been in the launch except the gallant cap-

tain and three of her crew, all of whom took to the water.

Having seen to their safety, I turned my attention to the *Albemarle* and found her resting on the bottom in eight feet of water, her upper works above water. The very men who had destroyed her had no idea of their success, for I heard one say to another, "We did our best, but there the d——d old thing is yet."

That is the way the *Albemarle* was destroyed, and a more gallant thing was not done during the war. After her destruction, failing to convince the officer in command of the troops that he could not hold the place, I did my best to help defend it. Half of my crew went down and obstructed the river by sinking the schooner at the wreck, and with the other half I had two 8-inch guns commanding the upper river put in serviceable order, relaid platforms, fished out tackles from the *Albemarle*, got a few shells, etc., and waited. I did not have to wait long. The fleet steamed up to the obstructions, fired a few shells over the town, steamed down again, and early next morning rounding the island were in the river and opened fire.

The two 8-inch guns worked by Mr. Long and Mr. Shelley did their duty, and I think did all that was done in the defense of Plymouth. The fire of the fleet was concentrated on us, and one at least of the steamers was so near that I could hear the orders given to elevate or depress the guns. When I felt that by hanging on I could only sacrifice my men and achieve nothing, I ordered our guns spiked and the men sent round to the road by a ravine.

The crew left me by Captain Maffitt were good and true men, and stuck by me to the last. If any failed in his duty, I never heard of it; and if any of them still live, I send them a hearty "God bless you!"

## A NOTE OF PEACE.

## REUNIONS OF "THE BLUE AND THE GRAY."



LTHOUGH the horrors of war are the more conspicuous where the conflict is between brothers and the struggle is a long and desperate one, the evidences are numerous that, underneath the passion and bitterness of our civil war, there were counter currents of kindly feeling, a spirit of genuine friendliness pervading the opposing camps. This friendliness was something deeper than the expression of mere human instinct; the combatants felt that they were indeed brothers. Acts of kindness to wounded enemies began to be noted at Bull Run, while in every campaign useless picket firing was almost uniformly disconcerted, and the men shook hands at the outposts and talked confidently of their private affairs and their trials and hardships in the army. This feeling, confined, perhaps, to men on the very front line, culminated at Appomattox, where the victors shared rations with their late antagonists and

generously offered them help in repairing the wastes of battle. When the Union veteran returned to the North he did not disguise his faith in the good intentions of the Southern fighting man, and for a number of years after peace was made, the process of fraternization went quietly forward. The business relations of the sections and the interchange of settlers brought into close communication the rank and file of both armies, and the spirit of goodwill that had been manifested in a manner so unique at the front was found to be a hearty and general sentiment.

Out of this state of things was developed, naturally, a series of formal meetings of veterans of the Blue and the Gray. The earliest reunions of which I find record were held in 1881 (the year of the Yorktown Centennial and of Garfield's death). The first was a meeting of Captain Colwell Post, Grand Army of the Republic, of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and the ex-Confederates of Luray Valley, Virginia. The Southern veterans appointed special committees to welcome the comrades of the Carlisle

post to the soil of Virginia, and received them accordingly on the 21st of July. In September following, the post, in turn, invited the Southerners to visit Carlisle, and greeted them with a public reception. The meeting was held on the Fair Ground, in the presence of a large assemblage, and Governor Henry M. Hoyt welcomed the Virginians; General James A. Beaver and Grand Army Posts 58 and 116, of Harrisburg, took part in the reunion.

In October of that year, the members of Aaron Wilkes Post, of Trenton, New Jersey, on their journey to the Yorktown Centennial celebration, visited Richmond, and were entertained in a fraternal manner by the Veteran Association of the Old 1st Virginia regiment and by other ex-Confederates. In each case, at Luray and at Richmond, the meeting was brought about by overtures on the part of the Northern veterans. Lee Camp, Confederate Veterans, at Richmond, was formed soon after this visit of Aaron Wilkes Post. The list of the more prominent formal reunions includes the following:

- 1881.—July 21, Luray, Virginia. Participants: Captain Colwell Post, G. A. R., of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and ex-Confederates of the Valley of Virginia.
- 1881.—September 28, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. The same organizations participating.
- 1881.—October 17 and 18, Richmond. Aaron Wilkes Post, G. A. R., of Trenton, New Jersey, and the Veteran Association of the Old 1st Virginia Infantry, Otey Battery, and Richmond Howitzers, of Richmond.
- 1882.—April 12 and 13, Trenton. Return visit of the Richmond ex-Confederates.
- 1882.—October, Gettysburg. Officers and soldiers of the Army of the Potomac and of the Army of Northern Virginia. The exercises extended over three days, and among the participants were Generals Sickles, Crawford, and Stannard, of the Union side, and Generals Forney, Trimble, and others, of the Confederate Army.
- 1883.—October 15-18, Richmond. Lincoln Post, G. A. R., of Newark, New Jersey, Phil Kearny Post, G. A. R., of Richmond, and Lee Camp, Confederate Veterans.
- 1884.—May 30, Fredericksburg, Virginia. Union Veteran Corps, Washington Continentals, and George G. Meade Post, G. A. R., of Washington, D. C., and Lee Camp, C. V., of Richmond, and Maury Camp, C. V., of Fredericksburg. Among the participants were Generals Rosecrans, Slocum, Newton, Doubleday, and Roy Stone, and Colonel H. W. Jackson of the Union side, and General Longstreet, Colonels W. C. Oates, and Hilary A. Herbert, and Captain Robert E. Lee of the Confederates.
- 1884.—June 17, Newark, New Jersey. Return visit of Phil Kearny Post and Lee Camp, of Richmond, to Lincoln Post, of Newark.
- 1885.—May 7 and 8, Baltimore. Society of the Army of the Potomac, and Lee Camp, of Richmond.
- 1885.—May 20, Richmond. Aaron Wilkes Post, of Trenton, and Lee Camp. Dedication of the Richmond Home for ex-Confederates, and Memorial Exercises at Hollywood Cemetery.
- 1885.—May 30, Annapolis, Maryland. Meade Post, G. A. R., and other Union veterans, and the ex-Confederates of Annapolis. Memorial Day reunion.
- 1885.—July 4, Auburn, New York. Seward Post, G. A. R., of Auburn, and Lee Camp.
- 1885.—October 19, Richmond. The same.
- 1885.—October 22, 23, and 24, Owensboro, Kentucky. "Ex-Federal and Ex-Confederate" Soldiers' Association, of Davis County, Kentucky, and Union veterans and ex-Confederates of the West.
- 1886.—July 3, Gettysburg. Cavalry Reunion on the field of the battle of July 3, 1863, between Stuart and Gregg. Generals D. McM. Gregg, Wade Hampton, J. B. McIntosh were present, also Major H. B. McClellan, of Stuart's staff.
- 1886.—October 12, 13, and 14, Richmond. Lee Camp, and John A. Andrew Post, G. A. R., of Boston.
- 1887.—June 9, Staunton, Virginia. Confederate Memorial Exercises conducted jointly by the Blue and the Gray; Generals W. W. Averell, Fitzhugh Lee, and John D. Imboden took part in the ceremonies.
- 1887.—June 16, 17, 18, and 19, Boston, Massachusetts. John A. Andrew Post, of Boston, and Lee Camp. The Southern veterans took part in the ceremonies at the Bunker Hill anniversary on the 17th, and in the evening attended a banquet at Faneuil Hall, where the State shield of Virginia was displayed beside that of Massachusetts. Among those present were Governor Oliver Ames, Senator George F. Hoar, Henry Cabot Lodge, and Colonel Henry O. Kent, of Massachusetts, and John Goode, George D. Wise, and Major N. B. Randolph, of Virginia.
- 1887.—June 18, Lynn, Massachusetts. General Lander Post, G. A. R., of Lynn, John A. Andrew Post, and Lee Camp.
- 1887.—July 3, Gettysburg. Pickett's Division Association and the Philadelphia Brigade. A large number of veterans of both armies accompanied these organizations and took part in the memorial meeting.
- 1887.—September 14, Mexico, Missouri. Reunion of ex-Confederates of Missouri, participated in by Union veterans and local posts of the Grand Army.
- 1887.—September 15, 16, and 17, Antietam Battle-field, Maryland. Antietam Post, G. A. R., of Sharpsburg, Maryland, U. S. Grant Post, of Harper's Ferry, the Veteran Association of the 50th New York Volunteers, and Confederate veterans of Maryland and Virginia.
- 1887.—September 27, Evansville, Indiana. Veterans of both armies under a general invitation from a national committee, headed by General James M. Shackleford. Letters of indorsement breathing the spirit of fraternity were sent by Generals John B. Gordon, James Longstreet, and Basil W. Duke.
- 1887.—October 11, Kennesaw Mountain Battle-field, Georgia. Excursion and reunion of Confederate and Union veterans.

The meetings here enumerated, with two or three exceptions, were devoted mainly to the interchange of social courtesies. On other noteworthy occasions the Southerners have extended less formal attentions to Northern

## A NOTE OF PEACE.

veterans while visiting the old battle-fields, particularly at Pea Ridge, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Petersburg, Antietam, Ball's Bluff, and the region around Richmond. One of the practical results of the personal acquaintance that sprung up at these reunions was the co-operation of the Grand Army of the Republic with the Confederate Veterans in raising funds to erect a home for disabled Southern soldiers at Richmond. The movement to establish the home originated with Lee Camp, and was promptly indorsed by the Grand Army posts of Virginia.

In March, 1884, J. F. Berry, of Phil Kearny Post, and A. A. Spitzer, of Lee Camp, Richmond, visited New York to confer with members of the Grand Army, and a meeting was held on the 19th at the St. James Hotel, resulting in the creation of a joint committee with General John B. Gordon, of Georgia, as chairman, and General James R. O'Beirne, of Farragut Post, G. A. R., of New York, as vice-chairman. Acting on the suggestion of the ex-Confederate members, the committee published a call for a mass meeting to be held at Cooper Institute, April 9, the anniversary of Lee's surrender, and General Grant was called upon to preside. His response to the invitation was as follows:

WASHINGTON, April 3, 1884.  
GENERAL J. B. GORDON, Chairman Central Committee, New York:

Your letter of March 31, informing me that I had been chosen to preside at a meeting of the different posts of the G. A. R. and ex-Confederates in the city of New York, is received.

The object of the meeting is to inaugurate, under the auspices of soldiers of both armies, a movement in behalf of a fund to build a home for disabled ex-Confederate soldiers.

I am in hearty sympathy with the movement, and would be glad to accept the position of presiding officer, if I were able to do so. You may rely on me, however, for rendering all aid I can in carrying out the designs of the meeting.

I am here under treatment for the injury I received on Christmas Eve last, and will not be able to leave here until later than the 9th, and cannot tell now how soon or when I shall be able to go.

I have received this morning your dispatch of last evening urging that I must be there to preside, but I have to respond to that, that it will be impossible for me to be there on the 9th, and I cannot now fix a day when I could certainly be present.

Hoping that your meeting will insure success, and promising my support financially and otherwise to the movement,

I am, very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

Following this mass meeting a fund of several thousand dollars was raised by local committees of the G. A. R. posts of New York,

\* What will doubtless prove to be the greatest demonstration (up to this date) of the fraternal feelings existing among veterans, is the meeting of the survivors of the Army of the Potomac with the survivors of the Army of Northern Virginia, at Gettysburg, July

Brooklyn, Boston, and elsewhere. Literary and dramatic entertainments were given in aid of the fund. The first of these took place on the 30th of April, at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. At that date General Grant had returned to his home in Sixty-sixth street, though he was still suffering from the injuries referred to in his letter to General Gordon. He wrote to the committee of Grand Army veterans that he was physically unable to attend the entertainment, inclosed a check for \$50, and indorsed their action.

The record here presented is not the whole story of the work that has been done since the war closed. The spirit that moved Lincoln to say in his last inaugural, "With malice toward none," has continued its holy influence. That which must appear to the world at large a startling anomaly, is in truth the simple principle of good-will unfolding itself under favorable conditions. The war, that is, the actual encounter on the field, taught the participants the dignity of American character. On the occasion of the reception of Lee Camp by the Society of the Army of the Potomac at Baltimore, in 1885, General H. W. Slocum said to the assembled veterans: "This incident that occurred here to-day proves the truth of the old saying that there is nothing so makes men respect one another as standing up in the ranks and firing at one another." In closing his remarks the same speaker gave the key-note to this whole matter of the fraternization of former foes, from the point of view of a Unionist. The words were these: "The men of those armies [Union and Confederate] respected one another, and when General Grant said to General Lee, 'when your men go home they can take their horses to work their little farms,' he spoke the sentiments of every man in the army." The propriety of such declarations can hardly be questioned, and the Northern promoters of reunions of "The Blue and the Gray" are pursuing the course marked out by Grant, and they may, in sincerity, point to him as their leader and exemplar.\* On the other hand, the sympathy of the ex-Confederates with the sufferings of General Grant, at the close of his life, and their notable action at the time of his death, may be cited as evidence for the Southerners of the lasting sentiments of good-will they hold toward their former opponents.

*George L. Kilmer,  
ABRAHAM LINCOLN POST, G. A. R.,  
NEW YORK, 1888.*

2d, 3d and 4th. This gathering originated in a proposal made by the Third Corps Society, at their reunion in May, 1887, and the matter was taken in charge by the Society of the Army of the Potomac at their reunion in the June following.—G. L. K.

## DREAMS, NIGHTMARE, AND SOMNAMBULISM.



SEVERAL men and women, most of whom were intellectual and cultivated, were conversing upon some of the more unusual phases of human nature. Various incidents, some of thrilling interest, had been narrated, when a dream was related of such remarkable detail — with which, as it was alleged, subsequent events corresponded — that it seemed as though "it were not all a dream"; and during the remainder of a long evening similar tales were told, until it appeared that all except two or three dreamed frequently. Finally it was proposed to ascertain the opinions of every one present on the subject.

One plainly said that he did not believe in them at all. When he was suffering from indigestion, or was overtired, or had a great deal on his mind, he dreamed; and when he was well and not overworked, he did not, and "that is all there is in it." But he added that there was one which he could never quite understand, and gave an account of a dream which his brother had had about the wrecking of a steamer. This caused him not to take passage on it, and the vessel was lost, and every person in the cabin was either seriously injured or drowned. At this a lady said that she had been in the habit of dreaming all her life, and nearly everything good or bad that had happened to her had been foreshadowed in dreams.

It was soon apparent that three out of four did not believe dreams to be supernatural, or preternatural, or that they have any connection with the events by which they are followed; but nearly every one had had a dream or had been the subject of one; or his mother, or grandmother, or some other relative or near friend, had in dreams seen things which seemed to have been shadows of coming events.

One person affirmed that he had never dreamed: he was either awake or asleep when he was in bed; and if he were asleep, he knew nothing from the time he closed his eyes until he awoke.

Some expressed the belief that minds influence each other in dreams, and thus knowledge is communicated which could never have been obtained by natural means. One gentleman thought that in this way the spirits of the dead frequently communicate with the living;

and another, a very devout Christian, suggested that in ancient times God spoke to his people in dreams, and warned them; and for his part he could see no good reason why a method which the Deity employed then should not be used now. At all events, he had no sympathy with those who were disposed to speak slightly of dreams, and say that there is nothing in them; he considered it but a symptom of the skeptical spirit that is destroying religion. Whereupon a lady said that this was her opinion too, and, turning to one of those who had stoutly ridiculed dreams, said, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

### THE HISTORY AND PHENOMENA OF DREAMS.

In this paper, by *dreams* is meant the visions which occur in natural sleep; by *nightmare*, a dream unusually intense, involving a terrifying sense of danger and a physical condition to be more fully described; and by *somnambulism*, talking, walking, or performing other actions under the influence of a dream attending natural sleep.

*Dreams* are frequently spoken of, and in almost every possible aspect, by the oldest books of the world. In the Bible, God speaks in a dream to Jacob about the increase of the cattle, and warns Laban not to obstruct Jacob's departure. The dreams of Joseph, unsurpassed even from a literary point of view, and of Pharaoh, with a history of their fulfillment, occupy a large part of the first book. The dream of Solomon and the dreams of Nebuchadnezzar, the warning of Joseph to take the young Child into Egypt, are parts of the history of the Christian religion. These being attributed to supernatural influence can reflect no light upon ordinary phenomena.

But the Bible itself distinguishes between natural dreams and such as these. It states very clearly the characteristics of dreams. The hypocrite "shall fly away as a dream, and shall not be found: yea, he shall be chased away as a vision of the night." David says, "As a dream when one awaketh," the Lord shall despise the image of the proud. Solomon speaks of the character of dreams thus: "For in the multitude of dreams and many words there are also divers vanities"; of their general causes he says, "For a dream cometh through the multitude of business."

Cicero says that men of greatest wisdom among the Romans did not think it beneath them to heed the warnings of important dreams, and affirms that in his time the senate ordered Lucius Junius to erect a temple to Juno Sospita, in compliance with a dream seen by Cecilia. Scipio's dream, philosophical, imaginative, grand, published in the works of Cicero, called the most beautiful thing of the kind ever written, has from its origin until now been the subject of discussion as to whether it was composed by Cicero for a purpose or is the veritable account of a dream.

Almost all the great characters described by Herodotus believed that dreams were of supernatural origin. Kings resigned their scepters; Cambyses assassinated his brother; priests attained great power as commanders; cities which had been destroyed were restored by men who changed their plans and performed these acts because warned, as they supposed, in dreams; and with the invasion of Greece by Xerxes such night visions had much to do. Plato and Socrates believed in dreams, and even Aristotle admitted that they might have a supernatural origin.

There are persons who affirm that they have never dreamed. It is obvious that all to which they can testify is that they have never remembered a dream. Their evidence is therefore untrustworthy as to the fact of dreaming; for it is known that the recollections of dreams, as a general rule, are very imperfect. Countless details have fled away; the scenes have been inextricably interwoven with each other. A dreamer may be confident that he has dreamed hundreds of dreams, during any given night, and yet not be able to recall with distinctness more than one or two. Besides, observation of some persons who declare that they never dream has demonstrated the contrary; for not only have they moved in ways which indicated that they were dreaming, but talked, and even responded to questions.

Upon only one phase of the subject is there substantial agreement among investigators, and that is upon the general characteristics of dreams. Time and space are annihilated, and all true estimates confounded. As a rule, to which there are occasional exceptions, nothing appears strange, and the impressions which

\* Those who desire to see the opinions of leading writers, ancient and modern, down to the year 1865, and have not time to consult them in their own works, may find in Seafield's "Literature and Curiosities of Dreams" a very extensive collection. This work has been criticised within a year or so as containing a large amount of valuable but undigested information. The criticism is not just, for it does not profess to have digested, but to present all for the digestion of others. The author expressly declares that he has "foregone such chances of greater credit and importance, as would have been

would be made by similar events in the waking state are not made; or, if at all, so slightly as not to produce their customary effects. Identity being often lost, no surprise is produced by a change of sex, age, name, country, or occupation. A young lady dreamed of seeing herself in her coffin, of listening to the observations of the mourners, and was not astonished to find herself dead, nor, that being dead, she could hear. She was not even surprised when the funeral services closed without the coffin lid being shut down; nor when, in a very short time, she dreamed of being alive and engaged in her usual pursuits.

But the moment we pass beyond general statements of this character, opinions the most incongruous and even contradictory are held, and strenuously advocated by representative writers in every profession.\*

*Nightmare* is something so terrible that its very name attributes its origin to the devil. The meaning of "mare" is an incubus, as of a spirit which torments persons in sleep. In nightmare the mind is conscious of an impossibility of motion, speech, or respiration, with a dreadful sense of pressure across the chest, and an awful vision of impending danger. The victim sometimes realizes his peril, gathers all his forces, struggles vainly, and endeavors to shout for help. At last, by a desperate effort, he succeeds in screaming. If then some friendly touch or voice awaken him, the vision flees, and he is left stertorously breathing, perspiring, and more tired than if he had broken stone or worked in a tread-mill for as many hours as the nightmare lasted minutes. If he be not aroused, he may be awakened by his own screams; otherwise the incubus may not depart for a considerable period, which, though short in actual time, seems like ages to him.

A young man under the writer's care was subject to attacks so harrowing that it was excruciating to be in the room with him during the paroxysm. Sometimes after he was awakened the terrifying vision would not wholly fade away for three-quarters of an hour or more, during which his shrieks and groans and appeals to God and the unutterable expression of agony upon his face were terrible. In the city of Philadelphia, but a few months since, a lad, having been exceptionally healthy

open to him if he had seemed to claim the whole as original, by incorporating the several theories and anecdotes with textual commentary of his own."

More recent investigations of great presumptive importance have introduced an immense amount of new matter into the literature and considerable into the "curiosities" of dreams, or at least of dream investigations. I have found that some of the passages quoted by Seafield, read in their original setting, or compared with all the authors have said, require important modifications, if taken as expressions of mature opinion.

from birth, was attacked with nightmare when fourteen years old. After a few attacks his father slept with him for the purpose of awakening him if there should be occasion. One night the father was startled by the voice of his boy calling in terrified tones, "Pop! Pop! I am afraid!" He felt the hand of his son nervously clutching his wrist. Then the boy fainted, and died instantly. The post-mortem examination showed a large clot of blood about the heart, caused by paralysis due to fear. There is reason to believe that such instances are numerous enough to make nightmare worthy of serious medical investigation.

In nightmare, as A. Briere de Boismont shows, the incubus takes different forms. Sometimes the subject fancies he flies in the air. He gives the case of a distinguished writer, whom he had seen in that state, uttering inarticulate sounds — his hair bristling, his countenance full of terror. At such times he would exclaim, "How surprising! I fly like the wind! I pass over mountains and precipices!" For several seconds after awaking he still imagined himself floating in the air. Others skim over the ground, pursued or threatened by dangers.

In childhood and youth, according to the same author, the individual is upon the edge of precipices, about to fall. In later years, robbers are breaking into the house, or the victim supposes himself condemned to death. Occasionally cats, or some other animals or monsters, place themselves upon the stomach. "The weight of this imaginary being stifles, while it freezes the blood with horror." While not every case of nightmare is attended with motion or sound, the reader will observe that nightmare passes into somnambulism when the victim shrieks or leaps from his bed, or makes any motion.

*Somnambulism*, in its simplest form, is seen when persons talk in their sleep. They are plainly asleep and dreaming; yet the connection, ordinarily broken, between the physical organs and the images passing through the mind is retained or resumed, in whole or in part. It is very common for children to talk more or less in their sleep; also many persons who do not usually do so are liable to mutter if they have overeaten, or are feverish or otherwise ill. Slight movements are very frequent. Many who do not fancy that they have ever exhibited the germs of somnambulism groan, cry out, whisper, move the hand, or foot, or head, plainly in connection with ideas passing through the mind. From these incipient manifestations of no importance somnambulism reaches frightful intensity and almost inconceivable complications.

Somnambulists in this country have recently perpetrated murders, have even killed their

own children; they have carried furniture out of houses, wound up clocks, ignited conflagrations. A carpenter not long since arose in the night, went into his shop, and began to file a saw; but the noise of the operation awoke him. The extraordinary feats of somnambulists in ascending to the roofs of houses, threading dangerous places, and doing many other things which they could not have done while awake have often been described, and in many cases made the subject of close investigation. Formerly it was believed by many that if they were not awakened they would in process of time return to their beds, and that there would not be any danger of serious accident happening to them. This has long been proved false. Many have fallen out of windows and been killed; and though some have skirted the brink of danger safely, the number of accidents to sleeping persons is great.

Essays have been written by somnambulists. A young lady, troubled and anxious about a prize for which she was to compete, involving the writing of an essay, arose from her bed in sleep and wrote a paper upon a subject upon which she had not intended to write when awake; and this essay secured for her the prize. The same person, later in life, while asleep selected an obnoxious paper from among several documents, put it in a cup, and set fire to it. She was entirely unaware of the transaction in the morning.

Intellectual work has sometimes been done in ordinary dreams not attended by somnambulism. The composition of the "Kubla Khan" by Coleridge while asleep and of the "Devil's Sonata," by Tartini, are paralleled in a small way frequently. Public speakers often dream out discourses; and there is a clergyman now residing in the western part of New York State who, many years ago, dreamed that he preached a powerful sermon upon a certain topic, and delivered that identical discourse the following Sunday with great effect. But such compositions are not somnambulistic unless accompanied by some outward action at the time.

#### SEARCHING FOR ANALOGIES.

THREE different views of dreams are possible, and all have been held and strenuously advocated. The first is that the soul is never entirely inactive, and that dream images proceed all the time through the mind when in sleep. Richard Baxter held this view and attempted to prove it by saying, "I never awaked, since I had the use of memory, but I found myself coming out of a dream. And I suppose they that think they dream not, think so because they forget their dreams." Bishop

Newton says that the deepest sleep which possesses the body cannot affect the soul, and attempts to prove it by showing that the impressions are often stronger and the images more lively when we are asleep than when awake. Dr. Watts held the same view, and devoted a great deal of attention to it in his philosophical essays. Sir William Hamilton was inclined to the same belief, because, having had himself waked up on many occasions, he always found that he was engaged in dreaming.

Baxter's theory is an assumption of which no adequate proof can be offered; and Sir William Hamilton's test is inadequate, because an instant of time, even the minute fraction that elapses between the time that a man's name is called or his body touched for the purpose of awaking him and the resumption of consciousness, may be long enough for a dream of the most elaborate character. Sir Henry Holland fell asleep while a friend was reading to him. He heard the first part of a sentence, was awake in the beginning of the next sentence, and during that time had had a dream which would take him a quarter of an hour to write down.

Lord Brougham and others have maintained that we never dream except in a state of transition from sleeping to waking. Sir Benjamin Brodie, in speaking of this, says:

There is no sufficient proof of this being so; and we have a proof to the contrary in the fact that nothing is more common than for persons to moan, and even talk, in their sleep without awaking from it.

The third theory is that in perfect sleep there is little or no dreaming. This is supported by various considerations. The natural presumption is that the object of sleep is to give rest, and that perfect sleep would imply the cessation of brain action; and it is found that "the more continuous and uninterrupted is our dreaming, the less refreshing is our sleep." Recent experiments of great interest appear to confirm this view. The effect of stimuli, whether of sound, touch, smell, sight, or hearing, in modifying the dreams without awaking the sleeper—or in awaking him—all point in the same direction; and though there is always some sense of time when awaking, which proves that the mind has to some extent been occupied, in the soundest sleep, it is so slight as to seem as if the person had just lain down, though many hours may have passed. Whereas, just in proportion as the dreams are remembered, or as the fact of dreaming can be shown by any method, is the sense of time the longer. I do not speak of the heavy, dull sleep which, without apparent dreams, results from plethora, or sometimes accompanies an overloaded stomach, or is the result of overexhaustion, or occasion-

ally supervenes after protracted vigils, but of the very sound sleep enjoyed by the working classes when in health, or by vigorous children.

The most interesting question is, Can a theory of dreams be constructed which will explain them upon natural principles, without either the assumption of materialism, or an idealism akin to superstition? It is to be understood that no phenomena can be explained at the last analysis; but a theory which will, without violence, show the facts to be in harmony with natural laws, or bring them within the range of things natural, so that they are seen to belong to a general class, and to be subject to the relation of antecedents and consequents, is an explanation. For example, electricity defies final analysis; but its modes of action are known, and even the greatest of mysteries, the form of induction which now surprises the world in the recently invented process of telegraphing from moving trains, is as susceptible of this kind of explanation as the action of steam in propelling a train or a steamship.

We begin with analogies, and find these in the effect of drugs, such as opium, alcohol, nitrous-oxide gas, hasheesh, etc. De Quincey describes all the experiences of dreams, both before and after he entered into a state of sleep, as resulting from the use of opium; and the peculiar sleep produced by that drug is attended by dreams marked by all the characteristics of those which occur in natural sleep. The effect of alcohol in setting up a dream state in the mind while the senses are not locked in sleep is, unfortunately, too well known. When a certain point is reached in intoxication the will is weakened, the automatic machinery takes control, the judgment is dethroned, and images—some grotesque and others terrible—having the power of exciting the corresponding emotions hurry through the mind until frenzy is reached, subsequent to which a heavy stupor ends the scene. When the drunken man becomes sober, his recollections of what he has done are as vague and uncertain as those of dreamers; and a similar inability to measure the flight of time, to perceive the incongruity of images, the moral character of actions, and the value and force of words, characterizes this state which attends dreaming. Ether, and chloroform, and nitrous-oxide gas, when the amount administered is not sufficient to produce unconsciousness, cause similar effects. The writer, being compelled to undergo a surgical operation at a time when he was greatly absorbed in the then impending civil war, by the advice of physicians took ether, the effect of which was to lead to a harangue upon abolitionism,

in which some profane language was used. As the effect deepened, though it was at no time sufficient to produce absolute unconsciousness, the scene changed, and devotional hymns were sung, and a solemn farewell taken of the physicians and surgeon, who were warned to prepare to die. Of all this the remembrance was analogous to that of dreams.

The influence of hasheesh has received much attention, and has been outlined in scientific works and literary compositions. The most striking account of its effects is that of M. Théophile Gautier, originally published in "La Presse" and quoted in many works. Under the influence of hasheesh his eyelashes seemed to lengthen indefinitely, twisting themselves like golden threads around little ivory wheels. Millions of butterflies, whose wings rustled like fans, flew about in the midst of a confused kind of light. More than five hundred clocks chimed the hour with their flute-like voices. Goat-suckers, storks, striped geese, unicorns, griffins, nightmares, all the menagerie of monstrous dreams, trotted, jumped, flew, or glided through the room. According to his calculation this state, of which the above quotations give but a feeble representation, must have lasted three hundred years; for the sensations succeeded each other so numerously and powerfully that the real appreciation of time was impossible. When the attack was over, he found that it had occupied about a quarter of an hour.

These drugs operate only upon the circulation, the nervous system, and the brain. They are physical agents, operating upon a physical basis, and yet they produce phenomena analogous to those of dreams, with the exception that they do not in every case divorce the motor and sensory nerves from the sensorium as perfectly as in ordinary dreaming sleep.

*Delirium* is analogous in most respects to the conditions produced by these drugs. Its stages are often very similar to those of intoxication; so that it requires a skilled physician to determine whether the patient is under the influence of delirium, insanity, or intoxication. Delirium results from a change in the circulation, or a defective condition of the blood; and in most instances there is no difficulty, when the disease is understood, of assigning the exact approximate cause of the delirium. The analogy between delirium and dreams and the partial recollection or complete forgetfulness of what was thought, felt, said, or done in the delirium and similar recollection or forgetfulness of dream images is well known by all who have experienced both, or closely observed them. And the analogy between delirium and intoxication loses nothing

in value from the fact that the drug is administered. Disease in the human system can engender intoxicating poisons as well as others.

*Revery* is a natural condition, so common to children that they are hardly able to distinguish between the reports from the external world and the images presented by their imagination. But revery is a common experience of the human race in all stages of development. It differs from abstraction in the fact that the latter is the intense pursuit of a train of reasoning or observation, which absorbs the mind to such an extent that there is no attention left for the reports of the senses. Hence the abstracted man neither looks nor listens, and a noise or an impulse, far greater than would suffice to awaken the same man if asleep, may be insufficient to divert him from the train of thought which he pursues. Revery is literally day-dreaming. It is not reasoning. The image-making faculty is set free and it runs on. The judgment is scarcely attentive, hardly conscious, and the tear may come into the eye, or the smile to the lip, so that in a crowded street-car, or even in an assembly, attention may be attracted to the person who is wholly unconscious of the same. A person may imagine himself other than he is, and derive great pleasure from the change, and pass an hour, a morning, or a day unconsciously. In revery persons frequently become practical somnambulists; that is, they speak words which others hear that they would not have uttered on any account, strike blows, move articles, gesticulate, and do many other things, sometimes with the effect of immediately recalling them to a knowledge of the situation, when they, as well as others, are amused, but often without being aware that they are noticed. In extreme cases the only distinctions between revery and dreaming sleep are regular breathing and the suspension of the senses which accompany the latter.

*The passage from revery into dreaming sleep* is to be scrutinized, as the line of demarcation is less than the diameter of a hair. When persons lie down to sleep, their thoughts take on the dream character before they can sleep. "Look," says Sir Henry Holland, "to the passage from waking to sleeping, and see with what rapidity and facility these states often alternate with each other." Abstract reason gives place to images that begin to move at random before the mind's eye; if they are identified and considered, wakefulness continues. But at last they become vague, the attention relaxes, and we sleep. It is possible to realize that one is sleeping, and to make an effort to awake and seize the mental train. But the would-be sleeper resumes the favorable position, the head drops, the senses lose

their sensibility, and he who spent the last hour of the evening in reverie in a darkened room has undergone but a very slight change when he passes into sleep. The images still run on while the body reposes, until, according to his temperament and habits, the brain becomes calm, and the soporific influence penetrates, we cannot tell how far, into the higher regions of the sensorium.

If we consider the passing *from the dream state into the waking state*, several analogies are to be noted. Sometimes an amusing sense of the last dream occupies the attention deliciously for a few moments. Again, it is not uncommon to pass out of a dream into a perception of the hour of the night and of the situation, retract into the dream, and sleep and take up the thread where it was left at the moment of consciousness. But more frequently the dream, if resumed, will be modified by physical conditions. At other times a painful consciousness of a fearful dream remains.

From these analogies the conclusion is reasonable that dreaming is a phenomenon of the mind, dependent upon changes in the circulation of the blood, and in the condition of the brain and the nervous system, whereby the higher powers of the mind, including the judgment, the conscience, and the will, are prevented from exercising their usual jurisdiction, the senses from reporting the events of the external world, by which to a great extent time is measured and space relations determined, while the image-making faculty and the animal instincts are to a less degree affected; and that the images constructed in dreams are the working up of the capital stock, the raw material of sensations, experiences, and ideas stored in the mind.

#### MORE DIRECT EVIDENCE.

Or the truth of this view I will submit further evidence.

*First.* There is no proof that babes dream at all. The interpretation of the smile of the infant of a few months, which in former times led fond mothers to suppose that "an angel spoke to it," is now of "spirit" in the original sense of the word, which connects it with internal gaseous phenomena. Aristotle says, "Man sleeps the most of all animals. Infants and young children do not dream at all, but dreaming begins in most at four or five years old."

Pliny, however, does not agree with Aristotle in this, and gives two proofs that infants dream. First, they will instantly awake with every symptom of alarm; secondly, while asleep they will imitate the action of sucking. Neither of these is of any value as proof. As

to the first, an internal pain, to which infants appear to be much subject, will awaken them; and as they are incapable of being frightened by any external object until they are some months old, the symptom is not of alarm, but of pain. The imitation while asleep of the action of sucking is instinctive, and an infant will do so when awake, and when there is obviously not the slightest connection between the state of mind and the action. The condition of the babe in sleep is precisely such as might be expected from its destitution of recorded sensations.

*Second.* Animals dream. Aristotle's history of animals declares that horses, oxen, sheep, goats, dogs, and all viviparous quadrupeds dream. Dogs show this by barking in their sleep. He says further that he is not quite certain from his observations whether animals that lay eggs, instead of producing their young alive, dream; but it is certain that they sleep. Pliny, in his natural history, specifies the same animals. Buffon describes the dreams of animals. Macnish calls attention to the fact that horses neigh and rear in their sleep, and affirms that cows and sheep, especially at the period of rearing their young, dream. Scott, in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," says:

The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,  
Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,  
And urged in dreams the forest race  
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale Moor.

Tennyson also speaks of dogs that hunt in dreams. Darwin, in the "Descent of Man," Vol. I., p. 44, says that "dogs, cats, horses, and probably all the higher animals, even birds, as is stated on good authority (Dr. Jerdon, 'Birds of India'), have vivid dreams, and this is shown by their movements and voice." George John Romanes, in his "Mental Evolution in Animals," says that the fact that dogs dream is proverbial, and quotes Seneca and Lucretius, and furnishes proof from Dr. Lauder Lindsay, an eminent authority, that horses dream. Cuvier, Jerdon, Houzeau, Bechstein, Bennett, Thompson, Lindsay, and Darwin assert that birds dream; and, according to Thompson, among birds the stork, the canary, the eagle, and the parrot, and the elephant as well as the horse and the dog are "incited" in their dreams. Bechstein holds that the bullfinch dreams, and gives a case where the dream took on the character of nightmare and the bird fell from its perch; and four great authorities say that occasionally dreaming becomes so vivid as to lead to somnambulism. Guer gives a case of a somnambulistic watch-dog which prowled in search of imaginary strangers or foes, and exhibited toward them a whole series of pantomimic actions, including barking. Dryden says:

The little birds in dreams the songs repeat,

and Dendy's "Philosophy of Mystery" quotes from the "Domestic Habits of Birds" in proof of this.

We have often observed this in a wild bird. On the night of the 6th of April, 1811, about 10 o'clock, a dunnock (*Accentor modularis*) was heard in the garden to go through its usual song more than a dozen times very faintly, but distinctly enough for the species to be recognized. The night was cold and frosty, but might it not be that the little musician was dreaming of summer and sunshine? Aristotle, indeed, proposes the question — whether animals hatched from eggs ever dream? Macgrave, in reply, expressly says that his "parrot Laura often arose in the night and prattled while half asleep."

*Third.* The dreams of the *blind* are of great importance, and the fact that persons born blind never dream of seeing is established by the investigations of competent inquirers. So far as we know, there is no proof of a single instance of a person born blind ever in dreams fancying that he saw. Since this series of articles was begun, the subject has been treated by Joseph Jastrow in the "Presbyterian Review." He has examined nearly two hundred persons of both sexes in the institutions for the blind in Philadelphia and Baltimore. Thirty-two became blind before completing their fifth year, and not one of these thirty-two sees in dreams. Concerning Laura Bridgman, the blind and deaf mute, Professor G. Stanley Hall, quoted by Mr. Jastrow, says, "Sight and hearing are as absent from her dreams as they are from the dark and silent world which alone she knows."

*Fourth.* The testimony is the same with regard to those born *deaf*. The celebrated Harvey P. Peet, LL. D., in his researches, among the most philosophical ever made, places this fact beyond rational doubt; but other investigators furnish equally valuable evidence. In visiting institutions for the blind and the deaf I have made inquiry, and have never found an instance of a person born deaf, or of a child who lost his hearing before he was four years of age, dreaming of hearing. Among the results of recent inquiries I present the following from the principal of the State Institution for the Blind and Deaf at St. Augustine, Florida:

I have closely questioned the deaf children here as to whether they have ever *dreamed of hearing*, and the invariable answer is *No*. I have asked the same question of upwards of fifty deaf persons with the same result, except where the person interrogated had lost his hearing after learning to talk. These last mentioned are all persons of some education who understood the question fully and were very positive that they had never dreamed of hearing more than a rumbling sound.

Very sincerely,  
PARK TERRELL.

I was one of the members of a committee of three to visit the State institution of Michigan

gan for the blind and deaf, at Flint, where there were hundreds of pupils. The method of awakening them in the morning and of calling them to recitations and to chapel services was by beating a base-drum, which, of course, the blind could hear. But it was curious to observe the deaf awaking from a sound sleep at 5 in the morning, or called to chapel and recitation at other hours of the day, by the beating of a base-drum in the central hall. Those who could not have heard the reverberation of all the artillery in the world felt the vibration of the building produced by the beating of the drum and obeyed the signal. Some of them dreamed of vibration; none born deaf of hearing.

In further elucidation of the subject I addressed a letter to Professor J. W. Chickering, Jr., of the National Deaf Mute College at Washington, D. C., and under date of February 3, 1888, received the following:

Deaf mutes of all grades dream frequently, though they are not given to imagination. As to the question whether they dream about anything involving sound, I have made diligent inquiry, and have been answered in the negative except in the case of the Rev. Job Turner. He says that he once dreamed of being counsel for a prisoner, and being greatly delighted to find himself making a very eloquent speech in his behalf.

The question of dreaming about sounds in the case of semi-mutes was discussed in the "American Annals" some years ago by Professor Greenberger of New York, and some statistics were given; but he dismisses your inquiry (*i. e.*, whether persons born deaf ever dream of hearing) very abruptly by saying, "This question was put to a number of congenital deaf mutes, and, as might have been expected, their answers were all in the negative."

I may state to you, as a matter of fact, that one of our deaf-mute teachers, who has no memory of hearing, has wakened from sleep in a fright by the report of firearms; but that would be accounted for by the concussion and consequent action upon the nerves of general sensation.

Truly yours,  
J. W. CHICKERING, JR.

Upon the above letter I may remark that the single case of the Rev. Job Turner, an educated man, accustomed to read and imagine spoken oratory, can be accounted for without assuming that he dreamed of hearing sounds, the speechmaking being a movement of his mind involving an act rather than a perception. The being wakened by the explosion of firearms is, as Professor Chickering justly says, explicable on the same principle as that which accounts for the awaking of the deaf and the communication of information by the rhythmical vibration of a building.

Leaving out of account the question of the dreamless state of infants and very young children, I deem the facts that animals dream, that the congenital blind and deaf never dream of seeing or hearing, conclusive proof that dreams are phenomena of the physical basis of mind, dependent upon changes in the cir-

culation of the blood, and the condition of the brain and the nervous system; and that the images constructed in dreams are the automatic combinations of the sensations, experiences, ideas, and images stored in the mind.

Three further collateral evidences can be adduced. First, the modification of dreams by physical conditions. With this all are familiar. These are plainly, so to speak, efforts of the image-making faculty, active in dreams to account without the aid of the judgment for a physical sensation. Every one knows that the condition of the digestive organs, the position of the head or any other part of the body, will affect the dreams.

Another fact is that the dreams of the very aged, unless something unusually agitating is anticipated or occurs, generally recur to the scenes of former years, and therein greatly resemble their conversation. Even when the intellectual faculties are unimpaired, and the aged person is much interested in current events, and pursues a train of study and reflection by day under the control of the will, when at night the imagination is set free the scenes of early life or childhood furnish the materials of the images much more frequently than contemporaneous events. This is in harmony with the known laws of memory.

In regard to the dreams of the insane, the "Medical Critic and Psychological Journal" of April, 1862, says:

The dreams of the insane are generally characteristic of the nature of the aberration under which they labor; those of the typho-maniac are gloomy and frightful; of the general paralytic, gay and smiling; of the maniac, wild, disordered, pugnacious; in stupidity they are vague, obscure, and incoherent; in dementia, few and fleeting; in hypochondria and hysteria the sleep, especially during indigestion, is disturbed and painful.

This is in accordance with all the indications.

#### ACCOUNTING FOR THE CHARACTERISTICS OF DREAMS.

In dreams, time and the limitations of space are apparently annihilated. This is to be explained by the fact that the reports of the senses and the movements of external bodies by which we measure time are shut out, and the mind is entirely absorbed in a series of images.

I entered the South Kensington Museum in London and saw a painting of an Alderney bull, cow, and calf in a field, which produced so extraordinary an illusion that I advanced several steps towards it in broad daylight, under the belief that I was looking out of a window into the park. The same phenomenon occurs under the spell of an orator of the highest grade; and it is the charm of a theater to make an

audience think and feel that a series of events which would ordinarily occupy many years is taking place before them. That which, under these circumstances, is accomplished to some extent by abstraction or external means in dreams is done entirely by cutting off all possibility of estimating time or space.

The mind is supposed to move more rapidly in dreams than in waking thoughts. Dreams certainly are more diversified and numerous than the waking thoughts of busy men and women absorbed in a particular routine of work, or in the necessary cares of the body, or in conversation circumscribed by conventional laws, the slow rate of speech, and the duty of listening. But it is an error to think that dream images are more numerous than those of reverie. In a single hour of reverie one may see more images than he could fully describe in a volume of a thousand pages. It is as true of the waking as of the dreaming state, that

Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,  
Our thoughts are linked in many a hidden chain;  
Wake but one, and lo! what myriads rise:  
Each stamps its image as the other flies.

The apparent loss of identity in dreams, and the finding one's self in impossible positions, is the result of the entire occupation of the perceptive faculties with one image at a time. A dream that a man is a clergyman may change into one that he is a general commanding on the field of battle, and he will see no incongruity. He may even imagine himself to be two persons at the same time, as in Dr. Johnson's case when he contended with a man, and was much chagrined to feel that his opponent had the better of him in wit. He was consoled, however, when on waking he reasoned that he had furnished the wit for both.

The vividness of dreams is to be explained in the same way. If a man sees that his own house is on fire, and his family in danger, he looks at the scene in such a way that he becomes for the time as unconscious of anything else as though there were nothing in his brain but the picture. So in the dream, as he sees nothing but the picture, it must be more vivid than any ordinary reality can possibly be; only from the most extraordinary scenes can an analogy be drawn.

In dreams circumstances often appear which had been known by the dreamer, but practically forgotten. Men have sworn that they never knew certain things, and maintained that they had been revealed to them in dreams, when subsequent investigation proved indubitably that they had known, but had forgotten them. The recurrence is precisely like ordinary waking experiences. Events which have not emerged into consciousness for a score of years,

or even a half-century, and phrases, parts of words, expressions of countenance, tones of voices, analogies stumbled upon in the most out-of-the-way places, may in a single moment bring an entire scene with several series of related events before the mind.

The testimony of the mind excited to a certain degree of activity by the fear of death by shipwreck or fire, or, as Whymper has shown in his "Scrambles among the Alps," the immediate expectation of a fatal fall, is that it seems to see at a glance the whole of the past life. This is sufficient to show what it can do in an entirely normal state, and nothing can ever occur in dreams more vivid than this, though it is to be considered that we have only the statements of these persons in regard to what they think was their mental condition; nor in any case could they know that they saw everything.

When one dreams that he is dreaming, which occasionally occurs, he is approaching the waking state; but since he cannot at that time sit in judgment on what he dreams fully without waking himself, it is equally clear that his state resembles that of a delirious person who may perceive that he is delirious and acknowledge it, but in a few seconds be absorbed again in what he sees.

Some of the most interesting achievements of the mind in dreams are the composition of poetry and the working out of mathematical problems. Dr. Abercrombie says that his friend Dr. Gregory told him that thoughts and even expressions which had occurred to him in dreams seemed to him so good when he awoke that he used them in his college lectures. Condorcet, having gone to bed before finishing certain profound calculations, said afterwards that sometimes the conclusions of the work had been revealed to him in dreams. Dr. Abercrombie says that Benjamin Franklin, than whose a more well-balanced and self-controlled mind never existed, assured Cabanis that the bearing and issue of political events which puzzled him when awake were not unfrequently unfolded to him in his dreams. Dr. Carpenter attempts to explain this by the theory well known as "unconscious cerebration." Like the terms of the phrenologists, this may describe but does not explain the process; and what it describes occurs frequently while we are awake. Not only in questions of memory, but in the profoundest thought, how often, when we have been compelled to turn from one class of work to another, and are, so far as our consciousness reports, entirely absorbed in it, in an instant a thought germain to the first problem which was occupying the mind appears with such clearness as to surpass in pertinency and value anything

which we had previously reached. We are compelled to take note of it, and in the case of defective recollection the best of all modes is to cease to think about the matter, and in a short time it will appear almost with the intelligence of a messenger bringing something for which he had been sent.

It would not be surprising, when one has wearied himself, and his perceptions have been somewhat obscured, even though nothing had occurred of the nature of unconscious cerebration, if after a refreshing sleep the first effort of his mind should classify and complete the undigested work of the day before. The dream imagery under which such things are done frequently invests the operation with a mysterious aspect, which, on analysis, appears most natural. I am informed by one of the participants that some time since two gentlemen in Pennsylvania were conversing concerning an intricate mathematical problem. One of them succeeded in its solution by algebraic methods. The other insisted that it could be done by arithmetic, but, after making many efforts, gave up the problem, and retired for the night. In the morning he informed his friend that in the night, while he was asleep, an old Scotch schoolmaster, who had been his instructor many years before, appeared to him and said, "I am ashamed of you that you could not do that sum. It can be worked out by arithmetic, and I will show you how now." And he added that he had immediately done so, and in the morning when he awoke he had put the figures on paper just as his schoolmaster had done in the dream; and there they were, a complete solution of the example.

It was a very impressive dream, but easily explained. It was a workable problem. The man, ashamed of himself that he could not do it and exhausted with his efforts, had sunk into a troubled sleep. His mind undoubtedly had recurred to his old teacher and the rule; and as he dreamed about the matter the working out of the problem had to come in some form. What more natural than that the image of the teacher who taught him the greater part of what he knew of the subject of arithmetic, especially in difficult problems, should have come in to give bodily shape to the shame which he felt, and that his fancy should attribute the information to him. So that, instead of such a dream being extraordinary, it is the most natural method in which it could occur.

The mind when awake is capable, by an effort of the imagination, of conceiving the most grotesque ideas. For example, a man sees before him a huge rock. He may conceive the idea that that rock is transformed into pure gold, and that upon it is a raised inscription made of diamonds promising the

rock as a reward for the guessing of a conundrum. Being awake, he perceives both clearly—the rock in its original character, and the image of the gold rock with the raised letters in diamonds. Perceiving both, he knows the rock to be real, and the other to be fantastic. If the faculties by which he identifies the granite rock were to be stupefied, leaving those by which he conceives the idea of the gold and diamonds in full exercise, it is clear that he would believe that the granite rock was gold. If awake, in this state, he would be insane; if asleep, he would be dreaming. So, if the dreamer be absorbed in images which seem to him real, if the faculties by which he would distinguish an ideal conception from an objective reality were restored, he would take cognizance of his surroundings, and though the image might remain it would not seem real. The statement of this self-evident fact is sufficient to show what all the evidence I have collated combines to prove, that *Mercutio*, in "Romeo and Juliet," was scientifically correct when he said:

True, I talk of dreams,  
Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy.

Nightmare, with all its horrors, is but a variety of dreams. The causes for its peculiarities are various—position; pressure upon the stomach, whereby the sympathetic nerves are affected, and through them the brain; extreme fatigue, etc. When a person is awake and has precisely the same unfavorable physical sensations which would produce nightmare, he refers them to their proper source, changes his position, measures the probable consequences, resorts to medical aid, or absorbs himself in work; but when asleep, the mind attempts to account for the sensation, and will perhaps construct an image of Bunker Hill Monument pressing upon his chest to account for a sensation which, if he were awake, he would have no difficulty in explaining.

The relation of sleeping on the back to nightmare is so simple as hardly to need an explanation. Many persons never have an attack unless they get into this position.

Somnambulism differs from dreams in the fact that one or more of the senses may be in an active condition, and that one or more of the organs may respond to the ideas which absorbs the mind. A merchant of New York, traveling on the Mississippi River, occupied the same state-room with a stranger of highly respectable appearance. In the morning the stranger, taking up his stockings, said sadly, "I see I have been at my old tricks again." "To what do you refer?" asked the merchant. "My stockings are wet, and I must have

arisen in the night and traveled all over the ship."

As already remarked, talking in the sleep is the simplest form in which somnambulism appears. Usually dreamers do not move their limbs, and especially are incapable of rising or walking, because under ordinary circumstances the impulse to do these things is created by the will, and it requires a strong exertion thereof to overcome the inertia of the body and to begin the complex series of motions necessary to move from place to place. In sleep the image is not sufficiently vivid to take control of the muscles.

Cicero says that if it had been so ordered by nature that we should actually do in sleep all that we dream of doing, every man would have to be bound to the bed before going to sleep. The justice of this remark is illustrated in the case of somnambulism.

The peculiarity of somnambulism which identifies it with dreaming is complete absorption of all the powers and faculties in the image. A voice falling in with that may be heard; one speaking of other matters is unnoticed. Dreamers who have never been somnambulists could, by a process of training, be transformed into such; and, what is more important, the tendency can be destroyed if taken in time.

Sir Henry Holland says that it is an old trick to put the hand into cold water, or to produce some other sensation not so active as to awaken, but sufficient to draw the mind from a more profound to a lighter slumber; thus the sleeper may be made to answer questions.

Great light has been reflected upon natural by artificial somnambulism, known by the various names of mesmerism, animal magnetism, electro-biology, hypnotism, etc. It is a very astonishing fact that in these states a particular sense may be exalted so as to give results which in a normal condition would be impossible; and which to a superficial observer, and even to an investigator if he be inexperienced, appear to transcend the bounds of the human faculty.\*

#### MYSTERIOUS DREAMS ANALYZED.

If the foregoing attempt at explanation covered all the actual phenomena of dreams, there is no reason to doubt that it would be satisfactory to readers of intelligence; but it is claimed by many that in dreams premonitory

\* Abnormal states, involving changes radically different from dream somnambulism, happen spontaneously when awake, occur in delirium, and at rare intervals the somnambulist may pass into them. It is not the purpose of this paper to consider such.

tions of future events are given, especially of death; that events which have taken place, of interest to the person who receives the communication, are made known; and that the knowledge of current events is frequently imparted when the dreamer is at a great distance.

I will give an example of a dream of premonition which has occurred in the United States within three years. A young man, nineteen years of age, a student in a large seminary about sixty miles from New York, was strongly attached to a teacher. The teacher died, to the great grief of the student. Some time afterward the young man dreamed that the teacher appeared to him and notified him that he would die on a certain day and hour. He informed his mother and friends of the dream, and expressed a firm belief that when that time came he should die. The family considered it a delusion; and as no alarming change took place in his health, they were not worried. When the day arrived they noticed nothing unusual; but after dining and seeming to enjoy the meal and to be quite cheerful, he went to his room, lay down, and died without a struggle.

The following case is said to be authentic. The father of a certain lady died. About a year afterward she aroused her husband by sobbing and trembling violently, while tears ran down her cheeks. She explained that she had just had a vivid dream, in which she had seen her father assemble all his children in his room in the old house, and tell them that the family heirlooms were being disposed of to strangers. The same dream recurred the next night. A day or two afterward this lady, while walking in the town where she lived, saw her father's walking-stick, with a gold band bearing an inscription, a gift from all his children, in the hands of a stranger. The sight so affected her that she fainted. Later inquiries proved that the stick had changed hands on the day previous to her first dream.

The case of William Tennent is in point. Mr. Tennent, a remarkable preacher of Freehold, N. J., zealous in promoting revivals, had a particular friend, the Rev. David Rowland, who was exceedingly successful. A notorious man named Thomas Bell, guilty of theft, robbery, fraud, and every form of crime, greatly resembled Mr. Rowland. Passing himself off for him, he imposed upon citizens of Hunterdon County, N. J., robbed them and fled, everywhere representing himself as the Rev. Mr. Rowland. At the time he perpetrated this robbery in Hunterdon County, "Messrs. Tennent and Rowland, accompanied by two laymen, Joshua Anderson and Benjamin Stevens, went into Pennsylvania or Maryland to conduct religious services. When Mr. Row-

land returned, he was charged with the robbery committed by Bell. He gave bonds to appear at the court of Trenton, and the affair made a great noise throughout the colony. Tennent, Anderson, and Stevens appeared, and swore that they were with Mr. Rowland and heard him preach on that very day in Pennsylvania or Maryland. He was at once acquitted." But months afterward Tennent, Anderson, and Stevens were arraigned for perjury. Anderson was tried and found guilty. Tennent and Stevens were summoned to appear before the next court. Stevens took advantage of a flaw in the indictment and was discharged. Tennent refused to do that, or to give any assistance to his counsel, relying upon God to deliver him. The authorized "Life of Tennent" now gives the particulars:

Mr. Tennent had not walked far in the street (the bell had rung summoning them to court), before he met a man and his wife, who stopped him, and asked if his name was not Tennent. He answered in the affirmative, and begged to know if they had any business with him. The man replied, "You best know." He told his name, and said that he was from a certain place (which he mentioned) in Pennsylvania or Maryland; that Messrs. Rowland, Tennent, Anderson, and Stevens had lodged either at his house, or in a house wherein he and his wife had been servants (it is not now certain which), at a particular time which he named; that on the following day they heard Messrs. Tennent and Rowland preach; that some nights before they left home, he and his wife waked out of a sound sleep, and each told the other a dream which had just occurred, and which proved to be the same in substance; to wit, that he, Mr. Tennent, was at Trenton, in the greatest possible distress, and that it was in their power, and theirs only, to relieve him. Considering it as a remarkable dream only, they again went to sleep, and it was twice repeated, precisely in the same manner, to both of them. This made so deep an impression on their minds, that they set off, and here they were, and would know of him what they were to do.

On the trial the evidence of these persons, and of some others who knew Bell, and were acquainted with his resemblance to Mr. Rowland, was sufficient to secure Mr. Tennent's acquittal.

To explain such dreams as these some introduce a supernatural element, claiming that they are sent by God to warn his people; others adopt the hypothesis now known as telepathy; while still others content themselves with vague references to "clairvoyance."

A personal and close investigation of a great number of alleged premonitions of death, revelations of current and past facts, and predictions of the future has afforded me no ground for a scientific presumption either of supernatural interference, of telepathy, or of clairvoyance. That is, authentic cases can be more reasonably explained without than with any of these assumptions.

The English Society of Psychical Research

was founded in 1882, and has pursued its investigations since that time. The names of its president, vice-presidents, corresponding members, and council include men justly distinguished in various fields of scientific investigation, and some occupying high religious positions; and the list of members is also very imposing. It is proper to say, however, that the investigations, as is usual in such cases, have been committed to a few persons, enthusiasts in the matter, and many of the most learned and conservative members of the body appear, from the reports of all the proceedings which I have carefully read, to take no active part in the work. Indeed, Professor G. Stanley Hall, Professor of Psychology and Pedagogics in Johns Hopkins University, who is one of the corresponding members, regrets, in an elaborate review of the proceedings, the absence from the investigations of the most distinguished alienists. The Society, having to a great extent surrendered the investigations to certain persons, has practically committed itself to the hypothesis of telepathy, or the ability of one mind to impress or to be impressed by another mind otherwise than through the recognized channels of sense. Of course dreams have a bearing upon this subject, and to dreams the Society has paid a great deal of attention.

The subject of telepathy I shall not treat in this article, for the Society as represented in the two bulky volumes entitled "Phantasms of the Living," edited by Edmund Gurney, Frederic W. H. Myers, and Frank Podmore, does not claim that the cases which they have presented, drawn from dreams, would be sufficient to prove the truth of telepathy. They confess that they are on doubtful ground, and say:

For (1) the details of the reality, when known, will be very apt to be read back into the dream, through the general tendency to make vague things distinct; and (2) the great *multitude* of dreams may seem to afford almost limitless scope for *accidental correspondences* of a dream with an actual occurrence resembling the one dreamt of. Any answer to this last objection must depend on statistics, which, until lately, there has been no attempt to obtain; and though an answer of a sort can be given, it is not such a one as would justify us in basing a theory of telepathy on the facts of dreams alone.

They acknowledge that dreams, being often somewhat dim and shapeless things, "subsequent knowledge of events may easily have the effect of giving body and definiteness to the recollection of a dream." They concede that "millions of people dream every night, and in dreams, if anywhere, the range of possibilities seems infinite." But when they come to present the subsequent cases, their reasoning upon them is in many instances almost

puerile, and is unscientific in its destitution of rigor. For example, in cases of partial fulfillment where a person dreamed of death, and the dream did not occur until a number of hours after the death, they call that a deferment of percipience. They say that the impression when it first arrived "was unable to compete at the moment with the vivid sensory impressions and the crowd of ideas and images that had belonged to normal senses and waking life, and that it may thus remain latent until darkness and quiet give a chance for its development." The same sort of reasoning might be applied to account for the fact that such information is not universally communicated. It is flying about loose in the heavens and in the earth; but, not being able to compete with the crowd of images in any except few cases, does not generally materialize.

When they come to cases where the dreams contain the general feature of conversation between the dreamer and the agent they say, "This is, of course, a clear instance of something superadded by the dreamer's own activity"; and when the circumstances of the death do not concur with it they claim a fulfillment, and attribute a failure to agree to a death imagery superadded by the independent activity of the dreamer.

Where a woman dreams twice of death and it is fulfilled, and she also has the candor to state that on another occasion she dreamed of a death and nothing came of it, they say:

The absence of any ascertained coincidence on the third occasion might be represented as an argument for regarding the correspondence on the two previous occasions as accidental, but it would be a very weak one; since even if the dream had recurred a thousand times, the chances against the accidental occurrences of two such coincidences would still remain enormous.

Many of the cases they cite depend upon vague memory, and others do not supply adequate particulars.

Their general method of writing about these dreams and of the whole theory of telepathy is that of an affectionate mother lingering over her own child, and wherever coddling is necessary doing it *con amore*. There are two radical defects to be seen in the entire method: First, not a twentieth part of the care is taken in the investigation of the cases and their authentication which would be required for a case of ordinary importance in a court of justice; secondly, the use of the so-called doctrine of chances is so ludicrous as to be practically a burlesque of science. They sent to 5360 persons taken at random, asking them to state whether they had ever had a dream of the death of some person known to them, which dream was an exceptionally vivid one, and of which the distressing impression lasted an

hour after arising in the morning, at any time within the twelve years 1874 to 1885 inclusive. Of these 173 answered "Yes." It would be difficult to believe, if it were not published to the world on the authority of the Society, that any one should conclude that that number could furnish a basis upon which to ascertain an average to be applied to the whole population; yet they do so, and say that it is as satisfactory as the proof that a similar number of persons taken at random would afford on the average number of cases of short-sight or color-blindness.

Short-sight and color-blindness are physical conditions, depending upon physical causes; dreams are evanescent, irregular, depending upon phenomenal causes, and the dream images of a single family in a single week may amount to millions, of which any one under the operations of laws not subject to statistics may be vividly remembered.

But of the whole number of 173 who had vivid dreams of death, there were only 24 where the event fell within 12 hours of the dream. By an application of the law of chance they endeavor to maintain that there would not be more than *one* such coincidence in that time, and that, therefore, "twenty-four is twenty-four times larger than the doctrine of chance would have allowed us to expect." As well might the law of chance be applied to the determination of the number of thoughts on any given subject that would naturally arise in one or more minds in a given period.

As shown in an article on "Astrology, Divination, and Coincidences," published in *THE CENTURY* for February, 1888, the "law of chance" is not capable of application to such subjects. Events are continually occurring, whether attention is directed to them or not. Of all possible occurrences, the time, place, and manner of death are most uncertain. Human lives revolve about a few central points—home, business, health, friends, travel, religion, country. Dream images are about persons and things. That there can be millions of images portrayed in the gallery of dreams, and that the great majority deal with these pivotal points of human life and human thought, taken in connection with the fact that all the events of human history, past, current, and future, revolve about these same points, make it absolutely certain that the number of coincidences must be vast. It is, in fact, smaller rather than larger than might reasonably be expected.

It is natural that a large proportion of dreams of a terrifying nature should be about deaths, because in deaths center all grounds of anxiety about one's self or one's friends. As death is the king of terrors and the dream

state often a disturbed state, death would be also the king of dreams.

Out of the 173 who declare that they have had distressing dreams, there have been only 24 cases of fulfillment. An exact statement of the situation of the twenty-four persons dreamed about, or their physical condition and circumstances, would be as essential to a scientific estimate as the condition and circumstances of the dreamer.

The recollection of dreams depends much upon habit and upon the practice of relating them. I found by experience that this had a tendency to perpetuate a particular dream. For twenty-five years I was visited at irregular intervals by the dream of the death, by drowning, of my brother who is still living. It frequently recurred soon after I had told it with elaborateness of detail to another. The number of appalling dreams that come to nothing is very great, where the vividness of details sometimes fairly compels belief. In many instances a dream of one's death originates in a profound derangement of the nervous system, and the effect of such a dream upon that weakened condition may be fatal. The young student to whom reference has been made came of a family peculiarly liable to instant death from heart disease. Since that period his only brother died without warning, when quietly, as it was supposed, reposing upon his bed. The dream was so vivid that the young man believed it, and prepared himself for it in mind while his body was depressed by the natural physical effect. If he had been treated as another young man was who had a similar dream, and believed it as implicitly, he might have lived. In that case a sagacious physician, finding evidences that death was near, and believing the symptoms to be caused wholly by the impression that he was to die, administered a heavy dose of chloroform. When the young man became conscious and found the hour fixed upon for his death long passed, he speedily recovered.

The repetition of dreams on the same night or on other nights is explained by the impression which they make; and doubtless the number 3 has literary and religious associations which have an effect upon some dreamers. If they have a notion that 3 is the number for significant dreams, they, having dreamed the same thing thrice, are now fully aroused and sleep no more. This is not always the case. A member of Congress dreamed that his only daughter died; he awoke in great agitation, and on composing himself to sleep the dream returned. This continued for the fourth time, and even until the ninth, and after each recurrence he was awakened; and in the morning, though not a

believer in dreams, he hastened to his home in a western State, feeling assured that something terrible had happened or was about to happen. The first person whom he met was his daughter, in perfect health.

Coinciding dreams of two persons about a third are often not fulfilled. Abercrombie gives the case of a young man and his mother dreaming substantially the same dream the same night, in which he told her that he was going on a long journey, and she said, "Son, thou art dead." But nothing came of the dream. A young man not far from New York dreamed that his father was being burned to death in a hotel. The same night a lady, a friend of the family, dreamed the same. Nothing came of it.

In regard to the dream of William Tennent's witnesses, the following points may be noticed: First, "the affair made a great noise in the colony"; secondly, Tennent, Stevens, and Anderson all knew where they had been in Pennsylvania or Maryland, and it was easy for them to procure witnesses who could conclusively prove their innocence, and a supernatural interference was not necessary; thirdly, the delay between the trial of Rowland and that of Tennent at a period when information was principally distributed by word of mouth, taken in connection with the general interest in the subject of religion at that time and the excitement produced by the preceding trial, rendered it highly probable that every person in any community where Rowland had preached knew about these facts. The account cannot tell much about these witnesses, or even whether the preaching and the dream occurred in Pennsylvania or Maryland. The natural explanation of the whole proceeding is that they knew the facts and had talked, or heard others talk, about the trial; and so far as evidence goes they had themselves talked about it, and the double dream was a mere coincidence. Whether this be true or not, the facts that the accounts are so defective, contradictory, and improbable, and that Mr. Anderson was allowed to be convicted and punished when he was as innocent as Mr. Tennent, greatly strengthen the natural explanation of the entire proceedings, for it is certain that fortunate coincidences have as often helped sinners as saints.

The possibilities of coincidence in human affairs are incomputable. A gentleman residing near New York remarked to a friend on the 4th of February, 1888, "We shall have snow to-day." There was not a sign of it then, but before they separated the snow began to fall. "How did you know that it would snow?" asked the friend. The sad and singular answer was, "Forty-three years ago to-day I buried

my only son. It snowed that day and has snowed on the 4th day of February every year since, and I felt sure that it would snow to-day." Let those who fancy that the law of probabilities is of any value when applied to a particular day ascertain how many chances there were that it would snow for forty-three consecutive years in a certain part of the country on the 4th day of February.

Inquiry of the passengers on many ocean voyages has shown that not a ship crosses the sea upon which there is not some passenger who had a dream that the ship would be destroyed, which strongly tempted him to remain at home; or was warned by a friend, who, after such a dream, prophesied disaster; or which had not left behind some intending passenger deterred by a dream.

Many of the supposed cases of fulfillment of dreams, and where the coincidences are most startling, relate to events which neither man nor devil, disembodied spirit nor angel, could foreknow if true, since neither the events nor their causes were in existence in the universe; and the fulfillment depended upon actions involving juxtapositions which could not have been foreseen by any finite being, as they were themselves coincidences, and only conceivable as foreknown by God, because of the assumption of his infinity.

#### THE RATIONAL USE OF DREAMS.

By some it is maintained that dreams are of great value in the argument for the immortality of the soul; the short method being that they prove the soul immaterial and independent of the body, and if immaterial then immortal. If this has any value it would apply equally to animals.

Others have held that we are responsible for our dreams. An article in the "Journal of Psychological Medicine," for July, 1849, says that we are as responsible for our dreams as for our waking thoughts; just as much so as we are told we shall be at the great tribunal for every idle word. And another writer affirms that in dreams each man's character is disintegrated so that he may see the elements of which it is composed. But few dreams are more absurd than such conceptions of them as these. Gluttony, evil thoughts, intemperance, vigils, and anxiety may affect dreams, but the responsibility is for the gluttony and other vices and sins; these are simply the incidental results. Many of the most devout and religious persons who have been unduly excited in religious work have been terrified and driven almost to doubt their acceptance with God by the fearful dreams of an impure or immoral character which have made their

nights hideous. Religious biography abounds with such accounts. These persons have attributed them to the devil, of whom one of them naïvely said, "The evil spirit, having no hope of succeeding with me by day, attacks me in sleep." Intellectual persons of sedentary habits have also been troubled in this way. The explanation in such cases is simple. The "Journal of Psychological Medicine," for January, 1857, says:

When persons have been much engaged during the whole day on subjects which require the continued exercise of the intellectual and moral attributes, they may induce so much fatigue and exhaustion of those powers that when they are asleep, to their subsequent sorrow and surprise, they may have the most sensual and most vicious dreams.

The writer proceeds to explain the fact upon the natural principle that the exhausted intellectual faculties, not being active and vigorous in the dream, the intellect received imperfect impressions; while the animal propensities having been in a state of comparative inactivity, manifested greater activity.

In the case of great religious excitement, the principle embodied in the stern saying of a writer that "When one passion is on fire, the rest will do well to send for the buckets" is a sufficient explanation. The intellect and the will being subdued by sleep, the generally excited condition of the brain and the nervous system produces a riot in the imagination.

Some persons rely upon dreams for evidence of acceptance with God, and of God's love. Where they have other evidences and sound reason, they do not need the help of dreams. When destitute of other evidences, it has been observed that their conduct is frequently such as no Christian, and sometimes as no moral person, could safely imitate.

One of the best things said in favor of dreams is by David Hartley, M. D.

The wildness of our dreams seems of singular use to us, by interrupting and breaking the course of our associations. For if we were always awake, some accidental associations would be so much cemented by continuance, as that nothing could afterwards disjoin them, which would be madness.

Notwithstanding, I would prefer to take the risk of dreamless sleep.

Any marked increase in the number or change in the character of dreams should be seriously considered. They are sometimes the precursors of a general nervous and mental prostration. In such cases habits of diet and exercise, work and rest, should be examined. If dreams which depress the nervous energies and render sleep unrefreshing recur frequently, medical counsel should be taken. The habit of remembering and narrating dreams is pernicious; to act upon them is to surrender rational self-control.

A gentleman of Boston who travels much is in the habit of dreaming often of sickness and death in his family. He always telegraphs for information, but has had the misfortune never to dream of the critical events, and to be away from home when most needed. Still, like the devotee of a lottery, he continues to believe in dreams. Another, whose dreams are equally numerous and pertinent, never so much as gives them a thought, and has had the good fortune to be near his family when needed.

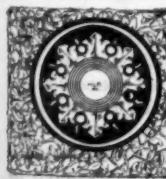
An extraordinary dream relating to probable or possible events may be analyzed, and anything which seems of importance in it from its own nature or the way things are stated, may be made a matter of reflection without superstition. But to take a step upon a dream which would not be taken without it allies the person who does it to every form of superstition that stultifies the god-like faculty of reason.

*J. M. Buckley.*

## ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

### I.

#### ROBERT WHITE GOES IN SEARCH OF A STORY.



ONE afternoon late in September, as Mr. Robert White was about to leave the private office of the editor of the "Gotham Gazette," having settled on the subject of the editorial article he was to write for the next morning's paper, the chief called him back.

"By the way, White," he asked, "have

you a story or a sketch you could give us for Sunday?"

"I don't know," answered White; "that is to say, I have n't one concealed about my person just now—but perhaps I can scare up something before you need it."

"I wish you would," the editor returned. "You know that we are making a feature of the short story in the Sunday paper, and we are running short of copy. We have several things promised us, but they are slow in coming. Rudolph Vernon, for example, was to have given me a tragic tale for this week; but here I have a letter from him, begging off on

the plea that his wife's grandmother has just died, and — ”

“ And so he 's not attuned for tragedy, eh ? ” interrupted White, smiling. “ Well, I 'll try to turn out something; but a good idea for a short story is a shy bird, and does n't come for the calling. It is only now and then I can get within reach of one to put salt on its tail. The trouble is that-all I could lime I have served up already in the dainty dish I called ‘ Nightmare's Nests.’ ”

“ I don't know that we really need anything as peculiar or as striking as most of those stories were,” said the editor, meditatively. “ I doubt sometimes whether the sketch from real life is n't really more popular than the most daringly original fantasy of Poe's or Hawthorne's. The simple little story, with a touch of the pathetic about it, that's what the women like; and after all, you know, fiction is meant to please the women mostly.”

“ I do know it,” said White, with a saddened smile. “ Woman likes the cut-and-dried better than the unconventional and unexpected; it is only in the fashions that she wants the latest novelty.”

“ Then your task is the easier,” suggested the editor.

“ Not for me,” White returned. “ I can't do the Dying Infant at will, or the Deserted Wife, or the Cruel Parent and the Lovely Daughter. Some fellows find it easy enough to turn on the water-works and make the women weep; but I never could. The grawsome, now, or the gleeful, I can tackle when I 'm in the mood, but the maudlin evades me.”

“ Well, I 'll leave it to you,” said the editor, turning back to his work. “ Do the best you can for us. You know what we want.”

“ But I don't know where I 'm going to get it,” was White's final remark, as he left the chief's office and went to his own desk.

Sitting down, he took up his pen, thought for a minute or two, laughed gently to himself once or twice, made a few incomprehensible notes on a scrap of paper, and then wrote a column of brevier on the subject assigned to him—“ Philadelphia as a Rest-Cure.” After reading this over carefully and making a correction here and there, he sent it up to the composing-room. Then he took his hat and left the building, his day's work done.

When he reached Madison Square, in his walk up-town, it was about 6 o'clock. His family was still in the country—the lovely September weather was too tempting, and White had not the heart to recall his wife to town, although he heartily hated his condition of grass-widower. With a feeling of disgusted

loneliness he went to the College Club and had a solitary meal, which he ate with an ill grace. But a good dinner and a good cup of coffee after it, and a good cigar, combined to make another man of him. He lingered in the smoking-room for a while, lazily glancing over the evening paper. Then he threw aside the crackling sheet and tried to devise a plot for a possible story, or to recall a character about whom a tale might be told. But his invention was sluggish and he made no headway in his work. Feeling that his recumbent posture might be tending to increase his mental inertia, he arose; and, throwing away his cigar, he went out for a walk, in the hope that the exercise might stimulate his dormant faculties, or that, in his rambles, he might happen on a suggestion.

The evening was warm but not unpleasant; a refreshing breeze was blowing up from the bay and clearing the atmosphere of the foul odors of streets everywhere torn up by the excavations of a new company, until they looked as though French rioters had been building barricades or veterans of the Army of the Potomac had been throwing up temporary intrenchments. Just as this military suggestion occurred to Robert White, the illusion was strengthened by the martial notes of “ Marching through Georgia,” which rang across the Square as a militia regiment with its band tramped up Broadway. While he was thus attuned for war's alarms, he found himself before a huge iron rotunda, as devoid of all architectural beauty as might be a gigantic napkin-ring, capped by an inverted saucer. A coronet of electric lights circled the broad roof, and a necklace of these glaring gems was suspended over the sidewalk in front of the entrance, illuminating many bold advertisements to the effect that a cyclorama of the battle of Gettysburg was on exhibition within.

As it happened, Robert White had not yet seen this cyclorama, which had only been recently opened to the public. Obeying the impulse of the moment, he crossed the street and entered the building.

He passed down a long dim tunnel, and mounted a winding-stair, coming out at last upon an open platform—and the effect was as though he had been sitting upon King Solomon's carpet and by it had been instantly transported through time and space to the center of a battle-field and into the midst of the fight. To an imaginative spectator the impression of reality was overpowering, and White found himself waiting for the men to move, and wondering why the thunder of the cannon did not deafen him. He felt himself in the very thick of the tussle of war—an

on-looker at the great game of battle. He was alone at first, and there was a subdued hush which lent a mysterious solemnity to the noiseless combat. The Pennsylvania hills stretched away from him on all sides and the July sun beat down on the dashing cavalry, on the broken ranks ill sheltered by the low stone walls, on the splendid movement of Pickett's division, on the swiftly served batteries, on the wounded men borne quickly to the rear, and on the surgeons working rapidly, bare-armed and bloody. Here and there the smoke hung low over the grass, a lingering witness to the artillery duel which preceded the magnificent advance of the Southern infantry. On all sides were heroic devotion, noble bravery, dogged persistence, and awful carnage.

As White stood silent in the midst of this silent warfare, he felt as though he could count the cost of this combat in precious lives, for he knew how few were the families of this wide nation but had one of its best beloved clad in gray in the longlines of Lee, or massed in blue on Cemetery Ridge to stand the shock of the charging Virginians.

The platform slowly filled up with later arrivals, and Robert White was aroused from his reverie; he began to study the canvas before him more carefully. His own interest was rather in the navy than in the army, but he was familiar with the chief movements on this field. He recognized the generals and he noted the details of the picture. The art of the painter delighted him; the variety, the movement, the vivacity of the work appealed to his appreciation; with the relish of a Yankee he enjoyed the ingenious devices by which the eye of the spectator was deceived; he detected one or two of the tricks — a well, for instance, half painted and half real, and a stretcher carried by one soldier in the picture itself and by another out in the foreground with real grass springing up under his feet; and, although he discovered, he almost doubted — the illusion was well-nigh perfect.

By this time the throng on the platform had thickened. It was densest on the opposite side; and White slowly became conscious that a lecturer was there explaining to the gathering group the main lines of the battle and its chief episodes. Remembering that when he entered he had seen a figure in blue with an empty sleeve pinned across the breast sitting apart in the center of the platform, he recalled the custom of most cycloramas to have a veteran, a wounded survivor of the struggle, to tell the tale of the day and to fight his battles o'er every hour to changing companies of visitors.

"It was just there," said the lecturer, "that Colonel Delancey Jones and Lieutenant-Colonel Oliphant of our regiment were killed within less than five minutes; and not ten minutes later our Major Laurence Laughton was badly wounded. Few know how terrific was the loss of life on this bloody field. There were more men killed in this single battle than in the whole Crimean war, which lasted more than eighteen months."

As White listened he found himself involuntarily remarking something unusual in this fragment of the lecturer's little speech. It was not the manner, which was confident enough, nor the delivery, which was sufficiently intelligent, but rather the voice of the speaker. This did not sound like the voice of an old soldier; it was fresher, younger, and, indeed, almost boyish.

"That little building there is an exact reproduction of the farm-house of old John Burns of Gettysburg:

'Just where the tide of battle turns,  
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.  
How do you think the man was dressed?  
He wore an ancient long buff vest,  
Yellow as saffron — but his best;  
And, buttoned over his manly breast,  
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,  
And large, gilt buttons — size of a dollar;  
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,  
White as the locks on which it sat.  
But Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,  
Stood there picking the rebels off —  
With his long, brown rifle and bell-crowned hat,  
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.  
In fighting the battle, the question 's whether  
You'll show a hat that 's white, or a feather !'

"That 's John Burns's house there, with the gable towards you, and those are his bees and his cows that the poet mentions. Farther away to the right is General Meade with his staff —"

Involuntarily White had drawn nearer to the speaker; and the lecturer, in his rotation around the platform, now advanced three or four paces towards the journalist. Then for the first time White got a good view of him; he saw a slight figure, undeveloped rather than shrunk, about which hung loosely a faded blue uniform with the empty sleeve of the left arm pinned across the breast. The lecturer's walk as he passed from one point to another was alert and youthful; his face was long and thin; his dark eyes were piercing and restless; his hair was so light that it might be white; his chin was apparently clean shaven, and he did not wear even a military mustache. Altogether he produced upon the journalist an inexplicable impression of extreme juvenility; he could not believe that this Boy in Blue was old enough to have been at the battle of Gettysburg, fought just a quarter of a century

ago. Even if the North, like the South, had robbed the cradle and the grave, a drummer-boy of fifteen at the battle would now be a man of forty, and it seemed impossible that the lecturer had attained half that age. The journalist could not but think that the soldier was only a youth, with a strangely aged look for one so young, it is true, and worn with pain, it may be, and without an arm—and yet, for all this, but little more than a boy.

While White had been coming to this conclusion the lecturer had been drawing nearer to him, and was now standing not five feet distant.

"That clump of trees there was the point Pickett had told his men to go for, and they did get to it too—but they could n't hold it. Those trees mark the spot farthest north ever reached by the Southern soldiers at any time during the battle. There was pretty hot fighting in among those bushes for a while, and then the Johnnies began to fall back. It was just then that we were sent in."

"Were you there, sir?" asked an awed young lady, as much overdressed as the red-haired young man with her.

"Yes, miss," was the prompt answer.

White was now close to the speaker, and he examined him again carefully. Despite the uniform and the empty sleeve and a certain appearance of having undergone hardships, it was simply impossible that the fellow should be telling the truth.

"Where did you stand?" asked the young lady.

"Just back of that clump of trees there, miss. When the rebels broke we were told to go in, and we went in at once; and, as I told you, Colonel Delancey Jones was killed first and Lieutenant-Colonel Oliphant next and Major Laughton was wounded, and it was Captain Bryce that took us through the fight after that."

"O Charley!" said the young lady to her red-haired companion. "Just think! He was there; is n't it perfectly awful?"

"I guess it was pretty lively for him," responded the young man; "but when there's a war a fellow feels he must go, you know."

"Did you lose your arm there?" asked the young lady.

"Yes, miss. It was taken off by a ball from Mason's battery. That's Mason's battery over there on the hill; in the woods, almost."

As White heard this answer, which seemed to him a repulsive falsehood, he looked the lecturer full in the face.

"O Charley!" said the young lady to her red-haired companion. "He did lose his arm there! Is n't it perfectly dreadful? And he is so young too!"

"I guess he 's older than he looks," Charley jauntily replied.

The lecturer caught White's gaze fixed full upon him, and he returned the glance without the slightest suggestion of embarrassment.

"So you were wounded there, were you?" queried White.

"Yes, sir; just in front of those trees, as the boys went on."

"And how did you feel?" pursued White.

"I did n't know anything for a few minutes, and then I felt sorry that we had been beaten; they say a wounded man always thinks that his side has got the worst of it."

The speaker was now close to White, and the journalist no longer doubted that the Boy in Blue was a boy in fact, masquerading as a man and as a soldier. To White this seemed like trading on patriotism—a piece of despicable trickery. The fellow bore it off bravely enough, as though unconscious of the contemptible part he was playing. He stood the close scrutiny of the journalist with imperturbable calm. His face was coldly serious; and even his eyes did not betray any guilty knowledge of his false position; their glance was honest and open.

"The boy is a good actor," thought White, "but what is the object of this queer performance? Surely there are old soldiers enough in the city to explain a battle picture without the need of dressing up a slim youth in the cast-off clothes of a wounded veteran."

Taking a place by the railing of the platform just alongside White, the mysterious lecturer pointed to a group of horsemen and said:

"That's General Hancock there, with his staff."

White interrupted with the sudden question:

"Were you in the war?"

The youth looked at White in surprise and answered simply:

"Of course."

"In what regiment?" White continued.

"The 41st, Colonel Delancey Jones," the boy replied. "They used to call us the Fighting 41st."

"And you were at the battle of Gettysburg?" pursued White.

"Of course," was the reply, accompanied by a strange look of surprise. "Have n't I been telling you about it?"

"Were you also at the battle of Buena Vista?" asked White, sarcastically.

This question seemed to puzzle the young man. "Buena Vista?" he repeated slowly, with dazed expression. "I don't know."

"Perhaps you took part also in the battle of Bunker Hill?" White went on.

"Oh, no," replied the young fellow quickly, his face lighting at once. "No—you've been getting things mixed. Bunker Hill was in the Revolutionary War and Gettysburg was in the Rebellion. The Revolutionary War was over long before I was born."

"And how old were you when the battle of Gettysburg was fought?" was White's next question.

Again a puzzled look came into the face of the lecturer.

"How old was I? I don't know how old I was then. But I was there!" he added with sudden emphasis, as though he were defying the lurking smile which flitted across White's mouth.

"And it was at Gettysburg you lost your arm by a cannon-ball?" White asked.

"Yes—yes!" was the impatient reply. "Did n't I tell you so before?"

And with a suggestion of defiance the Boy in Blue passed behind White and resumed his description of the combatants.

White asked no more questions, and he listened in silence for a few minutes. He did not feel quite as sure that the young fellow was a humbug as he had at first. There was an air of good faith about him, as though he believed what he was saying. It did not seem possible that this was a mere piece of acting; and if it were, what might be its motive? That the boy had been at Gettysburg was simply impossible; and why he should dress as a soldier, and pretend to have taken part in the fight, was a puzzle to which White did not see the solution.

On entering the building the journalist had bought an illustrated description of the battle, proffered by a page at the door; and now, as he mechanically turned the leaves of this, his eyes fell on the name of the business manager of the Gettysburg Cyclorama—Mr. Harry Brackett. White knew Brackett well when the present manager had been a reporter of the "Gotham Gazette"; and when he saw Brackett's name he knew to whom he could apply for information. It was at all times a weakness of White's to spy out a mystery, and he deemed the present circumstances too curious not to demand investigation.

At the door of the manager's office, near the entrance, he found Harry Brackett, who greeted him with great cordiality.

"Glad to see you, White," he said. "Good show upstairs, is n't it? I wish you could give us a column of brevier in the 'Gazette,' just to boom it, now that people are coming back to town again. A good rattling editorial on object-lessons in the teaching of American history would be very timely, would n't it?"

White laughed. "If you want a reading

Vol. XXXVI.—65.

notice on the fourth page, you had better apply to the publisher for his lowest column rates. I won't volunteer a good notice for you, because I don't approve of your Infant Phenomenon, the Boy Warrior."

"So you have tumbled to it, have you?" returned Brackett, smiling.

"Well," said White, "it does n't take extraordinary acumen to 'tumble,' as you call it. The battle of Gettysburg was fought in 1863, and it is now 1888; and if that boy upstairs was only a babe in arms then, he would be twenty-five now—and he is n't. That's as simple as the statement of the clever French woman who was asked her age, and who answered that she must be at least twenty-one, as her daughter was twenty."

"That boy does look odd, I'll allow," Brackett remarked. "Lots of people ask me about him."

"And what do you tell them?" was White's natural query.

"I stand 'em off somehow; I give 'em some kind of a ghost-story. They're not particular, most of 'em. Besides, it's only when going out that they ask questions—and they paid their money coming in."

"Then as I'm coming out, I suppose there is no use in my requesting information," suggested White.

"You're one of the boys," replied Harry Brackett. "You are a friend of mine; you are a newspaper man too, and you may give us a paragraph, so I don't care if I do tell you the story."

"Then there is a story to tell?"

"Rather!" Harry Brackett rejoined, emphatically.

"Ah!" said White. "Come over to the Apollo House and give me the latest particulars. A story is just what I have been looking for all day."

## II.

### THE STORY MR. ROBERT WHITE FOUND.

EARLY in the spring certain old-fashioned houses, low and wide-spreading, standing alone, each in a garden that came forward to the broad avenue, having long lingered as reminders of an earlier time when New York was not as huge as it is now, nor as heaped together, nor as hurried, were seized by rude hands and torn down ruthlessly. After the dust of their destruction had blown away, the large rectangle of land thus laid bare was roughly leveled and smoothed. Within this space, which was almost square, an enormous circle was drawn; and soon a ring of solid brick-work arose a foot or more above the surface of the lot. Upon this foundation swift

workmen soon erected the iron skeleton of a mighty rotunda, which stood out against the evening sky, well knit and rigid, like a gigantic rat-trap. In the perfect adaptation of the means to the end, in the vigor and symmetry of its outlines, in its simple strength and its delicate firmness, in the marvelous adjustment of its strain whereby there was not a superfluous pound of metal, this iron framework was a model of American skill in the noble art of the smith. But soon the beauty of this supple skeleton was hidden under a dull covering of wrinkled sheet-iron; and the building as it drew to completion became uglier and uglier day by day.

The erection of an edifice so unusual as this inflated round-tower aroused the greatest curiosity among the boys of the neighborhood. But no boy followed the labors of the workmen with keener interest than Dick Harmony, a lad of seventeen, who tended the newspaper-stand on the opposite side of the avenue. On a board supported by a folding trestle the journals of the day were displayed every morning and every afternoon under the charge of Dick Harmony. This stand was a branch of a more important establishment two blocks farther up the avenue. Newspapers are the most perishable of commodities; they spoil on the vendor's hands in a very few hours; and Dick Harmony found that his trade was brisk only in the mornings and afternoons, and that in the middle of the day, from 11 to 3, there was a slack time. This intermission Dick had been wont to utilize in long walks; but he now spent it wholly on the other side of the avenue, in rapt contemplation of the progress of the strange building which had aroused his interest from the first.

In the very beginning, indeed, he had hated the intruding edifice, from loyal love for its predecessors. He had always liked the looks of the old houses, now swept aside by the advancing besom of improvement. He had taken pleasure, more or less unconsciously, in noting their differences from the taller, smarter, and newer houses by which they were surrounded. He had admired the dignity of their dingy yellow bricks. He had had a fondness for the few faded and dusty flowers that grew along the paths of the gardens in front, and around the basin of the dried-up fountains. He had liked to see the vines clambering over the shallow cast-iron balconies. Once he had even ventured to wish that he were rich enough to own one of those houses,—the one on the corner was the one he would choose,—and if he lived in it, he would open the gate of the garden, and let other boys in to enjoy the restful green. It was a daring dream, he knew; probably the man who dwelt in that little old house on

the corner was worth a hundred thousand dollars, or maybe a million. Dick Harmony made two dollars and a half a week.

It may be that the newsboy was as rich on his two dollars and a half a week as was the man who had been living in the house on the corner, now torn down and replaced by the circular iron building; for Dick was all alone in the world; he had nobody dependent on him; he was an orphan, without brother or sister, or any living relative, so far as he knew; he could spend his weekly wages as he chose. His wants were few and simple and easily satisfied. When he had a dime or a quarter to spare he might do what he pleased with the money; he could go to the theater or to the minstrels or to the circus. He wondered whether the new building was to be a circus.

He expressed to a casual acquaintance, a bootblack, his hope that it might prove to be a circus.

"What are ye givin' me?" cried this young gentleman. "Na—that ain't no circus."

"It's round, like a circus," returned Dick, "an' if it ain't a circus, what is it?"

"I'll give ye the steer. I shined a young feller this mornin' an' he said it was to be a cyclonehammer—a sort of pianneraimer, he said. Ye go in the door and up in the middle somehow, and there you are bang on the battle-field right in with the soldiers a-fightin' away!"

"What battle-field?" asked Dick.

"Battle o' Gettysburg, o' course," answered the bootblack. "Did n't I tell ye it was a pianneraimer o' Gettysburg? Shine?"

This final syllable was addressed, not to the guardian of the news-stand, but to a gentleman on the other side of the avenue; and, as this gentleman nodded, the bootblack cut short the conversation with his friend.

Dick Harmony had but scant teaching; but he had studied a brief history of the United States, and from this he derived his sole notions of the history of the world. Like not a few American boys who have had more chances to learn better, he was inclined to think that 1492 was the date of the creation of the universe, which, however, had not really got going until 1776. He recalled vaguely the battle of Gettysburg as having taken place on the Fourth of July, 1863.

The news that the circular building in process of erection before his eyes was to contain some sort of picture or reproduction of this famous fight quickened his desire to learn more about Gettysburg. As it happened, long before the building was roofed in a call was issued for a reunion of the veterans of both sides, and the newspapers were frequent in allusions to the battle. At last a boys' paper,

which Dick read regularly every week, gave an illustrated account of Gettysburg and reprinted Lincoln's speech. As the boy read the story of Pickett's charge and of its repulse, his blood tingled with martial ardor; he wished he had been a man then to have a share in the hard struggle for Little Round Top and to have a hand in the bloody cookery of the Devil's Kitchen. But the fighting is all over, the boy knew; this was years ago; the battles are ended, the country is at peace again, and everybody is glad. None the less did Dick regret that he had not lived in those times, that he might see so great a fight. Then he wondered what a panorama or a cyclorama might be, and he longed to see at least the picture since he had missed the real battle.

Thereafter Dick Harmony spent as much time as he could spare from his news-stand in watching the completion of the building. As soon as the morning demand for newspapers slackened the boy closed his trestle, stowed it away, and crossed the avenue. After a few days the workmen came to know him, and the foreman tolerated his presence where other boys were not allowed to enter. He was shy and silent generally; but now and again his curiosity got the better of him, and he asked questions about the battle—questions which the workmen were puzzled to answer, and which they merely laughed at. He bore their rude jesting without anger; a reproachful glance from his dark eyes was his only retort. He was persistent in his attendance, and always obliging. He was never unwilling to run on an errand for the foreman or for one of the men. At noon he went to the nearest saloon and came back with their cans of beer balanced along a stick. Everybody knew him at last, and so it came to pass that he was tacitly granted the freedom of the place.

He saw the roof put on with its broad ring of heavy glass in thick panes. He watched the fungus growth of the central platform, which at one time came to look like the skeleton of a wooden mushroom. He examined its twin set of spiral stairs, one within the other, like a double corkscrew. He looked on while the passage was built from the platform to the main door, a long wooden tunnel. He walked around the inner circumference of the edifice as the men laid the broad ties and single rail of a circular track. He wondered at the huge wooden tower on wheels—not unlike those used by the ancients in an assault on a walled city—which was built to run upon the primitive railroad. He was present when there was thrust into the building the canvas of the picture, a long limp roll like a Gargantuan sausag. He was there when the spool upon which this canvas had been reeled was raised

up perpendicularly and fastened to pivots at the top and bottom of the moving tower. He was permitted to see the picture unrolled and made fast to a great iron ring, just under the edge of the roof, as the tower was wheeled slowly around the rotunda. He saw the canvas tightened by another iron ring joined in sections to its lower edge. He looked on while the men stretched the canopy which was to spread over the heads of the spectators as they might stand on the platform, and which hung from the apex of the building for a week at least neglected and limp, like the umbrella of a gigantic Mrs. Gamp. He gazed with wonder as the artist touched up the painting here and there, as need was, heightening the brilliancy of a cannon in one place or toning down the glitter of a button in another.

This painter was not the chief painter of the cyclorama, which was the work of a distinguished Frenchman, a famous depicter of battle-scenes. The man Dick saw was a burly Alsatian, who had been one of the principal assistants of the French artist, and who on the return of the great painter to France had been deputed to set the cyclorama in New York. He spoke English like a Frenchman and French like a German. His huge bulk and his shock of iron-gray hair gave him a forbidding appearance; and his voice was so harsh that Dick Harmony was afraid of him and kept out of his way, while following his operations with unfailing interest.

Among the many ingenious devices for concealing from the spectator the exact junction of the real foreground with the painted cloth of the picture was a little pond of water in a corner of a stone wall, cunningly set off by aquatic plants, some of them genuine and some of them merely painted. One morning when Dick entered the building he started back as he heard the big Alsatian loudly swearing in German-French and French-English, because the workmen had carelessly crushed a little group of these plants.

"*Sacré dunder!*" he cried in stentorian tones. "The brute who spoild my cad-dails, vere is he? Vere is the idiod, dad I breag his head?"

Dick crept around behind the central platform and soon discovered the cause of this portentous outbreak. In constructing a few feet of real stone wall, a cluster of cat-tails just at the edge of the pond had been trampled and broken beyond repair.

"*Dunder of heafen!*" the Alsatian roared; "if I attrap the workman beasd who did me dad drick, I breag his neg! Vere vil I find more cad-dails now?"

For some time the human volcano continued thus; and its eruption of trilingual profanity

did not wholly intermit until the shrill whistles of the neighboring factories proclaimed the noontide recess. Even then the artist muttered spasmodically as he went out to his lunch. Dick did not dare to address him then. But nearly an hour later the Alsatian returned, having made a satisfactory midday meal, as his smiling face testified. Dick stood afar off until the painter, leaning back on a grassy mound, had lighted his cigarette, and then he ventured to approach.

"If you want some more of those cat-tails," he said timidly, "I think I know where you can get them."

Then he drew back a few paces, doubtfully.

"You dink you know vere to ged dem?" answered the artist, rising from the ground and towering over the lad; "den I shall go vid you all ad once."

"They may be gone now, but I don't think they are; for the man used to have 'em regularly, and I guess he's got 'em still," the boy returned, with rising courage.

"Ve soll go see," was the Frenchman's reply.

As it happened, Dick was thus able to be of service to the artist. In his wanderings during his noon leisure, before he spent the middle of the day in the cyclorama, he had marked a florist who kept cat-tails. To this man's shop he guided the painter, who was enabled to replace the broken plants. Dick carried the tall stems as he walked back to the cyclorama by the side of the artist, whose roughness had waned and who spoke gently to the boy. In a few minutes Dick was answering questions about himself — who he was, what he did for a living, how he came to be off duty in the very busiest part of the day, how he liked the cyclorama. When the boy declared that he thought the picture of the battle the most wonderful thing he had ever seen, the man smiled not unkindly as he said, "You haf not seen much of dings. But id is nod badd — nod so badd — I haf seen vorse, perhabs. Id is nod so badd."

And from that morning the American boy and the big Alsatian were on friendly terms. After his lunch the artist liked to smoke a cigarette before returning to work, and then he would talk to Dick, explaining the details of the great picture and dwelling on the difficulty they had had to get at the exact facts of the mighty combat. As he told of the successive movements of the two armies during the three-days' fighting, the boy's face would flush and his eyes would flash, and he would hold himself erect like a soldier.

Seeing these things, one day the artist asked, "You would wish to haf been ad de baddle, eh?"

"There ain't anything I'd like better," replied Dick. "To be a real soldier and to see a real fight in a real war — that's what I'd like."

"Bud de war is nod veridably amusing," returned the artist. "For my pard, I lofed it nod."

"Were you a real soldier?" cried the boy eagerly.

The Alsatian nodded, as he rolled another cigarette.

"In a real war?" pursued Dick.

"Id vas a real var, I assure you," the painter responded.

"Did you ever kill anybody?" the lad inquired next, with growing excitement.

"I don't know —"

Dick was evidently disappointed at this.

"Bud dey haf me almost killed vonce. I haf a Prussian saber-cud on my shoulder here."

"Did you get wounded at Gettysburg?" Dick asked.

"Bud no — bud no," answered the Frenchman. "Id vas at the siege of Paris — I vas a Mobile — and ve fought vid de Germans."

"They were Hessians, I suppose?" Dick suggested.

"Dey vere Hessians and Prussians and Bavarians and Saxons — bud de Prussians vere de vorse."

For a few seconds Dick was silent in thought.

"I knew the French helped us lick the Hessians over here in the Revolutionary War, but I didn't know that the Hessians had been fighting the French over in Europe too," he said at last. "I suppose it was to get even for their having been beat so bad over here."

This suggestion seemed humorous even to the Alsatian, who smiled, and rolled another cigarette meditatively.

"Should you lofe to be painded in de picture?" he asked suddenly.

"Would n't I!" cried Dick. "There ain't anything I'd like better."

"Dere's a drummer-boy wounded dere in de veat-field and he is all dorn. I will paind him once more. You will pose for him."

"But I have n't any uniform," said the boy.

"Dere are uniforms dere in dat case. Dake a jacked and a cap."

Dick sprang to the large box which the artist had pointed out. There were all sorts of uniforms in it — infantry, cavalry, and artillery, volunteers' and regulars', bright zouave red and butternut gray. In a minute the boy had found the jacket and fez of a zouave drummer.

"Is this what I am to wear?" he asked. The artist nodded. Dick threw off his own coarse coat and donned the trim jacket of the drummer-boy. As he put it on, he drew himself up and stood erect, in soldierly fashion, with his shoulders well squared. Then he adjusted the fez and marched back to the Alsatian.

"Dad's vell," said the artist, examining him critically. "Now go lie down in de veat-field and I paind you."

Never had an artist a more patient model. Uncomplainingly the lad lay in the position assigned to him until every muscle in his body ached. Even then it was the Frenchman who bade him rise and rest, long before the American would have confessed his fatigue at the unwonted strain. Dick had never in his life been as happy as he was when first he put on that uniform. With a boy's faculty of self-deception, he felt as though he were in very truth a soldier, and as though the fate of the day might depend on his bearing himself bravely.

The sharp eyes of the artist quickly discovered the delight Dick took in wearing the zouave jacket and the fez, and to please the boy the good-natured Alsatian devised excuses to let the boy try on almost every uniform in the box, until at last it came to be understood that while Dick was in the cyclorama he might wear whatever military costume he liked.

One morning Dick was able to get to the building a little earlier than usual. He put on the dark blue uniform of a New York regiment and then looked about for the artist, whom he found at last high up on the wheeled tower, engaged in freshening the foliage of a tall tree. Dick climbed up and sat down beside him, watching his labors with never-failing interest. The painter greeted him pleasantly, paused in his work long enough to roll a cigarette, asked the boy a question or two, and then returned to his task. When the midday whistle shrilled through the air the Frenchman did not lay aside his brush at once, saying that he had almost finished what he had in hand and he wanted to spare himself the bother of clambering again to the top of the tower. The workmen left the building to eat their dinners.

"I vill finish in dree minudes now," the Alsatian remarked as he threw away his cigarette half-smoked and worked with increased energy.

A minute later Dick gave a sudden cry of alarm and disappeared over the side of the tower. The artist's cigarette had fallen among the shavings that littered the ground; it had smoldered there for a few seconds until some

chance breath of wind had fanned it into flame. When Dick happened to look down he saw a tiny little bonfire sparkling exactly under the inflammable canvas of the cyclorama. He called to the painter,—there was no one else in the building to hear his startled shout,—and he set out for the ground as fast as he could. As he came down the ladder he saw the flames brightening and beginning to blaze up, and he feared that he might be too late. He quickened his descent, but another glance below showed him the flames growing taller and thrusting their hot tongues towards the tinder-like picture. With boyish recklessness, half intentionally and half unconsciously, he loosened his hold on the ladder down which he was climbing and sprang to the ground. He plunged through the air for twenty feet or more; but in his unexpected start he lost his balance and fell, with turning body, and with arms and legs extending wildly. Then at last he landed heavily exactly on the fire, which had been the cause of his self-sacrificing movement and which was instantly extinguished by the weight of his body and by the shock of his fall. Where he had dropped he lay motionless. He had struck on his right hand and on his head.

The painter reached the ground a few seconds after the boy, and he found him lying in a heap on a mass of loose earth and shavings and like rubbish. Dick was insensible. Some of the workmen soon came running in at the loud call of the Alsatian, and one of them rang for an ambulance.

The boy had not moved when the doctor came.

"Is he dead?" asked the Alsatian, as the doctor arose from his examination.

"He's pretty badly hurt," was the answer, "but I don't believe he'll die. The right arm seems to be broken, and there are severe contusions on the head. We'll take him to the hospital, and we'll soon see what is the matter with him."

With a little aid from the doctor, the strong Alsatian raised the boy's body in his arms and bore it gently to the ambulance. As Dick was placed on the stretcher he opened his eyes and asked, "Did I save the panorama?"

"Bud yes—bud yes," cried the artist.

The boy smiled and closed his eyes and again became unconscious, as the doctor took his seat in the ambulance and it drove off.

The artist came to the hospital that afternoon and left instructions to give the boy every attention and every delicacy that might be good for him. They refused to let him see Dick, who was still insensible.

The next day the painter called again. He was then told that the boy's right arm had

been amputated, that the injuries to the head were serious but probably not fatal, and that the patient could receive no one. He was informed that it would be useless to see the boy, who was delirious with fever and not able to recognize any one.

The painter went to the hospital every day, and in time he began to get good news. Dick was a strong, healthy lad, and he was bearing up bravely. As soon as the fever abated and the boy came out of his delirium, the Alsatian brought a bunch of flowers with him on his daily visit and sent them up to the boy's bedside, but it was long before Dick had strength or desire to ask whence they came.

And so the days passed and the weeks. The spring had grown into the summer. Decoration Day had been celebrated, and the Fourth of July was near at hand. The cyclorama was finished after a while, and thrown open to the public. And the boy still lay on a bed in the hospital.

At last a day came when the doctor told the burly Alsatian with the gruff voice that Dick Harmony could begin to see his friends now; the artist was the only friend he had who cared enough for him to ask to see him.

The doctor conducted him to the bedside and stood by, lest the excitement might be more than the patient could bear.

As Dick saw the Frenchman his eyes brightened, he moved the stump of his right arm as though to hold out his hand, he tried to rise from the bed, and he fell back, feeble but happy.

"Is the cyclorama all right?" he cried, before his visitor could say a word.

"Bud yes—bud yes," answered the Alsatian. "Id vas you dad safed him."

The smile brightened on Dick's face as he asked, "Is it finished yet?"

The artist nodded.

"Can I see it soon?" inquired the boy.

The artist looked at the physician.

"We can let him out in less than a month, I think," said the doctor in reply to this mute interrogation.

"Den in less dan a mond you vill see it," the Frenchman declared.

"Will they let me in now that it is finished?" asked Dick, doubtfully.

"I vill dake you in myself," responded the painter. "Or how vill you lofe to come vid us—ve need a boy dere now?"

Dick looked at him for a moment speechless. It seemed to him as though this offer opened the portals of Paradise.

"Do you mean it, honest?" he was able to ask at last.

The artist nodded again, smiling at the joy he saw in the boy's eyes.

"Of course I should like it," Dick went on. "I should like it better than anything else in the world. I don't care what wages you pay; I'll come for less than any other boy you can get."

The Frenchman was engaged in rolling a cigarette which he now put between his lips, at the same time drawing a match-box from his pocket. Suddenly he remembered where he was.

"Vell, den," he said, rising, "dad's all right. Ven you are all vell, you come to us and ve gif you a place."

"I'll get well pretty quick, I tell you," replied the boy. "I'm in a hurry to see how it looks now it is all done."

And this favorable prognostic was duly fulfilled. From the day of the artist's visit, and encouraged by the glad tidings he brought, the boy steadily improved. The arm made a good healing and there was no recurrence of the delirium. Just how serious might be the injury to the head the doctors had not been able to determine, but they were encouraged to hope that it would not again trouble him.

A fortnight later the convalescent was released, pale and feeble, but buoyed up by delightful anticipations. The good-natured Alsatian took him at once to the cyclorama, and supported his weak steps as he tottered up the spiral staircase and out upon the center platform, from which the battle-field stretched away on every side.

"Oh!" he cried, with an outbreak of joy as he gazed about him, "is n't it beautiful? This is a real battle, is n't it? I did n't think anything could be so pretty. I could stay here forever looking at it and looking at it."

The artist led him to one of the benches and the boy sank down on it, as though the excitement had been too much for him in his enfeebled state.

It was then about 3 in the afternoon, and at that hour Captain Carroll was accustomed to deliver a brief lecture to the spectators who might be assembled, in which he set forth the story of the battle with the fervent floridity of Hibernian eloquence.

Dick Harmony listened to the periods of the orator with awe-stricken attention.

"Was Captain Carroll really at Gettysburg?" he inquired of the Alsatian, who had taken a seat by his side.

"But yes—bud yes. It vas dere he lose his arm."

Then for the first time the boy saw that the old soldier had an empty sleeve pinned across the right breast of his uniform.

"He lost his arm fighting and I lost mine by accident," cried Dick, bitterly. "I had n't the luck to be a soldier."

The painter looked at the boy in surprise; then he said gravely:

"He is as you—you bode lost your arms on the field of baddle; Capdain Carroll ad de real Geddysburg and you ad dis Geddysburg here."

Dick gazed earnestly at the artist as this was said; but the large face of the Frenchman was placid and without a smile. Then the newsboy drew himself up and replied:

"Yes, that's true enough. I was wounded on the battle-field of Gettysburg, was n't it?"

And thereafter this idea remained with him and was never abandoned.

As Dick's strength returned he was put on duty. He was to sell descriptive pamphlets to the spectators on the central platform. A uniform was provided for him. To his delight it was not unlike that worn by Captain Carroll, and the boy proceeded at once to pin his sleeve across his breast as the old soldier had done. In other things also did he imitate the captain immediately—in his upright carriage, in his walk, in his manner of speech, and even in his special phrases.

From the old officer the boy learned the vocabulary of the American soldier, developed during the long marches and hard fights of four years of civil war. He spoke of the Confederate soldiers as "Johnnies"; he called an infantry musket a "howitzer"; he knew that "salt-horse" and "cow-feed" were nicknames for corned-beef and vegetables; and he referred to coffee as "boiled rye."

Captain Carroll was conscious that he served as a model for Dick, and he was flattered by it. He took a fancy to the lad, and talked to him about the war by the hour on the rainy days when the visitors to the cyclorama were scant.

"Were you in any battle besides Gettysburg?" Dick asked, one morning.

"I was in all of them, I think," was the Irishman's answer; "and I was wounded at most."

"Have you been hit more than once?" was the boy's eager question.

"I had me thumb shot off at Bull Run, and the whole hand taken off at Antietam, and the rest of the arm went at Gettysburg, as ye see. I come of a good stock, and I had to be economical of me members. There's some who never get wounded at all, at all, and there's more that get killed in every contemptuous little fight they go into—not that I regret me experiance at all; I ped dear for it, but it was worth it. Ah, but there was illigant fightin' at Gettysburg!"

"I'm sure it was the greatest battle ever fought," declared Dick enthusiastically.

"I dunno," returned the Irishman. "There

was pretty work at Cold Harbor and in the Seven Days. It was then the Fightin' 41st was thinned out a bit; I got me wound in me lung there, and a bullet in me leg."

Dick gazed with awe at the veteran, who discovered a fresh wound whenever the tale of a new battle was told. He believed it all, and he did the Irishman little more than justice. The body of Captain Carroll was scarred with many a cicatrix, indelible records of his devotion to the adopted country in whose service he had lost his health.

In the hottest days of the summer Dick was at his post, although he confided to Captain Carroll that his head "felt queer sometimes," and the old soldier immediately returned that the bullet in his leg was giving him more trouble, and he was afraid the wound was going to open.

In the last week of June there came three days of intense heat, which greatly distressed both the veteran and the lad who kept him company on the central platform. On the fourth day of the hot spell Harry Brackett, who had left the "Gotham Gazette," to become the manager of the cyclorama, was detained by private affairs and did not arrive at the office until 1 o'clock. Then he found awaiting him a letter from Captain Carroll announcing the sudden re-opening of the wound in the leg, which would confine the veteran to the house for a week at least.

"What shall we do for a lecturer?" Brackett asked of the Alsatian painter, whom he had happened to find in the office.

"Is he necessary?" returned the artist.

"Is n't he?" was the journalist's reply. "The people pay their money not only to see a picture of the battle, but to hear an old soldier speak a piece about it, and stoke it up to them for all it's worth."

"Dey haf none to-day," the painter remarked, smiling.

"That's so," said Brackett. "Let's go up on the mushroom and see how they like it without a speech."

The Alsatian threw his cigarette away and followed the journalist down the long tunnel which led to the spiral stairs. As they reached the steps they heard a sound of applause.

"What's that for?" asked Brackett.

"I don't know," answered the Frenchman.

"Sounds as though some one had been making a speech and had got an encore."

"Hush!" said the artist, suddenly grasping Brackett's arm. "Lisden!"

From the platform above them came down the familiar periods of Captain Carroll's lecture.

Brackett stared at the painter in great surprise. "It is n't the Irishman, is it?" he asked.

"Hush!" said the artist again. "Lisden a liddle."

The voice from above was speaking again. "It is as though you were now gazing on a vision of the decisive onslaught of the supreme moment of the greatest civil war known to the history of man—a mighty war of a mighty people who fought their battles, not with hirelings and not with mercenaries, but with their own right arms, and who spent their own blood freely, and their children's blood and the blood of their children's children!"

Again the applause broke forth.

"It is the captain's speech," cried Brackett; "but it does n't sound like the captain's voice."

"It is de boy," said the artist, mounting the steps.

As they came out on top of the platform, they saw Dick Harmony standing by the rail on one side, as Captain Carroll was wont to do; and they heard him delivering the captain's speech, to which he had listened so often that he had unconsciously committed it to memory.

The artist and the journalist heard him out.

"The young feller's got it down fine, has n't he?" said Brackett. "He takes himself seriously too; he's talking just as though he had been in the battle himself."

"And vat harm is id?" asked the Frenchman.

When the lecture was ended Dick gravely answered the questions of some of the spectators, and then joined his friend in the center of the platform.

"You've done us a good turn, Dick," said Brackett; "and you've done it very well too. I've no doubt some of the people think you really were at the battle."

"Was n't I?" asked Dick, doubtfully.

The journalist looked at the boy in astonishment and gave a low whistle. He was about to answer when the painter grasped his arm and led him aside.

"You say de boy did yell," he whispered; "vy not let him alone? He is not lying; he believes he vas dere."

"But he is n't telling the truth either," replied Brackett. "Still, we shall have to let him lecture till the captain gets on his legs again."

But the captain never got on his legs again. His wound refused to heal, and under the exhaustion of the pain the old soldier died at last, after an illness of less than a fortnight.

During his absence Dick Harmony had

delivered his lecture whenever there was a sufficient gathering of spectators. By frequent repetition of the words he had been confirmed in his belief that he was speaking of what he had seen himself. There was a mental metempsychosis by which he transformed himself into the old soldier. He knew that he was Dick Harmony, but he felt also that he was a veteran of the Army of the Potomac. He had assimilated the information derived from the captain, and with the knowledge he seemed to think that he had acquired also the personality of the elder man.

### III.

#### WHY MR. ROBERT WHITE DID NOT USE THE STORY HE HAD FOUND.

THE next afternoon as Mr. Robert White was again leaving the office of the editor of the "Gotham Gazette," the chief checked him once more with a query.

"By the way, White, have you found a story for us yet?" he asked.

"I think I have," was White's answer. "But I want to get expert testimony before I write it."

"Don't make it too scientific—the simply pathetic is what the women like best, you know."

"Well," rejoined White, "the story that I hope to tell is simple enough certainly, and I don't know but what it is pathetic too in a way, although I confess I thought it comic at first."

"I'm not sure," said the editor, "that I altogether approve of a story about which the author is in doubt, for then he is likely to puzzle the reader, and no woman likes that. However, I know I can rely on you. Good afternoon."

Robert White went to his desk and wrote his daily article,—it was on "Boston as the True Site of the Garden of Eden,"—and he sent it up to the composing-room. Then he walked up-town briskly and entered the College Club, where he found Doctor Cheever awaiting him. Doctor Cheever made a specialty of diseases of the mind. He was also White's family physician, and he and the journalist were old friends; they had been class-mates at college.

"Am I late?" White inquired.

"You asked me for 6:30 and it is now 6:31," Doctor Cheever answered.

"Let us proceed to the dining-room at once," White replied. "The dinner is ordered."

"Then, as your mind is now at rest about that most important matter, perhaps you can inform me why you asked me here."

"Sit down, and you shall know," said White; and he told the doctor the story of Dick Harmony's accident and its consequences, and the strange delusion under which the boy was laboring.

Doctor Cheever listened most attentively, now and again interrupting to put a pertinent question.

When White had finished his story his friend said, "This is a very interesting case you have been describing. I should like to see the boy for myself."

"That's just what I was going to suggest," replied White.

And so, when their dinner was over, they walked down the broad avenue to the cyclorama. A throng was already gathered on the platform, and the young voice of Dick Harmony could be heard indicating the main features of the great fight.

When, in his revolving around the outer rail, the boy came near Doctor Cheever, the physician asked a few questions about the battle-field, and so led the conversation easily to Dick's own share in it. The answers were not unlike those the boy had given Robert White on the preceding evening. Doctor Cheever was gentle and kindly, but his questions were more searching than White's had been.

When they had seen and heard enough, the doctor and the journalist came out into the street.

"Well?" asked Doctor Cheever.

"I wanted you to come here," White answered, "and examine the boy for yourself."

"Why?" queried the doctor.

"Because I think you can give me special information as to his mental status."

"It is an interesting case, certainly," Doctor Cheever replied, "but not altogether abnormal. The boy is perfectly honest in his false statements; he is saying only what he now believes to be strictly true. He wanted to have been at that battle; and after the injury to his head, his will was able to master his memory. That he now thinks and asserts that he was at the battle of Gettysburg you may call an astounding example of self-deception, and so should I, perhaps, if I had not seen other instances quite as startling."

"Just as George IV. came to believe that he was present in the flesh at Waterloo," suggested White.

"Precisely," the doctor returned; "but sometimes it happens without a broken head or insanity."

"I'm glad to have your opinion as to the boy's mental condition."

"What did you want it for?" was Doctor Cheever's next question.

"To use in a story," said the journalist. "I think I can work this up into a sketch for the Sunday paper—a sketch which would not be lacking in a certain novelty."

"Better not," remarked the doctor, dryly.

"Why not?" inquired White, a little provoked by his friend's manner.

"Why not?" Doctor Cheever repeated. "Why not?—why, because the boy might read it."

*Brander Matthews.*

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### A Lay Sermon to the Clergy.

As a rule the clergyman in partisan politics is a dupe and a danger, but a clergyman concerning himself, without cant, rancor, or extravagance, in the questions of the day on the moral side,—none the less if these questions are to be dealt with by legislation,—such a clergyman is a boon to the community. We are well aware that the clergyman's first and chief duty is the spiritual betterment of the individual, and that a nation of saints, if wise saints, would be a nation of good citizens. But good citizenship is to be promoted not only directly by "saving the soul" of the individual citizen, but also indirectly by all sorts of social and political and legislative devices.

No one can say that the clergy are not interesting themselves in temperance reform, and in many other reforms. The sermon preached last winter in New York and Washington by the Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, of the Brick Church, on "The National Sin of Literary

Piracy," is a notable evidence of the active interest of the pulpit in public morals. The preacher took for his text: "Righteousness exalseth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people," and by his treatment of the subject fully justified his theme.

"It matters not," he said, "what theory of the origin of government you adopt, if you follow it out to its legitimate conclusions it will bring you face to face with the moral law." "The refusal of our country to protect all men equally in the product of their mental labor, and the consequent practice of reprinting and selling the books of foreigners without asking their consent, or offering them any payment, has been generally regarded as a question of politics, of economy, of national courtesy. But at bottom, as Mr. Lowell has said, it is a question of right and wrong; and therefore it needs to be separated from the confusions of partisanship and the considerations of self-interest, and brought into contact with the Ten Commandments."

But it is not only in the pulpit that ministers can make themselves felt in the reform of public morals, but also in their action and conversation elsewhere,—in becoming, on all proper private and public occasions, advocates of those political and social reforms which all good and disinterested citizens favor the moment that they are brought to their thoughtful attention. Inertia is the friend and promoter of all public abuses. The minister should be among the first to examine the schemes which are constantly being brought forward for the purification of government, throwing aside all that savor of the wild-cat and the crank, selecting those most wise, and earnestly urging their adoption.

There is no reform more pressingly needed throughout the country than that which aims, through legal devices already tested, at the purity of elections. A free ballot is the foundation of modern society; but at this moment, in many cases, how far the ballot is from being free, how foully and effectively the briber does his work, are facts too widely and too hopelessly accepted. A remedy for this state of things is at hand, and the people only need awakening and informing in order that this remedy may be universally applied.\*

And there is the reform of the civil service. That reform has in the last dozen years made great advances in legislation, in executive practice, and in the opinion of the public,—but its further extension in legislation and in executive practice is apparently awaiting its further extension in public opinion. The “machine” man of both of the great parties, either privately or publicly, or both privately and publicly, venomously denounces every advocate of the reform, and the very principle involved in the reform. The offices are his tools of trade, and he will not let himself be deprived of them without a furious struggle. Wherever he dares, he sets the principle of the reform at defiance, and even the laws based upon this principle. Those whose desire as well as duty it is to enforce the spirit no less than the letter of the reform programme complain that public sentiment, or, at least, the public sentiment of their particular party, does not at all times and places sustain them in their efforts. Now, waiving the question whether such sustaining should be waited upon,—there can be little doubt that, human nature and politics being what they are, the merit system will not be put into universal practice without a legal necessity. Nor will new laws be passed, extending the system under our city, state, and national government until public opinion is much further advanced on this question than it is to-day. Not only is it unsafe to cease the agitation, but greater efforts than ever must be made if the spoils system is to be thoroughly driven out and away. Organized agencies are at work in this direction, but these can effect little without the spontaneous assistance of the great army of disinterested, public-spirited men and women throughout the country. Every good man and woman can help this initial reform of all political reforms; and perhaps more than all others those natural leaders of the community in whatever is highest and most ideal—the clergy of all creeds and denominations.

\* See “Honesty at Elections,” “Topics of the Time,” THE CENTURY for February, 1888.  
† THE CENTURY for April, 1888, p. 963.

#### Selfishness and Self-Interest.

NOT many distinctions have more difficulty to most men than that which is properly to be made between selfishness and self-interest, as social and economic forces. A sentence in a recent issue of this magazine † may serve as a case in point: “He who has retired with a snug fortune has been engaged in a life-long struggle to provide dry-goods for the public a cent a yard cheaper than they were before.” Very many readers will be prompt to object: “He has been doing nothing of the sort; he has been engaged in a life-long struggle to provide dry-goods at the greatest possible profit to himself allowed by competition and the limit which prices put upon sales.” And, as the latter statement is in the main correct, it might easily seem to involve the falsehood of the former.

Only the suggestion will probably be needed to show that the two statements are made in regard to entirely different phases of the same series of actions; that the first has regard only to the *consequences* of the seller’s life-work, while the second looks as exclusively to the *motive*. The two are not mutually exclusive. The consequence stated in the first, the decrease in the price of dry-goods, might result indifferently either from pure philanthropy or from the seller’s eager and intense competition with rival sellers. The motive stated in the objection need not necessarily result in any decrease of price or increase of fortune: it might result otherwise, according to circumstances, either in increase of price or in the bankruptcy of the seller. The two statements, while equally true, are not correlative: those who think only of either as their *textare* arguing from different premises and can never come to an agreement, or even to a common understanding. We must either find some statement which shall cover both, or some valid reason why one of the two should be excluded from consideration.

It is easy to see that the essential feature of the counter-statement, the motive of the seller’s life-work, is of very great importance in legal discussions, more particularly in criminal law. Every essential feature in the mere act of firing a gun at a crowd of persons may be exactly the same, whether the firing is done by a militiaman under orders, by a peaceful citizen in self-defense, by a passionate man under slight provocation, or by sheer accident or carelessness; the only point to which the law can look in deciding responsibility is the motive which controlled the will in doing the act. It is quite true that the law often seems to regard the consequences rather than the motive; that it will hang a man who sacrifices his child, though the motive of the sacrifice be a religious desire to imitate the purpose of Abraham in the case of Isaac; but this is, after all, rather a judicial decision upon the admissibility of the motive than an examination of the consequences.

In social and economic questions, on the contrary, whether they are considered by themselves or as the basis of legal discussions, the controlling factor is as evidently the consequences of the act. If a contract based on an immoral consideration is voided, it is not by reason of the motives of the parties, but by reason of the consequences to the public; decisions based on “public policy” turn commonly on such social or economic questions. English law once forbade “fore-

stalling, regrating, and engrossing"; that is, roughly, the accumulation of stocks of goods by middle-men in expectation of a higher price. The prohibition has been gradually abandoned, not because the motives of middle-men had become purer, sweeter, or more philanthropic, but because the judges, as they came to understand the course of trade more clearly, began to see that the consequences of the success of such a prohibition would be an increased possibility of famine. The ordinary criterion upon which experience teaches us to rely in such cases is not the motive of the individual who claims a privilege, but the consequences to the public which grants it, either through legal or through social channels.

Much of the fallacy and futility which have crept into the discussion of social and economic questions has come from the admission of an element, the motive of the individual, which, however important in criminal law, is quite out of place here. Very many well-meaning arguments for or against Mr. Henry George's proposal to confiscate rent have been based on the grasping avarice of landlords or of Mr. George; whereas the question is mainly one of consequences, whether the public is benefited by individual ownership or by nationalization of land. Modern society has grown into a stronger anxiety for freedom of individual competition through its clearer perception that the consequences are in the highest degree beneficial to the public and to the world. While the leanings of English law were against the middle-man and his "selfish" efforts to accumulate wealth by anticipating the hunger of his fellow-men, the price of wheat was often at nominal and at famine rates in the same country within a single year. Now a complicated system of daily telegraph reports keeps the whole English-speaking portion of humanity informed as to the demand for wheat in every country, and as to the visible supply, whether in Russia, in the elevators of Dakota or Illinois, or in transit by sea; and the first remote indication of famine turns a great current of food in that direction in which the higher price shows that it is most needed. All this enormous and expensive system has been developed by individuals whose motive, while it may very properly be called "selfishness," so far as they themselves are concerned, must be taken as self-interest alone, so far as the public is concerned with it. The public is of the belief that it is far better served in such cases by the self-interest and consequent competition of individuals than by any governmental agencies. The difficulty with men of socialist leanings—for these far outnumber the down-right and out-right Socialists—is that they look only at the "selfishness" of the middle-man, and are ready to welcome any governmental agency which will, to outward seeming at least, reduce the success of selfishness as an economic force.

Even if we should admit that the substitution of governmental for individual forces would in so far abolish selfishness, we might safely appeal to the experience of the race in support of the assertion that the governmental forces would be inferior in efficiency: self-interest, in the various phases of its operation, has decreased the price of dry-goods far more than any governmental agency ever did while it had the opportunity. But it may be worth while to ask attention to the fact that any such change would not abolish selfishness; it would merely transfer it from the individual

to the government agent. The efficient government agent would be as thoroughly selfish in all his motives for activity as the individual middle-man ever was in his; there would be only a thin veneering laid over the underlying motive, and a decrease in efficiency, which the public would be the first to feel and resent.

It is impossible to exclude selfishness as a social and economic motive; and the public would only waste time by taking into consideration that which it cannot exclude. The choice is between adopting the services of selfish government agents or of selfish individuals; and, as competition can have little effect upon the former, while it works with the very greatest force upon the latter, modern civilization has shown the keenest sense of its own self-interest in its disregard of the individual's selfish motives, and its progressive transfer of more and more of its daily work to individual self-interest and competition. The public, in other words, is not interested in the motive of the individual dry-goods dealer, his desire to make profits, but in the consequence—the decrease of price.

#### A New Branch of an Old Profession.

In the United States the highest type of mind, especially among men, has not as a rule turned to the teaching profession, because of the inadequacy of its rewards and the uncertainty of advancement. By mere force of habit or custom this tendency away from teaching as a life occupation continues, though the rewards increase in value almost yearly, and promotion is becoming both rapid and sure. The success of the manual-training movement will, it is fair to assume, exert a powerful influence in attracting well trained and broadly cultured men to the service of the school. The ablest graduates of the scientific schools and polytechnic institutes are the men who should respond to the call now being heard all over the country for trained teachers of manual training. Their equipment in drawing, and wood and metal working, when supplemented by a short pedagogic course, is precisely what is required of a principal or instructor in the manual-training school. Furthermore, the salaries attached to these positions are very fair, and will naturally increase as the experience of incumbents makes them more valuable. Mechanics will not do for these positions. Mere tool-men cannot teach. Their sole aim is the finished product, and their method is to urge imitation by the pupil of their own skill. The real teacher of manual training, on the other hand, will desire first of all the development of his pupil, and his method will be to stimulate the student's own activity and power of thought. For him a well-finished product will be but an incident—a necessary incident, it is true—of successful teaching. The well-developed pupil will be the first product for which he will strive.

That this new branch of an old profession is already established admits of no question. Educational thought is all but unanimous in its favor. Public sentiment demands it. Favorable legislative action in New Jersey, and the pending or projected legislation in New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and several of the western States, have created a demand for trained teachers of this kind, which it is just now impossible to supply. At least one institution has been established for the purpose of training young men for this

## OPEN LETTERS.

work. It will doubtless be some time before the proper candidates for these positions are forthcoming in sufficient numbers. The lack of rapid adaptability to changed circumstances explains why this expectation is justifiable. Yet the demand will eventually create a supply, and the trained student of nature's forces and materials will find awaiting him a field worthy of his noblest efforts.

For women there is a similar opening. Domestic economy, including instruction in the care, preparation, and constituents of food materials, and sewing, are being offered to girls just as constructive work with tools is prescribed for boys. Careful and systematic teaching is necessary if these branches are to yield the educational results hoped for, and which it is perfectly possible for them to yield. So for women teachers,—and women constitute more than four-fifths of our 320,000 teachers,—there is also an enlarged opportunity. Busy-work, sewing, and cooking will take their place by the side of arithmetic, geography, and history. Already a score or more of cities have schools in which this step has been taken. Everywhere the results are successful. The handling of things stimulates the pupil to careful observation and correct expression. It awakens interest where merely verbal exercises had brought on an intellectual paralysis. It gives power and a consciousness of power. It educates. As one reads the numerous reports on manual training from all parts of the country, New Haven and St. Paul, Albany and Cleveland, New Orleans and St. Louis, and a score more cities and towns, and becomes fully aware of the hold it has gained, he is convinced that for the healthy development of the movement not arguments, but trained teachers, are now necessary.

## The Independence of Literature.

THE Rev. Dr. Gladden's "Open Letter" on copyright in this number of THE CENTURY makes a needed

explanation of the principle involved in all copyright, as no one can accept the principle of copyright and consistently oppose international copyright. The recent discussion of international copyright has shown the necessity of making clear this principle.

The fact is that the copyright method of supporting and encouraging literary activity is the modern and democratic method as opposed to the ancient feudal method. Either the author must win his living by the simple and easy means of popular sales, or he must, as in the old days, look for his support to some "patron,"—private, ecclesiastical, governmental, or what not. In claiming governmental "protection" by international copyright law American authors have asked not for "patronage" and "protection," as in the old days; on the contrary, they have merely asked for their right to gain their own living unhampered by the unnatural competition of stolen goods. They have asked not for the "protection" of the appraiser, but of the policeman. They wish to be "free" to earn their bread and butter under natural conditions. As Dr. Eggleston said in his speech before the Senate committee, American authors do not ask what several foreign governments give to their authors,—sinecure positions and literary pensions as a means of support; they only ask to be put on the same footing with other workmen. The opposition to international copyright has inevitably ended in denying the principle of all copyright. But when copyright is properly understood it will be found, as we have said above, to be the manly, honest, and democratic method as opposed to the aristocratic and feudal method of supporting the profession of letters.

The independence of literary expression needs to be carefully guarded. "Patronage" is much more out of place in this domain than in that of the plastic arts. Those who have opposed the principle of copyright have been, without knowing it, promoting a tendency which would result in a system reactionary and un-American.

## OPEN LETTERS.

## The Ethics of Copyright.

THE debate about international copyright has raised the question whether authors, native or foreign, have any rights which the laws are bound to protect. The prompt answer of the advocates of international copyright, when they are challenged to give a reason for their demand, is that the reprinting of an author's books in a foreign country, without asking his consent or offering him remuneration, is an act of piracy; that it is simply helping yourself to another man's property. Mr. Lowell's verse sums up the common argument:

In vain we call old notions fudge,  
And bend our conscience to our dealing;  
The Ten Commandments will not budge,  
And stealing will continue stealing.

I confess that to my own mind this has seemed perfectly clear and obvious,—almost axiomatic. But now arise some who dispute all these assumptions. They

deny that the property right expressed in copyright is a natural right; they say that it is only a civil right, the creation of law; that a man has a right to sell his book, but not to monopolize the sale of it; that this right to control the sale is a privilege conferred on him by law; that it may be expedient to extend this privilege to authors, for the sake of encouraging literary production, but that there are no rights in the case except those which are created by the statute. Inasmuch as the statute is in force only within the territory of the State by which it is enacted, no rights are infringed when an author's books, copyrighted at home, are reprinted in a foreign country. The argument for international copyright which rests upon the equities of the case is thus opposed by the assertion that there are no equities in the case; and that while it may be expedient, for public reasons, to extend certain privileges to our own authors, we are under no obligation to extend these privileges even to them; much less to the authors of foreign countries.

The opponents of international copyright, at a convention in Philadelphia, in 1872, issued this manifesto:

"1. That thought, unless expressed, is the property of the thinker; when given to the world it is as light, free to all.

"2. As property it can only demand the protection of the municipal law of the country to which the thinker is subject."

I do not know the name of the humorist who fabricated these propositions, but he must be a very funny fellow. He says that thought can only be property while it remains unexpressed; and that as property it can only demand the protection of the municipal law of the country to which the thinker is subject. This means that a man's unexpressed thoughts are not legally his own when he visits a foreign country. The Englishman who travels in the United States has no right to the protection of our laws in thinking those thoughts which he never expresses! The American, on the other hand, may demand the protection of his own government in thinking, so long as he does not express his thoughts! Just how the Englishman's property right in his own secret thoughts could be invalidated, or the American's confirmed, by statute, this philosopher does not deign to instruct us. But it is pleasant to find this bit of American humor permanently preserved for us in the august pages of the great "Encyclopædia Britannica."

If these American opponents of international copyright are somewhat nebulous in their definitions they are, nevertheless, logical in basing their denial of this right to foreigners upon the theory that no such right exists. That no man, native or foreigner, has any right to control the product of his own mind, after it has been put in print, is an intelligible statement. Most of those who dispute the equity of copyright disagree, however, with the Philadelphia moralists to a certain extent; they insist that an author has a perfect property in his thought after it has been expressed *in writing*; that his manuscript belongs to him, and that the man who steals it from him should be punished. But just as soon as it is put in print they declare that the author ought to have no longer any effective control of it; that it is now "given to the world," and that "it is as light, free to all." "Certainly," they say, "a man has a right to the fruit of his own labor until he has sold it; but when he has sold it, his right ceases and determines." But what does this mean? Sold what? Sold how much?

Suppose that I devote the labor of a year to the writing of a book; and when it is written proceed to print, at my own expense, five thousand copies of the book. The year's labor is presumably worth something; the cost of printing the five thousand copies is, at any rate, considerable. If I can sell this whole edition, I may get profit enough on the sales to pay for the printing and binding, and to afford me some remuneration for the work of writing the book. In all probability the recompense will be very small, not so much as the year's wages of an ordinary mechanic. But, according to the theories of our Philadelphia friends, I ought not to have any legal security whatever in this undertaking. The first copy of this book that is issued from the press may be purchased by some enterprising printer, who sees that there is sure to be a large demand for the book; within a week, in the absence of copyright, he

may put an edition of his own upon the market. He can afford to sell it cheaper than I can, because all he requires is a fair profit on the cost of the manufacture. He seeks no return for the production of the book, which has cost him nothing. Thus he drives me out of the market, and leaves me with my five thousand copies unsold, and my year's work unrewarded. He takes the product of my industry, makes merchandise of it, reaps a large profit from it, and prevents me from obtaining any return for it. And in this, say our Philadelphia philosophers, he violates no rights of mine; because, just as soon as I have sold the first copy of this book, all my rights in the premises are canceled. This seems to me a queer kind of ethics. This book is my product—in a far more profound and comprehensive sense my product than is the bushel of wheat that the farmer has raised, or the horseshoe that the blacksmith has made. It is much more truly a *creation* of wealth than is any material, fabric, or commodity. That it is wealth is proved by the fact that it has exchange value—men are ready to exchange their money for it. The particular collocation of words and sentences which constitute my book is the fruit of my industry. The purchasers and readers of this book, every one of them, owe to me whatever benefit or satisfaction they may derive from the reading of this book. But we are told that a state of things might, with perfect equity, exist, in which the natural remuneration of this industry would be forcibly taken away from me; in which others might enter into the fruit of my labors and prevent me from sharing it; in which others could take the goods provided by me, and enjoy them, and enrich themselves by traffic in them, while I was left without reward. For myself I have no desire to be a citizen of a community in which such views of equity prevail.

That the products of one's brain are as truly his property as the products of his hands seems to me an indubitable proposition. To this the answer is made that spoken words as well as written words could then be copyrighted; that a man might claim the right to prevent others from copying or publishing a speech. Most certainly. That right is enjoyed and confirmed by law in England. A lecture or a sermon may be as distinctly protected by law as is a history or a novel. That is the English law, and the equity is as clear in one case as in another. Suppose I prepare, at the expense of a year's labor, a course of lectures which I wish to deliver at colleges and before lyceums, making them a source of income. Will any one say that a newspaper publisher might equitably send his stenographer to report these lectures at their first delivery, and publish them through his columns and in pamphlet form, thus depriving me of livelihood, and using my labor for his own enrichment? It strikes me that such a proceeding would be highly inequitable. How far the law may undertake to go in securing *speakers* against the appropriation of their utterances by others may be a question. It may be said that the case is one of such difficulty that it is not expedient to attempt the enforcement of these rights; but the equities of the case are clear, and the English law, as I have said, affirms and secures them. I think that the American law could well afford to do the same.

But the very form of the copyright law, it is alleged, shows that this right is only a *creation* of law; for

copyright runs only forty-two years at the longest; at the end of this time the author's control of the sale of his book is terminated by law. "How," it is demanded, "could a natural right be thus canceled by a statute?"

This question is by some assumed to be unanswerable, but it is not such a poser after all. The right of liberty is conceded to be a natural right, but we have had plenty of statutes in the course of history which canceled that right. Was the existence of the Fugitive Slave Law conclusive proof that the slaves of the South had no natural right to liberty? Suppose we put the question in this way: "What right has the legislature to deprive the author of the right to control the sale of his book after it is forty-two years old?"

It is true that the Constitution of the United States seems to regard copyright as a privilege and not as a right; it is granted, as that instrument phrases it, "to promote the progress of science"; but the Constitution of the United States is not infallible in its ethical pronouncements. What it proclaims to be a gratuity may, after all, be something more than a gratuity.

For one, I am strongly inclined to say that I desire no gratuities or subventions from the Government, and have never considered myself as in any sense the recipient of alms. The small reward that has come to me as an author, through the copyright laws, I have supposed myself to be fully entitled to, not only legally, but also morally. The fact is that the language of the Constitution embodies an unsound philosophy upon this question; it implies that authors are not producers, but paupers. Probably the phraseology of this section has had much to do in initiating the ideas of our people with respect to this fundamental right. If the Constitution had said that "*in order to promote the raising of wheat, farmers should be secured, for certain months in the year, against the raiding of their wheat-fields by freebooters,*" the notion might, perhaps, have been conveyed to the legal mind that farmers had no natural right to the wheat produced by their labor; that property in growing wheat was only a creation of the statute.

A little study of the history of copyright in England might be instructive to those who assume that statutes are the source of all such property. Long before there were any statutes on the subject, authors sued and recovered, under the common law of England, for the infringement of their right to control the publication of their own books. Finally a statute regulating copyright was passed, during the reign of Anne; and in a case arising under this statute it was decided by the judges of the House of Lords, seven to four, that the author and his heirs had, at common law, the sole right of publication forever; but that the statute of Anne had deprived him of this right, limiting his control of the publication of his book to the term of twenty-eight years. So far as English law is concerned, the author's property right was not, then, created or confirmed by statute; it has been limited and curtailed by statute.

But it is said that if the author has the same right to the product of his mind that any workman has to the product of his hands,—if literary property rests on the same basis as other property,—then the author may bequeath this copyright to his heirs forever. Undoubtedly. Such was the common law of England, as we have seen; such was formerly the law of Hol-

land and Belgium, of Denmark and Sweden. In all these countries the right of bequest is now limited, for reasons of public policy. The right to bequeath property of any sort is not a natural right; no man has a right to control his property after he is dead. For certain public reasons, it may be expedient to grant the privilege of bequest; for other reasons, it may be expedient to limit this privilege. But so far as the ethics of the case is concerned, literary property must stand or fall before the laws of bequest with every other kind of property.

In England, at the present day, the copyright is vested in the author until his death, and in his heirs for seven years after his death, unless this term of seven years shall expire before the end of forty-two years from the first publication of the book; in which case it is extended to forty-two years. A book published after the author's death by his heirs is secured by copyright for forty-two years. This is the shortest period of English copyright: while if an English author publishes a book at the age of twenty and lives to be eighty years old, the copyright of this book runs for sixty-seven years. In most other civilized countries the copyright is continued for a considerable period after the author's death: in France and Spain, for fifty years; in Prussia and Austria, for thirty years; in Holland and Belgium, for twenty years.

It is said that copyright is a monopoly, and, for this reason, ought not to be tolerated by the State. But it is not a monopoly in the ordinary use of that word. Certain publishing rights that were monopolies were granted in former days in England: to one man was given by law the exclusive privilege of printing the Bible; to another, all law books; to another, all music books; to another, all almanacs. But this is a very different matter from permitting an author to control the publication of his own books. If I write a history of Ohio, my copyright does not forbid any other man to write or publish the history of Ohio: every man in the State may write and publish such a history if he chooses. Nor does my copyright bind anybody to purchase my book, or guarantee any market for my book. It simply says, "This particular history of Ohio, which this man has written, is his property: no man can print or publish it for a term of forty-two years without permission from him; you are under no obligation to use his book; but if you do so you must make your bargain with him, or with those whom he empowers to act for him." It seems to me that this is no more a monopoly than the right of the shoe manufacturer to contract for the sale of the shoes manufactured by him is a monopoly. It is the right to control the sale of his own product.

I come back, therefore, to the ground from which I started, finding that it is well taken and strongly fortified by reason and experience. The author's property in his book is of the same nature as that of any other worker in his product. The protection of this property is not a gratuity conferred on him by the State for the promotion of literature or learning; it is a right to which he, with every other producer, is entitled. The author is not a mendicant or a pensioner; he wants no favors; all he wants is justice—to enjoy the fruit of his own labors. That he is entitled to this as long as he lives seems obvious; the law of nearly every civilized country, except America, confirms this right.

How long this property shall be extended after his death is a question of expediency; all laws regulating bequest are based upon expediency.

One reason why our legislators have been so slow to grant international copyright is found in the prevalence of the false notion that the author has no valid claim even upon his own government for the protection of his property; that the power to control the publication of his own works is not a right secured to him, but a privilege conferred on him.

*Washington Gladden.*

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

The Story of the First News Message ever sent by Telegraph.

ON the morning of May 1, 1844, the Whig convention organized in Baltimore, and working connection was established for the first time by telegraph between Washington and Annapolis Junction, Professor Morse being at the former and Mr. Vail at the latter place. Morse sat that afternoon in the room at Washington, waiting for the signal from Mr. Vail, when suddenly there came an animated clicking at the instrument. He bent forward, in his eagerness almost devouring the little strip of paper that crept only too slowly from between the rollers of the register, until, the message completed, he rose, and said to the friends who were present: "Gentlemen, the convention has adjourned. The train for Washington from Baltimore, bearing that information, has just left Annapolis Junction, and Mr. Vail has telegraphed me the ticket nominated, and it is —" he hesitated, holding in his hand the final proof of the victory of science over space — "it is — it is Clay and Frelinghuysen!"

"You are quizzing us," was the quiet retort. "It's easy enough for you to guess that Clay is at the head of the ticket; but Frelinghuysen — who the devil is Frelinghuysen?"

"I only know," was the dignified answer, "that is the name Mr. Vail has sent me from Annapolis Junction, where he had the news five minutes ago, from the train that is bound this way, bringing the delegates."

In those days the twenty-two miles from the Junction to Washington required an hour and a quarter in making, even for the exceptionally fast trains, such as that which was taking the delegates to Washington.

Long before the journey was over, the newspapers — enterprise even in those days — had "extras" upon the streets, and the newsboys were lustily crying the news the telegraph had brought flashing through twenty-two miles of space. A great crowd of people was at the station. The extras, with their cabalistic heading, "By Telegraph," had whetted public curiosity to the keenest edge. Out of the train came the delegates, each one anxious to be foremost in sending abroad the inspiring news that fortune was with "Harry of the West." But consternation struck them dumb when, upon alighting, they found in type, before their eyes, the very story they had believed exclusively their own, but which had preceded them "By Telegraph," as they read in the head-lines of the journals. They had seen the wires stretching along the side of the track all the way from Annapolis Junction into Washington, and they had joked about it glibly.

The Hon. Ralph Plumb, a member of the present Congress from Illinois, was one of the delegates from Ohio to that Clay convention, and was on the train which bore the first news of the nominations, as was supposed, to Washington, and in a communication to the writer, under date of Washington, February 18, 1888, he writes: "It seems like a real romance to me to think that a son of the then young man who was sending what may fairly be said to have been the *first important message by telegraph that was ever transmitted*, is asking of *one yet alive* respecting what happened on that occasion. During these forty-four years, see what has been accomplished, as a result of this first successful effort! What civilized country is there now that has not the telegraph, and how many of them are covered by telegraph lines as by a network!"

In referring to the journey from Baltimore to Washington of the delegates to the convention at Baltimore, he says: "I remember the little shed at the Junction where we stopped on our way, and I saw the man (Mr. Vail) in it, who was ticking away upon a little brass machine. I saw him, and I talked with him, for I wanted to know what strange thing he was doing; and he answered that he was 'telegraphing to Morse in Washington about our convention' — and he pointed towards the wire overhead, running in the direction of that city, — 'over the first wire ever erected or used for public telegraphing, and the message I have just sent is the first news ever transmitted for the public benefit.' In common with all the rest of the *real wise* ones of the day, I hailed the affair as a huge joke until we landed at the station in Washington, when, sure enough, Morse had received the news an hour or more before, and the whole city was informed of the fact that we had put a dark horse on the ticket with our hero, Clay. The evidence could not be disputed, of course. The most prejudiced of us could not presume to suggest that Morse's work was guessing; for no man alive would have imagined that Frelinghuysen could be made the nominee for Vice-President."

Mr. Vail preserved with much care the recording-register used by him at Washington and Annapolis Junction, and later at Baltimore, as a priceless memento of the days of which we have written, and at his death bequeathed it to his eldest son, Stephen Vail, by whom it was loaned, some years since, to the National Museum at Washington, where it has attracted much attention. Professor Morse, some years before his death, certified to its identity, and to the fact that the similar one used by him at his end of the line had not been preserved, and that he did not know what had become of it.

*S. V.*

The Postal Service.

THE postal service presents two distinct problems to the civil-service reformer: one as to the large post-offices in the cities, and quite another as to the fifty thousand small offices scattered through the country.

As to the first class, the beginnings of a solution have been made. The system of competitive examination is being applied with success to the selection of clerks and subordinate employees. We have made less progress in the selection of the postmasters themselves, the heads of the large offices; yet there has been an advance, and there is the prospect of a further

advance. The one thing here to be insisted on, to be impressed on public opinion and forced on public men, is that the management of a great post-office is a specific business requiring training and experience, and not fit to be intrusted at hap-hazard to any active politician or broken-down business man who happens to have friends at court. This branch of the postal service should be treated as a separate profession, such as it is. It is sharing in the development which is taking place in almost all branches of industry—the development towards specialization. In all directions, business is becoming more technical, and new professions are arising. Railroading is now a business by itself; so are the various branches of manufacturing; the management of a public library is becoming a distinct profession. Everywhere the general rule is that men must begin at the bottom, and work their way by promotion towards the top. In the postal service, as elsewhere, those should be appointed to the higher administrative positions who have shown capacity and have acquired training in the lower. The Administration has followed this principle in the selection of Mr. Pearson in New York. Unfortunately the principle is not yet imbedded in our habitual attitude towards government administration, and we must wait for the gradual hardening of public opinion on civil-service reform before we can expect its uniform and consistent application. It is to public opinion rather than to legislation that we must look, in the main, for this result; for the need of regarding the personal equation in positions of management and responsibility stands in the way of setting up for these offices any machinery like that of competitive examinations. Yet the end would be furthered by the repeal of the irrational statute that limits to four years the terms of postmasters appointed by the President.

As to the small offices, where the salary is less than \$1000 and the appointment is made by the Postmaster-General, nothing has been done. The plan of competitive examination is again not readily applicable; not because an examination would fail to test sufficiently well the qualifications of candidates, but because so many examinations would be necessary, and in so many different places at different times, that the system would be too cumbrous. Some other device for applying reform principles must be sought, and various plans have been suggested. It has been proposed that the postmaster be elected; but this, quite apart from constitutional difficulties, would serve only to throw another prize into the scramble for party nomination and election, and surely would fail to bring about the essential end—the separation of offices from politics. A system of boards or commissions, one for each State or judicial circuit, has been brought forward, the members to be appointed by the Civil-Service Commissioners and to have the duty of recommending to the President and Postmaster-General fit persons for the smaller post-offices. Such a scheme was advocated in this magazine for May, 1883. A strong objection against it is that everything is necessarily left to the judgment of the local commissioners, the machinery not being self-acting, like that applied by the existing Federal and State commissions. It would, moreover, subject the present Federal commission to a strain similar to that felt by the judiciary when judges are called

on to make appointments: the appointing office, which has patronage and discretion, becomes a prize for politicians, and a tempting point of attack for those who wish to evade the spirit of the law. Another proposed remedy is the rigid prohibition of advice or solicitation by congressmen to the Postmaster-General; and no doubt some good would be done in that way.

But at bottom, here and everywhere, the essential thing is to bring a strong public feeling to bear in favor of non-partisan appointments. Methods of competitive examination aid such a feeling in working out its object, in those cases where they can be brought to bear. Where that or any other intermediate machinery is inapplicable, as seems to be the case with the fourth-class postmasterships, the fundamental agency of public opinion must act directly.

*F. W. Taussig.*

#### The Prohibition of Railway Pools.

OBSERVERS have noted the present tendency of opinion towards an increasing interference with or control of public industries on the part of government; or, in other words, the spread of state socialism. The message of Mayor Hewitt advocating the building of rapid-transit lines by the city of New York is a striking illustration. Ten years ago such a proposal would have been met with a great outcry, with an insistence upon the Jeffersonian maxim, "That government is best which governs least," and with a warning that we were departing from the democracy of our fathers. The New York and Brooklyn Bridge does not earn interest upon its cost, and hence all real estate is taxed to provide comparatively free transportation for a certain portion of our citizens. The bridge and the rapid-transit plan excite no opposition as to the principle, but only as to details. From such instances as these to the state management or more strict control of our other public industries, like the telegraph and the railroads, is a step of little difficulty as to the theory, however great the practical difficulties may be.

No section of the interstate commerce law has met with more censure on the part of some students of our transportation problem than the one prohibiting railroad pooling. Pools, they say, have brought uniformity and comparative steadiness into our railway system where everything before was chaotic: pool failures arose from the fact that they could not enforce their agreements; hence the solution of our difficulties lay in legalizing, not abolishing, these combinations. The credit claimed for the pooling system in bringing harmony of administration out of confusion is justly due it. But transportation methods should be evolutionary, and it may well be that we should now pass beyond pooling and allow pool questions—the division of the traffic and the fixing of rates—to be settled by more natural methods and through more real competition. The legitimatizing of railroad combinations by law would shortly compel the direct interference of the same law-making power with the tariffs or special rates of the pools thus legalized, for logically Congress would be held responsible for any and all transportation charges made by its creatures. This would be a long step towards strict control and eventual ownership. As matters stood at the time of the passage of the interstate commerce act, the pools were gaining strength greatly,

so much so that astute men were looking forward to a pool of pools which should cover the larger part of the country. Even allowing for the indirect competition of our water-ways, there would be power enough in such a gigantic pool, when formed, to require governmental action to restrain it. In this view of the case the prohibition of pools might be described as an effort of the American people to avert government ownership, or, at least, exacting regulation of railroads.

We are witnessing a struggle between the theories of competition, or individualism, on the one hand, and on the other of state control of those monopolies which are public in their character and chartered by the Government. As before remarked, in municipal affairs we are rapidly deciding against individual and in favor of city administration. Around the railroads of the country will finally be fought a battle which, on account of the difficulties and conflicting interests involved, will be the fiercest of all. If this prohibition of pooling, which is but an experiment, shall prove disastrous to investments and to commerce through repeated railway wars; or if, which is its undoubted tendency, it unduly favors a consolidation of existing independent lines into fewer great systems, so as thus in time to defeat its own hopes of introducing enough honest competition to be a regulator of charges; if, in short, we must confess that the abolition of a division of the earnings between rival railroads has proved a failure, then the great question of individual versus governmental control of transportation will be upon us: if this question be squarely presented to our citizens, judging from the present aspect of affairs, we cannot doubt what the issue will be. The prohibition of railroad pooling, it is to be hoped, will at least postpone that conflict until, through a better civil service and in other ways, the nation is ready for the question.

The legalizing of pools would have precipitated the struggle; ignoring them would have delayed it; prohibiting them has postponed and may avoid it: while in the event of its coming we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have done what we could towards keeping the simpler forms of our government.

Thomas L. Greene.

Matthew Arnold and Franklin.

In the reference to Franklin's project for a new version of the Book of Job (quoted by Burroughs in the June CENTURY, p. 189) Matthew Arnold has rather ludicrously mistaken the entire point of Franklin's *jeu d'esprit*, a little satire on the court of George III., for such only it was, and as far as possible from a serious project for a new version of the Book of Job. Franklin, under pretext of modernizing the language of the Bible, sought to expose the purely selfish character of the devotion of the English courtiers to their sovereign and the degrading terms upon which only that devotion was perpetuated.

The point is disclosed in the last three verses of his paraphrase:

"9. And Satan answered, Does your Majesty imagine that his good conduct is the effect of mere personal attachment and affection?

"10. Have you not protected him, and heaped your benefits upon him, till he is grown enormously rich?

VOL. XXXVI.—67.

"11. Try him. Only withdraw your favor, turn him out of his places and withhold his pensions, and you will soon find him in opposition."

John Bigelow.

Mary Magdalene.

The Rev. D. H. Temple, of Los Gatos, California, having taken exception to Mr. Kennan's allusion (in his article on Russian State Prisons, in the March CENTURY) to Mary Magdalene as the woman of whom Christ said, "She hath done what she could," Mr. Kennan writes as follows:

The Rev. Mr. Temple seems to be right about Mary Magdalene; but as the mistake is a very old and a very general one, and has even gotten itself entrenched in literature and in art, I trust that I shall be excused for the slip. The old masters often represented Mary Magdalene with long and abundant hair and with a box of ointment in her hands. (See Brewer, under head of "Mary Magdalene.") Furthermore, if Mary Magdalene was not the woman referred to by Luke as anointing Christ's feet, then there is not so much as an intimation in all the New Testament that Mary Magdalene was a repentant courtesan; and the artists and lexicographers are all wrong in calling a certain class of women "Magdalenes." If the woman with the ointment was not Mary Magdalene, then Mary Magdalene was not the repentant sinner, since both suppositions rest upon precisely the same evidence.

It is manifest upon investigation that for many centuries at least the sinful but repentant woman who anointed Christ's feet, as described in Luke vii. 37-50, has been erroneously confused with Mary Magdalene. Even Brewer says, "Mary Magdalene, patron saint of penitents, being herself the model penitent of Gospel history." This is not true, unless the woman who anointed Christ's feet and wiped them with her hair, as related by Luke, was Mary Magdalene.

I am satisfied upon examination, first, that Mr. Temple is right; secondly, that the Gospels contain accounts of at least two anointings by different women; thirdly, that neither of these women was intended by the chronicler for Mary Magdalene; and fourthly, that Mary Magdalene was neither the anointer nor the repentant courtesan, although she has, for centuries, been regarded, described, and pictured as both.

On this subject a Bible commentator writes to us:

I do not think there is anything more to say than that Mr. Kennan, in his letter, has correctly stated the facts. Mary Magdalene is described as a woman out of whom Jesus cast seven devils; and has been ecclesiastically identified with the "woman which was a sinner" who anointed Christ's feet with an ointment, etc. (Luke vii. 36-50). But there is no reason whatever for identifying Mary Magdalene with this woman. This anointing, again, is by some critics identified with the anointing by Mary, the sister of Martha, described in Matthew, chapter xxvi., Mark, chapter xiv., and John, chapter xii. Nearly all evangelical critics, however, and I think all the better biblical scholarship, regard these as two distinct anointings. Thus there is no reason for supposing that the Mary of whom Christ said, "She hath done what she could," is the "woman which was a sinner," and none whatever for supposing that the "woman which was a sinner" is to be identified with Mary Magdalene. Mr. Kennan's slip, however, is wholly immaterial and one hardly now calling for any correction. If you thought otherwise, you could not make the correction better than by quoting from Mr. Kennan's letter, which I return to you herewith.

"We-uns" and "You-uns."

I HAVE noticed that some writers in THE CENTURY make Southern people say "we-uns" and "you-uns." This is notably the case in the "Recollections of a Private," by Warren Lee Goss. Mr. Goss attributes this peculiarity of speech to the people of one of the Virginia peninsulas, consisting of the counties of Elizabeth

City, Warwick, York, and James City. I was born and reared in Gloucester County, which is separated from York and James City counties by the York River. I know the people of those counties. I have taught in two counties of Virginia, and I also taught some months in South Carolina. I spent several months in Florida in 1883. While at college in Richmond, Va., I met representatives from every section of this State. I know all classes of people in Tidewater Virginia, the uneducated as well as the educated. I have never heard of any one say "we-uns" or "you-uns." I have asked many people about these expressions. I have never yet found any one who ever heard a Virginian use them. The people of Tidewater Virginia have some provincialisms, but on the whole they use better English than is generally spoken in the United States.

L. C. Catlett.

GLoucester C. H., Va.

**Lincoln and Secession.**

WHEN Mr. Lincoln asked those suggestive questions as to the relative rights of State and county, pointing the inevitable conclusion that if a State were permitted to treat the bond between itself and the General Government as "no regular marriage, but a sort of free-love arrangement," \* then a county might assume that its relation to the States was of the same nature, he per-

haps had no thought that before the end of the year the logic of his deduction would have the attestation of fact. But one county at least did so interpret and practice the doctrine of secession. When Tennessee was halting between loyalty and rebellion, the secession element grew very impatient; and in Franklin County, on the southern border of the State, this impatience finally culminated in an indignant county convention, and the passage — by acclamation, I believe — of "a solemn ordinance of secession from the State of Tennessee."

That it did not indulge in mere idle vaporizing, the county gave prompt proof by putting into the field a force equal to two-thirds of its entire voting population.

Amidst the exciting events and rapidly moving scenes of that first act in our great drama, this rather comic-looking bit of tragedy (the actors found it to be that) escaped general notice.

But it is interesting as another illustration of Mr. Lincoln's unfailing clear-headedness. It gives curious proof, too, of the madness that was then epidemic in even the more sober-minded of the Southern States.

M. C. Roseboro.

\* See page 266 of THE CENTURY for December, 1887.

**Folly Land.**

IN Folly land what witchery!  
What pretty looks, what eyes there be;  
What gamesome ways, what dimpled smiles;  
What lissome limbs, what frolic wiles;  
What easy laughter, fresh and clear;  
What pranks to play, what jests to hear!  
Old Time forgets to shake his sand;  
The Days go tripping, hand in hand,  
In Folly land, in Folly land.

In Folly land, one idle hour,  
The moonlight had a wizard power;  
Its fairy glamour turned my brain;  
I would that I were there again!  
We stood together, 'neath the sky;  
A bird was chirping drowsily;  
He smiled, he sighed, he held my hand.  
Ah me! Ah well,—we understand,  
'T was Folly land, 't was Folly land!

My sober friend, how worn your looks!  
Your heart is in your moldy books.  
Here's half a cobweb on your brow!  
I seldom see you jovial now.  
Fling down your volumes and be free  
To take a pleasure-trip with me.  
Come, "Here's my heart, and here's my hand!"  
We'll launch our skiff, and seek the strand  
Of Folly land, of Folly land.

Danske Dandridge.

**Uncle Esek's Wisdom.**

THE man who knows the most of himself is the best judge of his neighbor.

WHAT mankind want is mercy. Justice would ruin most of them.

HABITS, reputations, and opinions are ever changing, but character is always the same.

THERE are heroes in every department of life,—a faithful servant is one of them.

HE who is a fool and knows it can very easily pass himself off for a wise man.

THE man who has a little more to do than he can attend to has no time to be miserable in.

IT may be possible for three persons to keep a secret, provided two of them are dead.

METAPHYSICS seems to be the science of knowing more than we can tell, and at the same time telling more than we know.

WHATEVER we get in this world we not only have got to ask for, but to insist upon; giving away things is not a human weakness.

THE city is the place to study character. After you have measured the postmaster, the blacksmith, and the justice of the peace in the country village, you have got the size of the whole town.

Uncle Esek.

## To J. W. R.

IN summer I 'm a-raisin' flowers,  
 An' gardenin', an' weedin',  
 But durin' o' the winter hours  
   I do a deal o' readin';  
 An' the's one man with sech an art  
   O' settin' thoughts a-rhymin',  
 Ez makes a feelin' in my heart  
   Ez sweet ez bells a-chimin'.

I read a piece o' his to-day  
 (It's goin' round the papers)—  
 The words wuz dancin' all the way  
   An' cuttin' happy capers,  
 An' shinin' up to meet my eye  
   Jes like my bluslin' roses  
 A-smilin' as I pass 'em by—  
   The dearest o' my posies.

A-hummin' right along it goes,  
 Like bees among the clover;  
 It says the honeysuckle-blows  
   Are vases tippin' over  
 An' spillin' odors all around  
   Upon the breezes floatin'.  
 That's jes the sense, an' not the sound—  
   I'm ruther poor at quotin'.

One piece was in a magazine,  
 It made my old eyes water  
 (The man with naught to say, I mean,  
   Who said it to his daughter);  
 But when I read, "Take keer yerse'f,"  
   An' how poor Jim lay dyin',  
 I flung the paper on the shelf  
   An' boo-hooed out a-cryin'.

I'm jes a plain, hard-workin' man  
 An' lackin' eddication,  
 An' writin' things ez some folks can  
 Puts 'em above my station;  
 But, arter all, I'm some like him  
   Whose rhymin' please me highly,  
 For jes to think I ain't like him  
   Does sort o' make me Riley.

Patty Caryl.

## Mac's Old Horse.

WHAT horse is that away by the railin',  
 Lookin' so gayly, an' sleek, an' fat?  
 Great Scotland, man! Why never, surely!  
 You can't be askin' what horse is *that!*  
 Not know *him?* Old Billy? Mac's pony!  
 Whar'd you come from, stranger—say?  
 Some outlandish divide, I reckon?  
 Or else you'd a-hearn o' the good old bay.

New to the country, I 'm thinkin', stranger?  
 Tenderfoot! Fresh on the range, o' course.  
 There is n't a fellow in western Texas  
   But tumbles to chat about that old horse.  
 A good one? Yes, he's dandy, surely;  
   They raise none better what that un grew,  
 Mac an' the boys would smile to hear me  
   Introducin' *that* nag to you.

A pioneer? Well, I should n't wonder  
 If he was a sort of a one out here.  
 Mac's own "locate" ain't a recent issue,  
   And Billy's beat him a good nine year.  
 Thar is n't a trail on the prairie yonder,  
   Rollin' away thar beyond your view,  
 Nor a wagon track, nor a foot of country,  
   Unfamiliar to that old shoe.

Knowin'? You bet! Why, the boys was tellin'

A tale o' the old horse here one day,  
 That freezes intelligence merely human  
   Out of the country — clean away.  
 Anxious to hear it? Well, r'a'lly, stranger,  
   I'm green at the business o' yarin' — still,  
 If you're resot — Here's luck! Nowyer pipe needs fillin';  
   Faston yer boots to the window-sill.

More than a year agone this season  
 Mac was abroad on a big survey,  
 Away beyond the Canadian country  
   Campin' out with the good old bay.  
 The feelin' a man on the border ranges  
   Gives to his horse is a love so true,  
 An' stout o' grip, that an Eastern coot, sir,  
   Could n't begin fur to gauge it through.

Darkness out on the prairie, stranger,  
 Drops on the earth like a funeral pall,  
 An' travelers peltin' along seem borin'  
   A tunnel out through a big, black wall.  
 It's lonely, too, in the depth o' midnight,  
   When stars up yonder are burnin' dim  
 An' the wind an' you are the sole things movin'  
   In the belt o' the far horizon rim.

Over the border ranges speedin'  
 Mac an' the outfit came that night,  
 Strainin' to make the post by daybreak —  
   Ridin' by faith, fur the lack o' sight.  
 Splittin' along through the dark an' silence  
   All of a sudden the old bay horse  
 Stood in his tracks like a graven image,  
   Thar in the midst o' his headlong course.

Mac, he coaxed, an' he spurred, an' grumbled,  
 Billy was holdin' the fort, you bet;  
 Muscles steady, an' sinews strung, sir,  
   Head thrown back'rd, an' forefeet set.  
 Mac cussed hard as he peered around him,  
   Nary a thing could he find or see;  
 Never a ghost, nor a witch, nor spirit,  
   Nor even the trunk of a blasted tree.

Well, sir, findin' the horse meant business,  
 Mac dismounted an' rustled round,  
 Huntin' a hole, or an old dog village,  
   Or anythin' else to be felt or found;  
 An' thar right away in the track before him  
   The prairie yawned, an' the ground just fell  
 Sheer in a cafon a hundred fathoms —  
   Deep an' black as the mouth of hell.

Killed? Well, I reckon a fall like that, sir,  
 Over the side of a cafon wall,  
 Ain't quite so healthy a pastime, maybe,  
   As shakin' a leg at a rancher's ball.  
 An' sure as a gun, that night I tell of,  
   Mac an' the brute would 'r shaped a course,  
 Freight close laid, fur a better country,  
   But fur the sense o' the old bay horse.

Sell that horse! Old Billy! Now, stranger,  
 You must be runnin' insurance high  
 To ask a question like that in Texas,  
   An' look to a man for a soft reply:  
 Or else you're jokin'! A poor jest, surely,  
   An' one unbecomin' a man to make;  
 I would n't repeat it to Mac exactly,  
   Unless I was willing to move my stake.

M. G. McClelland.

[A crude version of the above by the author appeared in a newspaper several years ago.]

## Gladness.

My ole man named Silas : he  
Dead long 'fo' ole Gin'l Lee  
S'rendah, whense de Wah wuz done.  
Yanks dey tuk de plantation —  
Mos' high-handed evah you see ! —  
Das rack roun', an' fiah an' bu'n,  
An' jab de beds wid deir bayonet-gun,  
An' sweah we niggahs all scotch-free.—  
An' mussah John C. Pemberton  
    Das tuk an' run !

"Gord Armigthy, marm ! " he 'low,  
"He'p you an' de chillen now ! "  
Blaze crack out 'n de roof inside  
Tel de big house all das charifed !  
Smoke roll out 'n de ole hay-mow  
An' de wa'house do'—an' de fiah das roah—  
An' all dat 'backer, 'bout half dried,  
    Hit smell das fried !

Nelse, my ol'est boy, an' John —  
Atter de baby das wuz bo'n,  
Erlongse dem times, an' lak ter a-died,  
An' Silas he be'n slip an' gone  
'Bout eight weeks ter de Union side,—  
Dem two boys dey start fo' ter fine  
An' jine deir fader across de line.  
Ovaliseeah he Wade an' tromp  
Evah-which-way fo' ter track 'em down —  
Sic de bloodhoun' fro' de swamp —  
An' bring de news dat John he drown'—  
    But dey save de houn' !

Someway ner Nelse git fro',  
An' fight fo' de ole Red, White, an' Blue,  
Lak his fader is, ter er heart's delight —  
An' nen crope back wid de news, one night,  
Sayes, "Fader's killed in a skrimmage-fight,  
An' saunt farewell ter ye all, an' says  
Fo' ter name de baby 'Gladness,' case  
Mighty nigh she 'u' be' borned free ! "  
An' de boy he smile so strange at me  
I sayes, "Yo' s' hurt, yo'se'f ! " an' he  
Sayes, "I's killed, too — an' dat's all else ! "  
    An' dah lay Nelse !

Hope an' Angrish, de twins, be'n sole  
'Fo' dey mo' 'n twelve-year-old :  
An' Mary Magdeline sole too.  
An' dah I 's lef, wid Knox Andrew,  
An' Lily, and Maje, an' Margaret,  
An' little gal-babe, 'at's borned dat new  
She scaisely ole fo' ter be named yet —  
Less 'n de name 'at Si say to —  
    An' co'se hit do.

An' I taken dem chillen, evah one  
(An' a-oh my Mastah's will be done ! ),  
An' I break fo' de Norf, wha dey all raised free,  
(An' a-oh good Mastah, come git me ! )  
Knox Andrew, on de day he died,  
Lef his famby er shop an' er lot berside;  
An' Maje die ownin' er team — an' he  
    Lef all ter me.

Lily she work at de Gran' Hotel —  
(Mastah ! Mastah ! Take me — do ! )  
An' Lily she ain' married well —  
He stob a man — an' she die too ;  
An' Margaret she too full er pride  
Ter own her kin tel er day she died !  
But Gladness ! — 'tain soun' sho-nuff true,  
Yit she teached school ! — an' er white folks, too,  
Ruspec' dat gal 'mos' high es I do !

Caze she uz de bes' an de mos' high bred —  
De las' chile bo'n, an' de las' chile dead  
    O' all ten head !

Gladness ! Gladness ! a-oh my chile !  
Wa'm my soul in yo' sweet smile !  
Daughter o' Silas ! o-rise an' sing  
Tel er heart-beat pat lak er pigeon-wing !  
Sayes, O Gladness ! wake dem eyes —  
Sayes, a-lif dem folded han's, an' rise —  
Sayes, a-coax me erlong ter Paradise,  
    An' a-hail de King,  
    O Gladness !

*James Whitcomb Riley.*

## The Way to Win.

If on the field of love you fall,  
With smiles conceal your pain ;  
Be not to Love too sure a thrall,  
But lightly wear his chain.  
Don't kiss the hem of Beauty's gown,  
Or tremble at her tear,  
And when caprices weight you down,  
A word within your ear :  
    Another lass, another lass,  
        With laughing eyes and bright —  
        Make love to her,  
        And trust me, sir,  
    'T will set your wrongs aright.

Whene'er a sweetheart proves unkind  
And greets you with a frown,  
Or laughs your passion to the wind,  
The talk of all the town,  
Plead not your cause on bended knee  
And murmured sighs prolong,  
But gather from my minstrelsy  
The burden of my song :  
    Another lass, another lass —  
        There's always beauty by, —  
        Make love to her,  
        And trust me, sir,  
    'T will clear the clouded sky.

*Samuel Minturn Peck.*

## Minnie vs. Minerva.

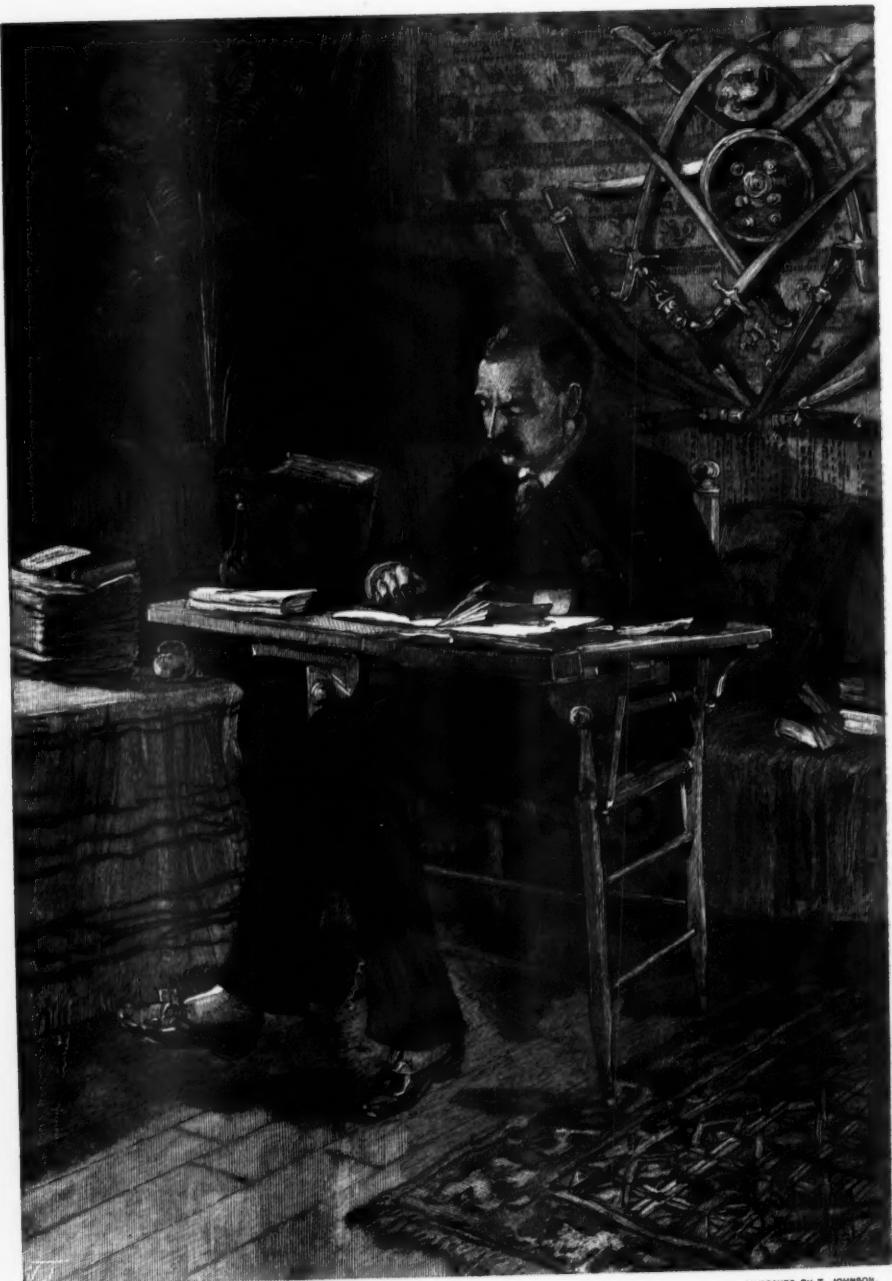
"LOVE me and I will bring you as my dower  
Knowledge and wisdom and perpetual power."  
So speaks Minerva of the azure eyes,  
Wooing me boldly to be overwise.

Now, Minnie, who is not a Grecian myth,  
But a young lady by the name of Smith,  
Never says "Love me" in so bold a way,  
But when I rise to leave her begs me stay;  
Blushes, or pales a little, and lets down  
Her long black lashes o'er her eyes of brown.

And so I linger; though I must admit,  
Delicious nonsense is her highest wit;  
And what she does n't know would fill more books  
Than Boston's library holds in all its nooks.  
Yet the good humor of her turned-up face  
Outshines Minerva's mass of marble grace;  
And in the race for this weak heart of mine  
Between fair Minnie and Minerva fine,  
Although to jilt a goddess were a sin,  
I'm very much afraid that Minnie'll win.

*Henry W. Austin.*





DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

GEORGE KENNAN.